

Australian PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1981 \$2.50*

**DOPE: WILL IT
EVER BE LEGAL?**

**CLYDE CAMERON'S
FINAL WORD ON
AUSTRALIAN
POLITICS**

**RONALD
REAGAN'S
CALIFORNIA**

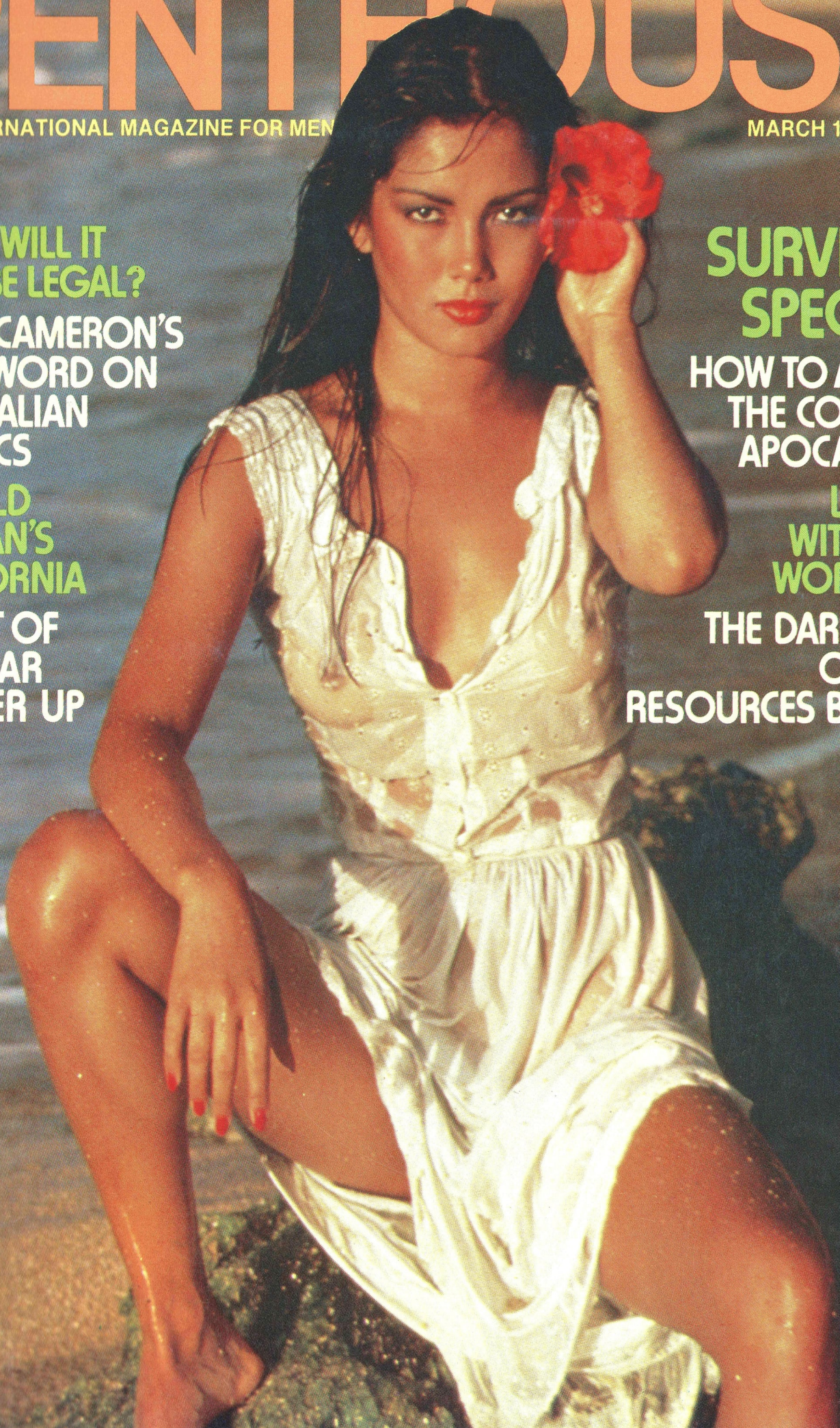
**US PET OF
THE YEAR
RUNNER UP**

**SURVIVAL
SPECIAL:**

**HOW TO AVOID
THE COMING
APOCALYPSE**

**LIVING
WITHOUT
WORKING**

**THE DARK SIDE
OF THE
RESOURCES BOOM**



Why professionals have so much time for Sony.

Sony Betamax SL-C7

Never before has a domestic video-tape recorder so suited the busy professional at home. Apart from its widely-recognised reliability, and its mind-boggling inventory of features, the Sony Betamax puts "time" on your side.

Time Saver No. 1.

Picture Search

Imagine you want to find one particular scene or segment on a 3 1/4 hour recorded tape.

With an ordinary video-tape recorder, you'll waste a whole lot of time with the old-fashioned hit and miss guessing game. With Sony's unique Picture Search at a touch of a button, you can actually see the picture moving past on the screen at eleven times normal speed! Touch another button, and it'll do the same in reverse - also at eleven times normal speed. And if you think that's impressive, consider the fact that you don't have to stop the Sony Betamax between functions. You can go from Fast Forward to Normal speed or Reverse or whatever, just at the touch of a button.



Time Saver No. 2.

Triple Speed

How often have you had to sit impatiently through a long drawn out programme (golf and cricket for example), anxious to get on with other things, or anxious to find the spicy bits?

Sony Betamax allows you to watch a programme like this at three times normal speed. It really does work - it is possible to follow the action at a considerably increased speed.

Time Saver No. 3.

Automatic Timer

Sony Betamax has a unique 14-day, 4-event, fully programmable timer. What this means, is that you

can programme the machine to record automatically, take two weeks' holiday and still catch your favourite shows. The Betamax's automatic timer also allows you to plan your viewing time - rather than being a slave to programming schedules.

(We should point out at this stage, that recording of TV programmes, other than some live programmes, may infringe copyright unless permitted by the copyright owner.)

Other "Time Shift" Capabilities

As well as Picture Search (11 times normal speed in Forward or Reverse), Triple Speed and Normal Speed, the



Sony Betamax can be operated at a Variable Speed Slow Motion, Frame by Frame (either manually or automatically), and Freeze Frame.

Remote Control

Every Sony Betamax SL-C7 has a wireless infra-red remote control as standard equipment. This control duplicates 12 of the machine's main functions (including Record), and allows you to retain complete control from a distance.



Sony's Superior Picture

There are many reasons why Sony video equipment has an unparalleled reputation for superb picture quality.

Unfortunately there is nothing we can say, no evidence we can provide, that will convince you of something you can only see through your own eyes.

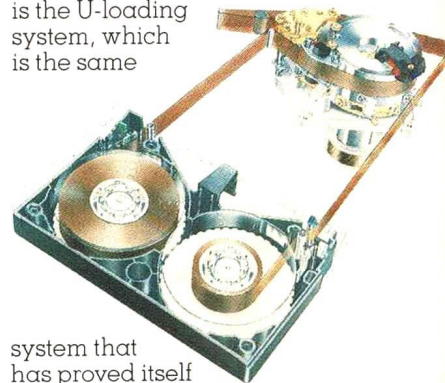
However, we would like to invite you to see the Sony Betamax for yourself. In action. Up close. Compare it with

anything else on the market. Only then will you begin to understand what we mean by "Sony Picture Quality".

The U-Loading System

Sony is the world leader in the field of tape loading and transport systems. Virtually all the systems in use today (including the opposition's) were invented by Sony.

The system used by Sony Betamax is the U-loading system, which is the same



system that has proved itself time and time again in Sony's professional U-Matic recorders.

In practical terms, this U-loading treats the tape more gently (that means longer tape life - important!).

The fundamental difference between the competing Beta and VHS system, lies in the area of tape loading and transport. However, as Sony invented the tape loading and transport for both systems, who would be better qualified to judge which system is superior?

Sony chose the Beta system.

Now do you see why professionals have so much time for Sony?

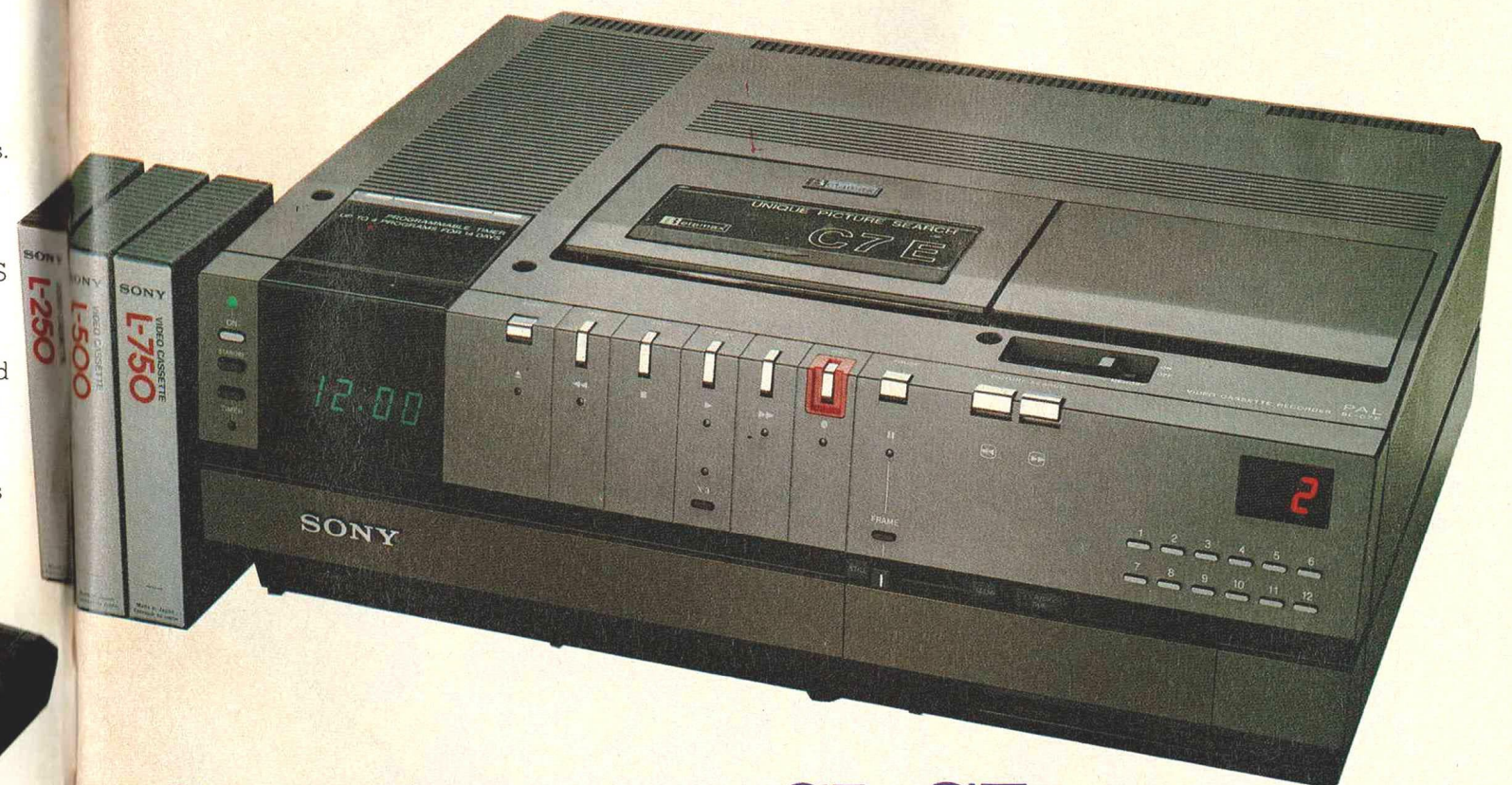
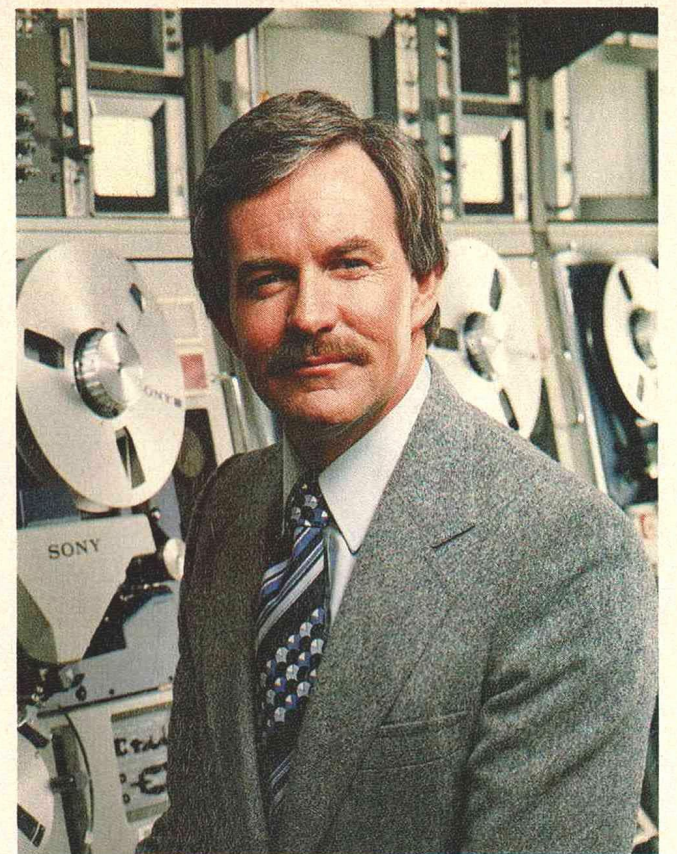


"In professional video-tape production, we're depending more and more on Sony equipment.

Sony cameras in television stations and production houses. Sony one inch professional recording equipment (becoming increasingly more popular in commercial production).

Sony equipment in the editing suites. Sony sound-recording equipment. In fact, Sony technology is so highly regarded within this industry, that virtually every television station, production house and advertising agency in this country has standardised on the one portable video-tape system - the U-Matic, developed by Sony. But that's what I work with. In my home, there's only one machine I'd use: the new Sony Betamax SL-C7. The most sophisticated domestic video-tape recorder I've ever come across."

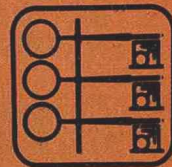
Alan Doble, Executive Producer,
Managing Director Video House.



Sony Betamax SL-C7

The Betamax SL-C7 can only be operated with TV receivers having a UHF Tuner.

SONY®



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Reagan Country



Pet of the Month



Memories of Idi



Paris on \$165 a night

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Now your chances of returning a difficult shot are this much bigger.

The 'sweet-spot' is the section of the strings which gives you that satisfying 'thunk' when you connect just right with the ball. Giving you maximum power and control, without twisting or jarring.

But on a conventional racket it's a small area. Hard to connect with every time.

To get a larger 'sweet-spot' you would need a larger racket. So here it is — the Challenge X2. As you can see from the dotted line, it gives you a monster 'sweet-spot'.

So now your chances of returning a difficult shot are much bigger.

And because you get more balls on the 'sweet-spot', you've got greater control over where the ball goes. Accuracy that can help you pick an opponent's game to pieces.

Notice that the 'sweet-spot' is closer to the centre of the strings as well. Which means you get more energy out of them. More ball-speed.

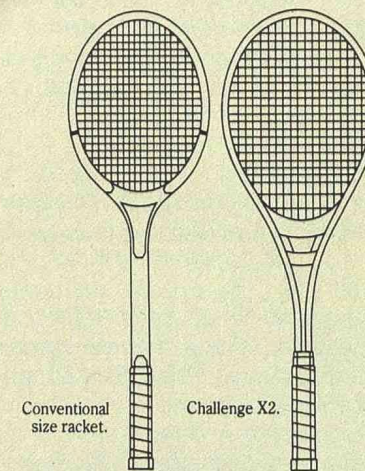
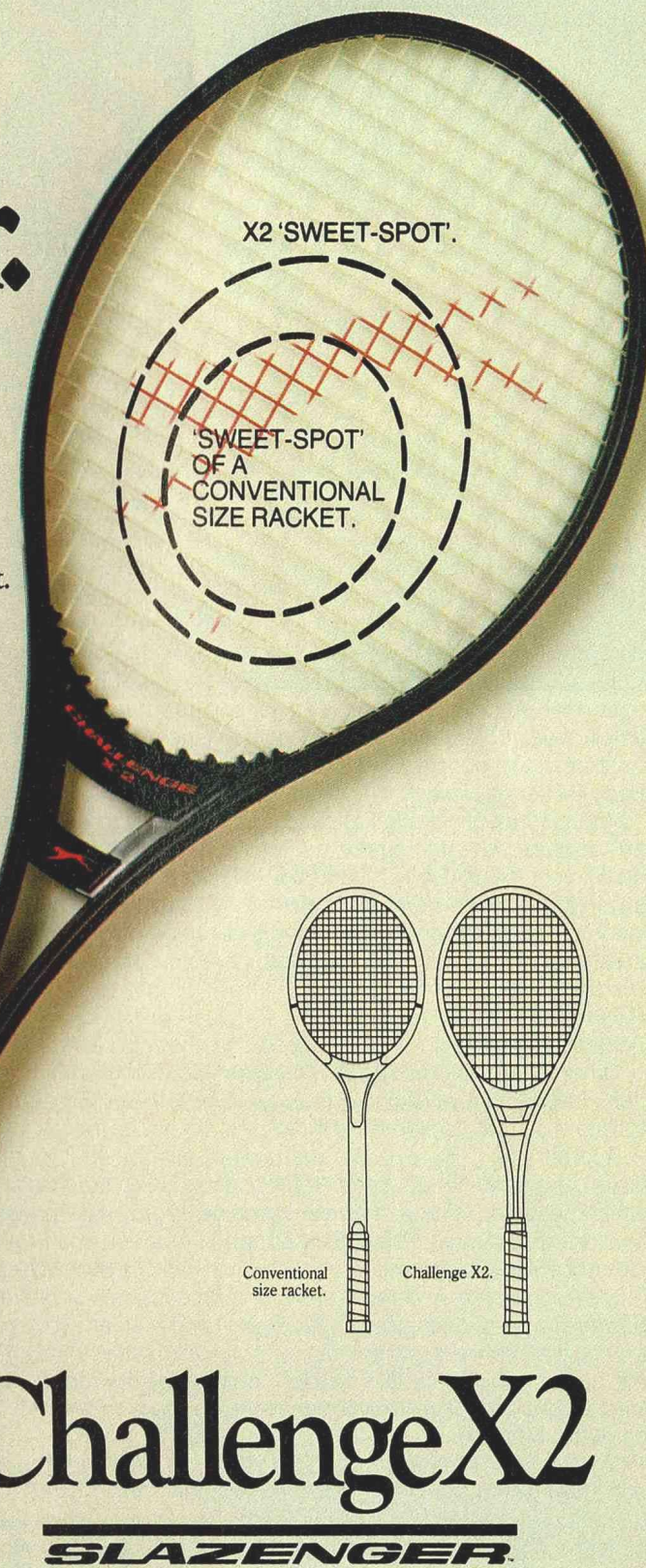
The new Challenge X2 has been designed by Slazenger, Australia's most famous racket makers, to take advantage of Australian conditions.

And it's totally accepted under the official rules of tennis around the world.

We think the only racket that will stand up against the X2 this season is another X2.



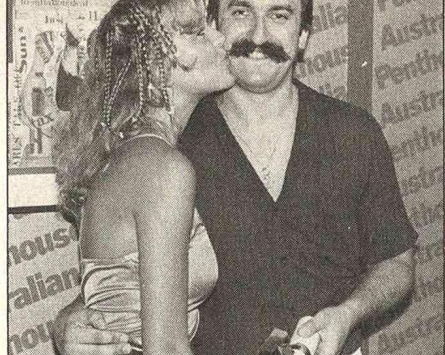
Neale Fraser,
Captain/Coach, Davis Cup Team.
"Oversized rackets are rapidly becoming popular around the world. It's a fantastic advantage when you're reaching for a difficult shot."



Challenge X2

SLAZENGER

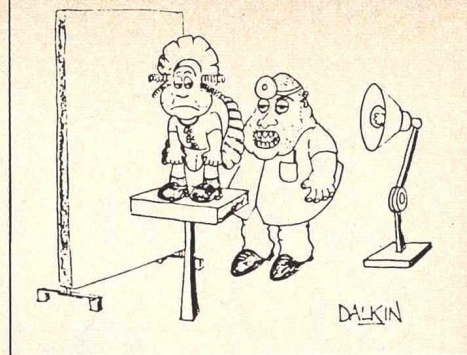
THE WINNING FEELING



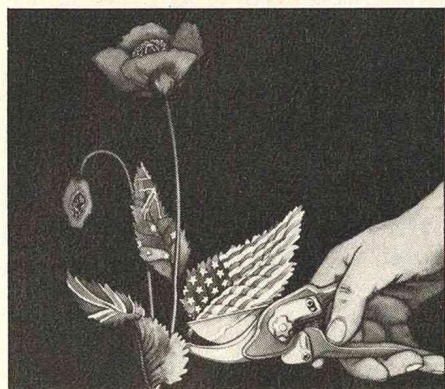
Pet of the Year congratulates Illustrator of the Year



Tony Pyrzakowski — Illustrator of the Year



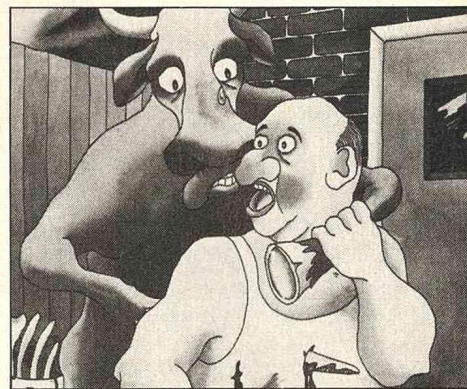
Ian Dalkin — Best B&W Cartoon



Jo Anne Hook — Most Original Illustration



Frants Kantor — Best Caricature



Alex O'Hara — Best Color Cartoon

HOUSECALL

Art for art's sake, money for God's sake. That used to be the cry of Australian artists and illustrators, but things have changed for the better and *Australian Penthouse* is proud to claim some of the credit.

Since issue one, an overwhelming proportion of the art which has appeared in this magazine — story illustrations and cartoons — has been the product of homegrown talent. We've unearthed some hitherto unknown geniuses and we've provided a new, free and creative outlet for some of the biggest names in Australian art; people like Martin Sharp, Michael Leunig, Sols, Larry Pickering, Tony Edwards and author artist Dal Stevens.

We felt strongly enough about our commitment to Australian art to sponsor the first *Australian Penthouse* Art Awards, an annual event designed to encourage artists and provide long-awaited recognition. Our Illustrator of the Year award for 1980 went to frequent contributor Tony Pyrzakowski, a Polish-born artist whose work was first published in Britain. Pyrzakowski has lived in Sydney for some years and has contributed to *Australian Penthouse* from its very early days. Pyrzakowski picked up a Penthouse gold key and an inscribed scroll for his efforts.

Other awards went to Jo Anne Hook (Most Original Illustration), Frants Kantor (Best Caricature), Alex O'Hara (Best Color Cartoon) and Ian Dalkin (Best Black and White Cartoon).

Appropriately, there is no shortage of fine artwork in this issue. Award-winner Jo Anne Hook illustrated *The Survivalists*, which heads out look at survival in the nerve-racking Reagan-Thatcher-Fraser age. Philip Singerman in America and Frank Dunbar in Australia examine the cult which has grown out of fear of the Apocalypse. In remote areas of both countries wild-eyed businessmen, accountants, truck drivers and Vietnam vets are arming their bunkers and gearing up for the inevitable holocaust, the nuclear shitstorm. But, as our correspondents report, the kind of people who are likely to survive make you wonder if you'd be better off dead.

In part two of *The Resources Boom* (page 42) Richard Anderson has some equally gloomy predictions for Australia's manufacturing industries and the States whose economies rely on them. Anderson puts a strong case for a mass exodus to the mineral fields of the north and echoes Ava Gardner's sentiments of 25 years ago. "Melbourne," she said on the set of *On The Beach*, "is the perfect place to make a movie about the end of

the world." *Wastelands Of The South* is illustrated by Paul Power. Elsewhere, Paul Lesley explains how some of his best friends are bludgers who will not work in *Pinball Perc And Other Bludgers* (page 116). A great laugh and a handy reference, just in case our economy really is going down the gurgler. Frants Kantor did the artwork.

The politics of marijuana — whether to legalise an activity enjoyed quite openly these days by many of the pillars of our society — is a subject which causes great anguish in the hearts and minds of trendy fence-sitting politicians. Quite simply, they would rather their friends bonged on in a back room and shut up about the issue. Writer Michael Jenkinson took a deep breath of straight air and ventured forth into the front lines of the dope lobby to see what the serious smokers were doing about it. His fascinating report *Dope Grows Up* begins on page 62.

Politics of a different nature are discussed in this month's interview with the recently-retired grey eminence of the Labor movement, Clyde Cameron. The former Labor Minister spoke frankly with Owen Thomson about his 30 controversial years in Parliament and his surprising views of many of his peers. It's an absorbing read and it begins on page 96. While Cameron was bowing out, a gentleman of similar vintage was sweeping to power across the water in the US of A. Phil Jarratt was on hand (and knee) in the very heart of Reagan Country to report on the making of the first true-life B-grade movie. It's on page 56, opposite artist Tony Edwards' warped idea of a perspective map.

Also in this issue, Australia's leading yabbieologist Peter Olszewski reveals the best way to catch a yabby — and other useful titbits — in an extract from his new book, *A Salute To The Humble Yabby*; Chris Pritchard reports on his old pal Idi Amin; John Hampshire blows his entire pay packet in one night on the town in Paris and tries to remember how he did it, and if it be women you're wanting . . .

Six pages of delightful pictures from *Vin Rude*, the sequel to the enormously successful book *Rude Food*, in which the wine and women are so wonderful you can forget about the song. Then there's Pet of the Month Debbie Meads from Kangaroo Island via Adelaide, proof positive that while the South Australian economy may be wilting (see *The Resources Boom* Part II) its women are blooming. Walter Glover took the pictures. And to round out a great issue we present US Pet of the Year Runner Up Kate Simmons, photographed by none other than Bob Gucione, and Brian Reid's enchanting pictorial of Xochitl Quetzal, a lovely artist whose looks are more accessible than the pronunciation of her Aztec name. ☺

NOW OPEN



NEW DATSUN 280ZX WITH T-BAR ROOF

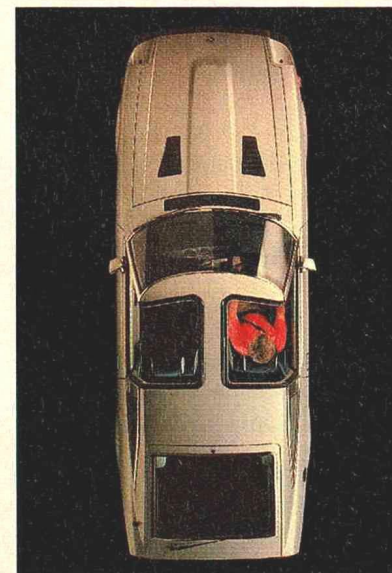
Alas, many people will find the look of our beautiful new 280ZX 2 + 2 with T-bar roof just a little too daring. A shame, because in reality it is a very sensible luxury car. A logical alternative to those rather staid and expensive saloons.

The problem is that to some people it doesn't look entirely sensible. Frankly, it looks as if it will go like the wind. And we must confess that those accustomed to the sedate manners of ordinary cars will find its performance rather breathtaking. The outstanding roadholding and the exhilarating acceleration provided by our race-proven 2.8 litre fuel injected engine have to be experienced to be believed.

But performance and appearance aside, it is a first class, fully-imported, luxury vehicle. With air conditioning, multi-directional stereo and ZF designed power-steering. And with a T-bar roof which very sensibly allows you to take advantage of our excellent climate and fine scenery.

It's just a pity that it looks so distinctive.

People tend to notice you.



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MARCH

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Last laugh

Ian McMinn's story on Larry Pickering's decision to leave the limelight (*Australian Penthouse*, February 1981) only confirms the claims of those who belittle Australian "stars".

Apart from the fact that the boys all had a few good belly laughs and a game of tennis after their delinquent flight up the coast in the Cessna, little else of consequence appears to have been done or said.

All McMinn managed to do in his article was confirm my suspicions that Pickering and his mates are a bunch of mercenary ratbags. Singo [John Singleton] says "Where will we be without Pickering?". Well, most of us won't even notice he's gone, and those who do will say "good riddance". — M.C.D., Phillip, A.C.T.

Porn boom bust

As one who has maintained a lively interest in the development of sex as a popular fad through the Seventies, I was disheartened to read Paul Lesley's Porn-brokers Go Bust story in your February issue, in which he foreshadows the demise of sex as a frivolous and fashionable pursuit.

It seems that in the Eighties, sex for sex's sake has become passe. American anthropologist Margaret Mead says casual confrontations are only for those with nothing better to do on a Saturday evening, and Lesley's piece gives further proof of a loss of interest in sex as a novelty event.

While those of us with an obsessive attitude to the subject reel under the influence of the inevitable conservative backlash, we continue to look to *Penthouse* for the regular inspiration and stimulation needed to keep our interest up.

The wowsers may try to convince us that there is profit in abstinence, but I know I will never see it that way and I hope you won't, either. If you did, you'd probably end up having to feature a story by a trendy Californian on the latest deviation — Celibacy: Ultimate Sex! — Name and address withheld.

Young Marilyn

Anna Knappe, your January Pet of the Month, must be the greatest thing to happen to men since the invention of the Pill. She is so much like a young Marilyn

Monroe that it's staggering. The incredible sexy innocence in those eyes is just brilliant. How anyone could photograph her without falling in love is beyond me.

There is no doubt that she is the most beautiful girl I've seen in any magazine for years. I hope we see her again soon. — T.D., Ashfield, New South Wales.

Happy customers

I am an expatriate American who has been a *Penthouse* subscriber in the States for years, however, it was a pleasure to gaze at the lovely body of your December Pet, Kim McWhinney.

The photography was in such good taste that I bought 50 copies to allow a few of our customers to share in this beautiful blonde over the festive season.

As long as your selection of Pets meets the quality of Kim, you'll be satisfying my customers for years to come. — W.L. Maugle, Cronulla, New South Wales.

Ethics

I have recently completed teaching a course entitled Professional Ethics for postgraduate students. At the last meeting of the class I introduced for discussion the article Automatic Orgasm, by Owen Thomson (*Australian Penthouse*, December 1980).

A whole range of serious ethical issues was raised by the group and by myself. It is not, in my opinion, in the public interest that claims of the kind contained in that article should be disseminated without challenge. There is a real danger that readers will seek out the kind of treatment described believing it to be safe, without realising that there is no substantial research to support the claims made.

It was misleading to present Dr B. as "a very serious dedicated researcher" when he has published nothing to show whether his ideas have any substance.

It is incorrect to assert that "no woman has ever complained about his conduct".

Both these statements introduce reassurances for any doubtful reader such that they could reasonably suppose that here is a tested and safe technique. There is no evidence that this is the case.

Dr B.'s ideas are eccentric and do not appear to enjoy wide professional support. They raise many serious ethical questions. — John H. Court, Associate Professor of Psychology, Flinders University, South Australia. ☐



The bare facts on hiring make a lot of cents

If you're a builder, contractor or handyman, there's a better alternative to buying the gear you need: hiring.

There's no capital outlay involved, therefore no heavy drain if your resources are limited. You only pay when there's work to be done. And you don't need to raise loans or get involved in high interest hire purchase or lease deals.

With Coates the gear is always the latest and best. You're not forced to use something that's on its last legs simply because you can't afford a replacement. And there's no service or maintenance worries — if you have a 'fail' we're on our way to fix or replace.

Further, Coates have a wide choice of equipment. You get the right gear for the job. And finally, hire charges are fully tax-deductible.

Hiring makes sense. And dollars, too.

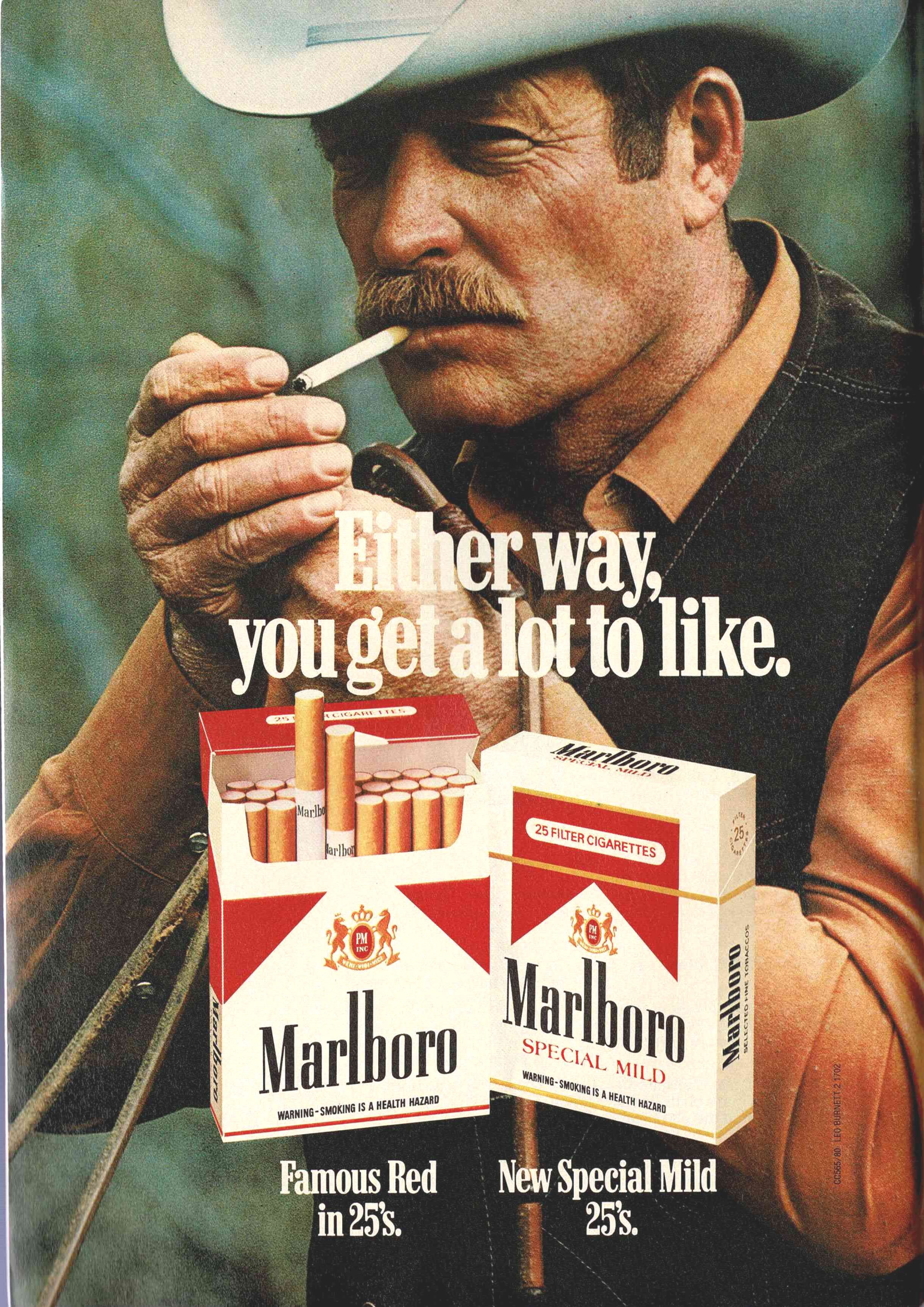
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Got every workin' thing

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Either way,
you get a lot to like.



Famous Red
in 25's.

New Special Mild
25's.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

A good move

I recently moved to Copenhagen and was immediately treated to a taste of the famed Danish sexual hospitality. I still don't quite believe their activities.

Shortly after my arrival here, I was invited to a midsummer party on a large estate south of the city. The estate had a large house with attached pool area and heated pool. Also in the pool wing were a sauna, bar, and recreation area with dance floor and billiard tables.

After a sumptuous dinner for the 20 guests, the host and hostess invited all of us down to the pool for a drink and dip. Within minutes the crowd was stripped to almost nothing and drinking and cavoring in the wonderfully warm pool.

As I went to the changing area, my mind raced with all the possibilities that the evening seemed to hold. After I got out of my clothes and into my robe, I walked back to the pool area. On the way to the pool, a delicious blonde named Susanne asked me to come into the sauna and speak with her for a minute.

Upon closing and locking the door, she made a quick appraisal of my situation and proposed that she could help me get into the swing of things. When she dropped to her knees to commence a steamy blowjob, I knew that she certainly had the right idea.

Within minutes, I was groaning my delight and trying mightily not to come, as I really wanted to bury myself in her blonde pussy. I pulled her up and lifted her on to my cock, which slid up her with ease. She clamped herself over my shaft and bounced up and down in my arms. Her small but firm tits were crunched against my body as she strove to get it all.

My long fingers were digging into her tight arse, and suddenly I felt myself ready to explode. I pulled her down on to my cock harder and faster until I came deep within her. She was shrieking and yelling at the top of her lungs and apparently coming over and over. She slid off me on to a nearby bench and turned the sauna up to high heat. I was already hot enough, but she said it was the custom to be hotter still.

We lay panting in the heat for a while, until I reached over and began fingering her. She moaned and went back down to suck on my limp cock and ready it for more action. When I was hard again and

hotter than ever, she rolled over on to her stomach and raised her beautiful arse in the air. Well, how could I refuse?

Within minutes I was coming again as she pleaded for more and more. I couldn't stop and kept on going so she could also climax at least once more. When we were finished we lay in a heap on a bench and tried to regain our energies, which had quite left us because of the heat and the action. Soon we slipped into our robes and went out and jumped into the cooler waters of the pool.

After spending some time in the pool, with all the naked bodies lustfully sliding by each other and touching places not normally accessible to the touch, we clambered out and went into the bar area for a drink.

No sooner had I sat down than another girl, named Anne, came over to tease me about my bulge. She decided that she should relieve my tension and invited me back into the far end of the pool for some more fun. She opened my robe, grabbed my cock, and pulled me into the warm water, robe and all.

As I rested at the edge of the pool, she blew me softly from below the water, rising and gasping for breath every few minutes. Anne was considerably rounder and more meaty than Susanne but was not by any means fat. Both of her tanned tits floated up in the water and left me staring into her hard brown nipples with an excitement I did not know was still in me.

We went into shallow water, where Anne started slurping away. Slowly she worked her way up to my navel and then gave me one of the most fiery French kisses of my life. I responded by turning her around and lifting her out of the water so that her bum rested on the lip of the pool. I got right down to business, playing with and manipulating her while she writhed and thrashed about on the wet marble. Seeing her all-over tan and almost white, bushy hair was too much.

The hostess, Karin, came over to ask if she could help in any way and went around between myself and the pool edge to go to work on my throbbing rod. Then Susanne came over to join the fray and placed a quivering tongue on Anne's right nipple, which had the effect of making Anne almost hysterical with pleasure.

Anne lay on the floor and was licked in

time to the disco beat blaring out from the dance area. Susanne moved to Anne's mouth and French-kissed her full on the mouth while tweaking her nipples with her more than agile fingers. It must all have been too much for another of the guests, a tall, thin fellow named Hans, because he came over and simply slid his cock into Susanne. She hardly missed a beat as she continued to kiss Anne. Karin suggested that I start screwing Anne, which was certainly what she needed now.

As I entered Anne's box, Karin caressed my tight balls with her free hand. There we were pumping and flailing away until there arose a muffled cry from Anne and Susanne as they started to come simultaneously.

Hans shot at what must have been the same moment, and I filled Anne with my love juice. We all bucked and bounced on the edge of the pool until I pulled us all in to the warm waters to soothe our aching bodies.

When we were in the pool, both Anne and Susanne suggested we three go upstairs and rest because the evening was young yet and they wanted more of me.

I have been to a few more parties since then, but none has enriched my sex life the way that one has.

I know that readers will not believe this, but I don't see a reason to return home until I've had my fill of the fillies in Denmark. — Name and address withheld.

Beyond and back

Hi! My name is Phil and I'm in the air force, I'm 20 and well built, with broad shoulders, brown curly hair, and shiny eyes. I'm writing because I've just experienced the most significant act of love in my life.

The girl I'm writing about is blonde — long, flowing hair hanging down to the small of her back — tiny almost, but sexually obtrusive, with large nipples that point upward on medium breasts.

I was in a bar just having a few beers and playing pinball. I wasn't expecting to pick up any chicks. Just gettin' drunk. Well, anyway, there I was, just getting ready to leave, and wham! the door swings open and the most precious thing I've ever seen in my life comes floating in with a smile, comes up to me, puts her

mouth to my ear, and says, "I want you to make love to me."

I was in shock, but I somehow stuttered out a yes. She took me outside, and we started walking. She led us to a pad-dock next to a building. She stopped and gave me a well-here-we-are look and repeated the fact that she wanted me to make love to her.

My reply was "Where?" Certainly not next to a populated barracks with people walking around us. I knew she had to be on cloud nine when she said "Right here," and slid down her jeans. When I saw that blonde, fluffy goodness, I knew what had to be done.

Regardless of the people walking by, looking out their windows, etc., I had my rod ready for action. I guided her body in my direction and eased myself on to the grass on my back.

I can recall her beautiful body on me. I was enveloped by her beauty. I was physically and spiritually inside her. I was her. She was whole. I told myself to love her with all my potential. I never thought of stopping. On and on I came, many times. She came endlessly.

I remember the laughs of our peers who were so far away so unaware of my newfound euphoric heaven — no less, I assure you.

Maybe it was 30 minutes, maybe an hour. Moan after moan, sigh after sigh, I guess she had her fill. She raised her

head. She was beyond fulfilled. She was drained. She wasn't even there. She raised herself, pressing my chest with her hand as she slid back.

I was still hard as a rock. After all that. My cock is proud. Don't fool yourself: she had to suck me. She had to. She was in debt. She had to clamp her little mouth on me and pull with what strength she had left.

But it was over. She was destroyed. I understood she was beaten. She tucked her head under my arm and cried. I didn't sympathise. I just existed. It was my moment. I stood up and turned to walk away. But her sobbing increased. She looked like a lost child at the show. I smiled and kissed her. She smiled and walked away.

I wonder if I'll ever feel real love again. After that, I don't think it's possible. That was Beyond and Back. — *Name and address withheld.*

Messing with the lady.

I never thought I'd be writing you from the Pacific, but there is something I have to share with you and your readers.

Imagine my surprise when, during one of my walks through the coconut palms, I met one of the girls from a travelling show on a desolate strand of beach. I offered her a beer from my backpack, and we fell into lengthy conversation. While we were drinking, her eyes kept wandering to the obvious bulge caused by my hard-

on in my navy overalls and it wasn't long before our conversation turned to sex.

Soon after, I found her moist, pink, hot tongue hungrily exploring the recesses of my mouth. While I watched, she dropped to the white sands of the beach and, unbuttoning my straining overalls, took my love muscle between her full and wet lips.

The inside of her mouth was so smooth I thought I would die. Grasping the cheeks of my bum firmly between her strong but feminine hands, she urgently pulled me to the sands with her. Since I had been here for six weeks without female companionship, I thought I would blow my wad right then.

However, by using the discipline the navy has taught me, I was able to prolong the sensations to our mutual pleasure. When she moved her hands to my aching balls and expertly massaged them, I could withhold myself no longer. I jetted. After my spasms subsided, she licked me all over.

Looking at her, I knew her needs had not been satisfied. I slowly unzipped her jumpsuit, releasing her beautiful white breasts to the tropical sun. As I massaged them, she moaned in ecstasy.

I pulled her pink panties down her perfectly formed legs and buried my tongue. I was sure her orgasmic screams would be heard above the crashing waves.

After I had given her multiple orgasms, I could stand it no longer and plunged my renewed cock into her.

She arched her back to accept me and scratched my arse with her long, elegant fingernails. I was afraid her scratching would remove my tattoo put there years ago in Singapore by a beautiful blonde — but that's another story!

Harder and harder I pumped, straining and straining for the pleasure denied me on this godforsaken rock. Simultaneously we came, the sound of our moans and groans mingling with the sigh of the surf.

As I held her in my arms in our postorgasmic state, looking deeply into her beautiful blue eyes, she revealed to me that she had not been so satisfied since leaving her boyfriend.

Later that night, as she performed on the stage in front of hundreds of screaming sailors, I fondly remembered her earlier performance, knowing I was special. This lovely young beauty queen made my duty one I will always remember.

If this letter is printed, please withhold my name, as I could get into trouble for messing with the lady. — *Name and address withheld.*

Love on the road

Well, it has finally happened! I just had an experience like I have been reading about in your letters. This experience could turn into a long-term arrangement.

Will your next beat your last?

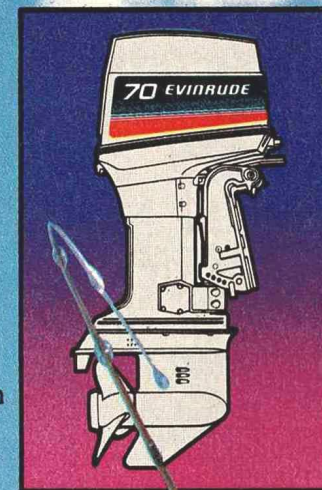
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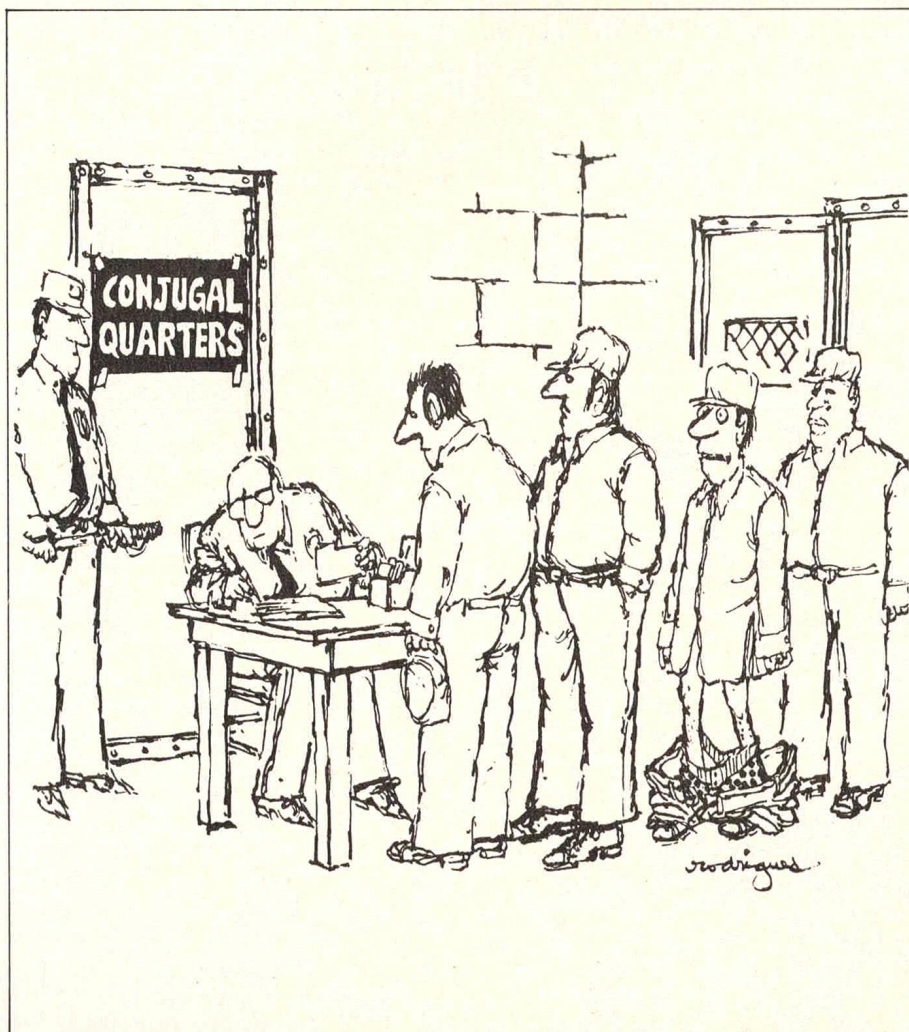
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That's why I am writing you — in hopes it will be read by the person I am telling you about.

Let me lay some groundwork before I begin. I am a 32-year-old trucker. I own my own truck in which I live most of the time. I am no body builder by any means, but I carry weights with me and try to keep trim and muscular. I am also pretty well hung, and unlike the stories in a lot of your letters, this has been a curse more times than not.

I was headed across the hot, beautiful desert. This was what I call my kick-back run. My truck was empty, and I had five days to get a load in the city and head north with it. So I was just rolling along, playing some tapes. Then I spotted an old car sitting on the shoulder of the highway. "What a place to break down," I thought. I slowed the truck. As I passed, I noticed the one person in the car was kind of slumped over the steering wheel. I braked hard and pulled over just ahead.

When I leaned down to the window, I realised the driver was a very attractive lady. I could tell she had been crying, but she managed a smile. She stepped out of the car as she explained that the car had started smoking and then just quit.

I looked her over closely. Her short dress let a lot of well-shaped leg show. I could see she had a great figure, and her breasts kept the top of her dress fitting tight. She told me she was to start a job in

town in a week and needed a ride. When I checked out her car and told her the whole motor was shot, she almost cried again. She said if I would take her to town she could take care of her car later. I told her she had the ride if she wanted it.

I threw her bags into my storage box and lifted her up into the cab. I caught just a glimpse of her firm, lace-pantied bottom as I watched her lovely thighs settle into the seat. I got the truck rolling and had her get a couple of beers out of the cooler I always carried with me.

We talked and laughed about her car. She really was easy to talk to. Her relaxed nature and wide smile was a real turn-on. My jeans were growing tight in the crotch. She was brushing her hair and twisting around with the two top buttons on her dress open.

As we neared a river I turned the truck off the highway and down a narrow paved road for a while, then on to a gravel road, where I stopped in a large turn-around. "Come on," I told her. I took a towel, a blanket, and the cooler and started walking through the bushes.

She asked where I was going but was right behind me anyway. I told her that I found this spot several years before and that when I made this run, which was every four months to the day, I liked to stop, weather permitting, to swim and relax awhile.

She was in total awe when we

reached the secluded sandy beach. It was a quiet lagoon in the river, with thick green growth on three sides. I spread the blanket out. I pulled my boots and socks off and shed my top. "Comin' in? The water is great this time of year," I said as I unbuckled my wide belt. "I don't have a swimsuit," she said, holding her arms out from her sides. I laughed out loud. "Hell, I don't either. Skinny dipping's more fun."

I pulled my jeans down and stepped out of them. I stood up straight. Her eye's locked on to my crotch. I let her get a long, good look at my half-erect shaft before I turned and jumped into the river. I have had women shy away at this point. I wanted her to see me before we got involved any further, if she had the mind to.

I came up in neck-deep water. It felt great. The water was just cool enough to cut the heat of the day. I turned to see where Shirley was. I was just in time to see her stepping out of her lace panties. She stood up and shook her hair out. She looked straight at me then struck a "wind-swept" pose, holding her panties with her finger-tips at her side.

She was every bit as lovely as your magazine models. Her beautiful body had me praying that she wasn't teasing. I stood there with a full hard-on, waiting. She dropped her panties, walked slowly to the water, then jumped right toward me.

She came up about two feet from me. She could not touch the bottom so she reached out an arm and wrapped it around my neck. I put my arm around her tiny waist. Her body was warm, even in the cool water. Her fantastic breasts floated freely in the water. I felt her thighs brushing against my stiff shaft.

Our eyes locked together as she slowly circled her other arm around my neck. My free hand moved around her waist and down to her babysoft buttocks. She parted her lips and pulled with her arms until I felt my shaft slip up between her luscious thighs.

She locked our mouths together as her legs circled my hips. I moved her arse with my hands and she moved her pelvis. When she felt the head of my shaft she relaxed her arms and let me lower her down my rod and she leaned back at arm's length.

She held on to my shoulders and her eyes bored seductively into mine. I lowered a couple inches more. I was afraid to go too fast. She rotated her pelvis until her flat stomach was tight against mine, she then raised her knees up under my arms as high as she could get them. I let her down slowly until I felt the base of my shaft make contact. "She took it all!" I said to myself. I raised and lowered her slowly but firmly now so she closed her eyes. After about 15 minutes she crushed her breasts against my chest and let out a groan as her entire body shuddered in orgasm. The cool

We have an agreement.



I promised her the best of everything. I bought a dozen red roses, a bottle of Moet et Chandon. I promised her filet mignon, just a little bleu, soft candlelight and sweet music. The filet was overdone and the candles burnt the roses.

Well, she said, maybe the music...? Sweet, you promised.

I leaned casually back and switched through eight of the fourteen memory presets on my Marantz ST500 AM/FM Stereo Computuner, looking for the right mood.

That's amazing speed and precision, she said.

That's Marantz, I said. It's drift-free too. That's nice she said, I like rock. And roll? I asked. That too, she curled closer.

I have these cassettes, I said, Blondie, Boomtown Rats, Clash, Kiss...Let's clash, she said.

I like their sound. And I like your Marantz.

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SD8000 shown with TDK MA-RC60 tape. Models, prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Yes, I said, this is the Marantz SD8000 Two-speed Cassette Deck, it's microprocessor controlled in all major tape transport functions.

Transport? she purred glancing towards the bedroom.

Yes, I said, has a Sendust head (hers dropped to my shoulder) plays metal tapes, too, has Solenoid control (I have very little, she murmured) and programmable replay.

OH? she looked up, does that mean you can fix it to play all night? Yes, I replied. Well, she kicked off her shoes. Since you're into extended high frequency response...I think I can interest you.

Then she smiled sweetly.

You know, I wasn't really hungry. I'd have come for the music alone. I do love the sound of Marantz.

Yes, I whispered, for that I could love you.

So, she said, if music be the food of love...It looks like we have an agreement.

You and me and Marantz.

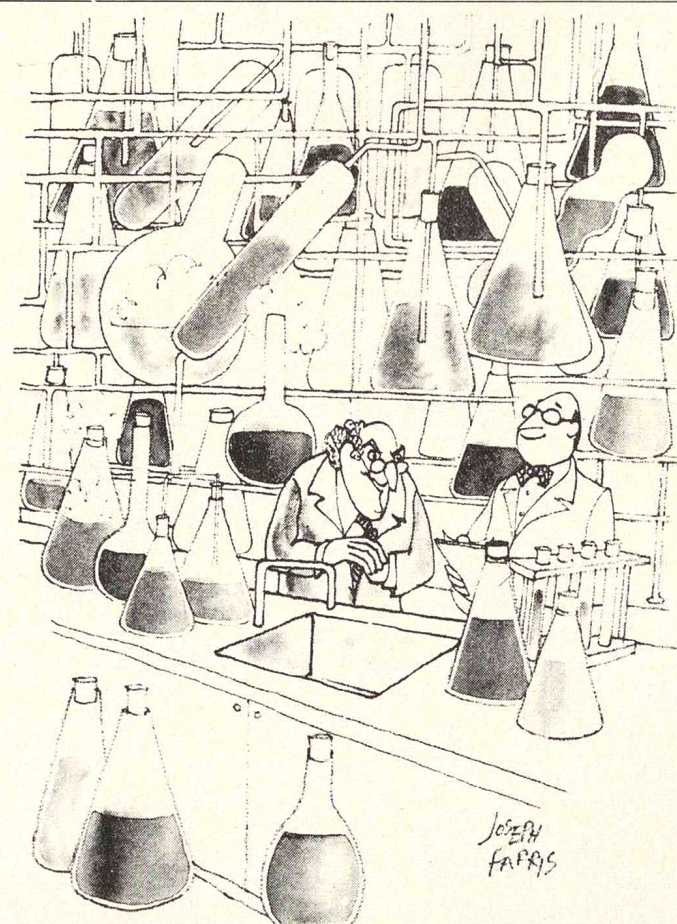


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"Well, well, well, and what little food additives shall we condemn today?"

She whimpered when I lifted her free but hung on tight as I carried her back to the beach. I laid her out on the blanket. She looked pretty wiped out so I sat back on my haunches and opened a beer. She was so beautiful lying there, her breasts flattened some but still holding their fantastic shape.

She took a drink of my beer and I asked if she was in a big hurry to reach the city. She leaned back on the blanket as I moved toward her and she tugged gently at my shaft and rolled her head back and forth smiling coyly.

I put my hands on the ground at her sides and buried my cock in her. She took

We rinsed off in the river again and walked back to the truck. She walked back nude. We changed clothes and climbed aboard. She had put on a pair of tight jeans and a halter that almost had me up again. We ate at a roadhouse a few miles down the road, then I parked the truck behind the restaurant and we spent the night in the sleeper. It is a large sleeper, so we had plenty of room to roll around. The things that lady did with her mouth, and fingernails I still can't believe. We screwed twice that night, and each time was better and more responsive than the last.

I was truly unhappy when we finally reached town and I asked her to stay with me. I joked and laughed and told her I would paint her name on the passenger door. She kissed me softly and said she

When I drove away, I glanced in the mirror and saw her standing there. I hope in four months she will be standing in the same place. If she reads this story from the "Lonely Trucker" I know she will. — *Name and address withheld.*

For quite some time now I've enjoyed reading your magazine (and what better way for a woman to understand what turns men on than to read what they do on the subject!). Now I'd like to share one of my most enjoyable, memorable experiences yet.

A few moments later, as he strolled toward me, I realised that the slender young man beside him must be with him. Tom and I exchanged a long, tender wet kiss before he turned and offered my hand to his friend. Embracing lightly, smiling hello, his friend's burning eyes never left me, and I knew by the time we stepped out of the lift that this was going to be one night to remember.

Chris, meanwhile, had joined us and, wrapping his arms around me, pressed his strong slender body into my back. Slowly he slid his hands down about my pelvic bones and began to pull up my skirt. As he brushed the top of my stockings and silky suspender belt, I could feel his prick stiffen as he ground it into me.

My blonde hair tumbled across my shoulders and soon, with me clad only in black suspenders, stockings, and tall, strappy sandals, each took me by the hand and led me up to the bedroom.

Then he and Chris each began sucking on a breast as their hands roamed and explored every inch of my skin. In each of my hands I fondled their cocks. Then as Tom plunged into me Chris straddled my face and I hungrily enfolded him.

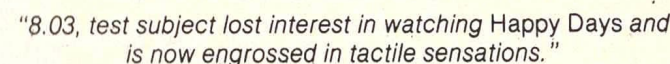
Tom had been rocking gently, steadily into me all this time, taking in the scene between his friend and myself, but now he nudged his friend from my face to move in and take full control of me as only he can. Resting on his elbows, he fondled and pinched my breasts, taking first one, then the other in his mouth, flicking his tongue, nibbling and teasing me, bringing them to "full attention" as I squirmed beneath him in delight.

My whispers gave way to soft, uncontrolled moans. Grinding circularly, he first did me rapidly, only to suddenly plunge all the way in again to the very hilt, fingering me simultaneously, electrifying me, sending me into such a headspin as wave upon wave of intense pleasure overcame me. Throbbing, he filled me.

Favorite ride

But on this occasion, as Jan came out with her parents and younger sister, we didn't get the opportunity as soon as we wanted. I drove over to see them, and when I got there, at about 2am, she met me at the door to their hotel room.

When I saw her, I almost went crazy at not being able to screw on the spot. You see, she is a very beautiful lady: five feet two inches tall, with raven black hair and



such a beautiful face. She has full, but firm tits, and the sight of them through her filmy nightgown just about made me cream my jeans on the spot.

But all I got that night was a quick feel, and some fine kissing with that talented tongue of hers in my mouth and ear. We both knew that we wanted each other but that it would have to wait, at least for a while.

The next morning we went to the local pioneer village which was celebrating its anniversary. Seeing her in her tight jeans — that beautiful tight arse of hers, and her full tits, her nipples poking out through her T-shirt — drove me wild. Jan and I spent all day with her family, and of course it was great fun. But after it got dark, our thoughts again turned to sex. At about 9pm we told her parents that we wanted to go and enjoy our "favorite ride" and would meet them shortly.

As we strolled through the village we saw our chance. The antique railroad train went by, with its load of people, and when it passed, we ran across the tracks and up into a wooded area on a hill and suddenly were in a secluded and very sensual spot.

Thick with trees, and a full moon overhead, it seemed to be a perfect place for our favorite ride. I laid her down on that soft grass, just 20 yards from hundreds of people. She ripped off her shirt without hesitation, and I instantly glued

my mouth to those beautiful tits. She started moaning, as she loves me to suck her nipples, which are firm and dark.

I then moved down her belly, licking and sucking my way down toward her pussy. I pulled her jeans off except for one leg, and with one long, slow caress with my tongue, I licked her and she arched her back and clamped her thighs tightly against my ears. She shivered, cried out and slowly sank back into the grass. I sat up on my knees, and, leaning over, slowly put my dick into her. It was sheer heaven. I started off moving slowly, a fraction of an inch at a time, in and out. With the tip of my prick just touching her, and then moving all the way to the hilt, she moaned, "I just love the way you screw me. I've waited so long for this."

I steadily increased my rhythm, that old familiar feeling started crawling up my spine as our thrusts increased to a frenzy.

I closed my eyes and shot my load. I saw brilliant lights and an explosion go off in my head... or so I thought. But I realised then that it was the fireworks and rockets over the village. As we lay together, we watched in perfect happiness the beautifully colored explosions overhead.

I'll never go back to the village without remembering that fabulous ride that only two of us got to enjoy. — *Name and address withheld.*

Hesitations in heaven

I'm an ordinary sort of guy: I work hard in the sweat, steam, and grime of a foundry all day, and when I come home, I enjoy a little relaxation and fun; and fun and relaxation was what I got when my girlfriend, Joy was living at my flat this summer. With a 34-27-34 on a five-foot-one-inch frame, she really knows how to make a man feel good. When she went away to uni, however, it got tough. We made do, though, by frequenting one of the quaint motels near the uni. Well, the week before the holidays she called me and informed me that she wouldn't be seeing me for our wild weekend this time because she had to study.

By the time Friday came, I was so mad that I decided that I would go and see her anyway — even if I had to drag her down from her room... or maybe we'd just stay in her room. I climbed the stairs to my flat, imagining what I'd do to her.

I jumped as I heard the pulsating strains of a rock love song in the background and saw the familiar silhouette of my woman. "Surprise," Joy whispered.

Joy sat on the couch facing me, dressed in a long white T-shirt and a pair of baby-blue, lace-edged bikini panties. Her shapely legs were wrapped around her, and her arms were folded neatly behind her head. "Welcome home," she said, breathing heavily.

I walked toward her, blinking to make sure that I wasn't dreaming. I knew when she reached out and drew me toward her, however, that this was indeed no fantasy — this was heaven! I kissed her damp lips, letting my warm, moist tongue slip inside her mouth to run along the edges of her pearly teeth. I pulled her to her feet.

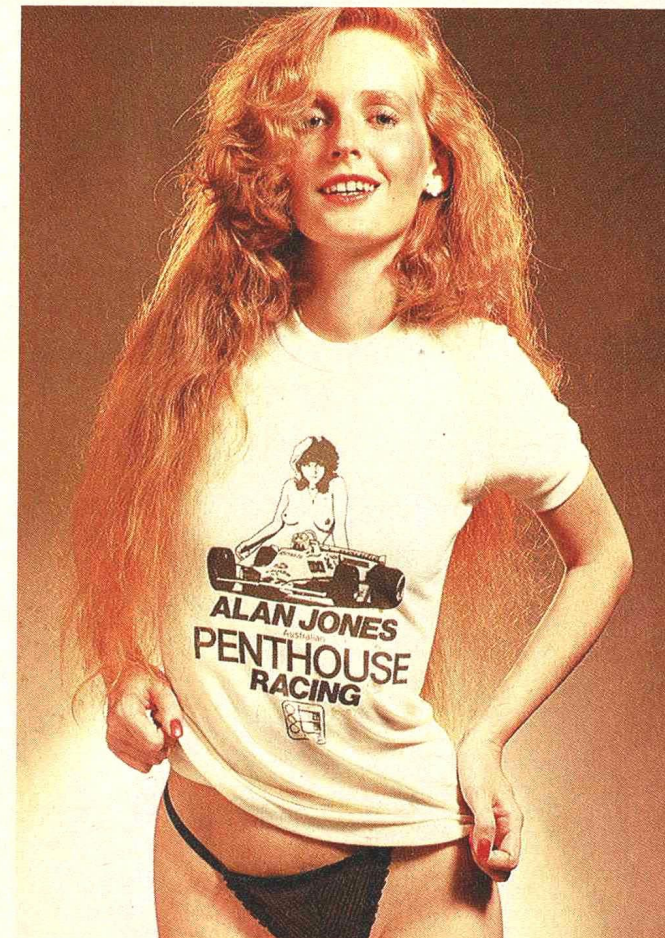
I nibbled at her ears, and she began to unbutton my shirt. When my shirt had fallen to the floor, she undid my zipper with expert hands and began massaging my hard cock through my shorts. Then she let my underwear and pants slide down around my ankles and fell to her knees in front of me. Slowly, methodically she began caressing the head of my cock with her talented tongue. As she gnawed gently on my cock, I felt the tension growing inside me. Joy felt it, too — and stopped! She smiled slyly as I tried to force her back down on me and then slid out of my arms and went into the bedroom.

When I entered the room, she was sitting on the bed, naked, her pert, full breasts erect, her breath heavy. I went to her and shoved her down, pinning her hands behind her, and began licking her.

Her breathing became more frantic as she neared orgasm, and she squirmed violently. I held her down tight, however. Insistently I rubbed my face in her pussy. Suddenly she exploded into convulsion as she came, then I raised my body on top of hers and slid inside her. I plunged in deep, and with one hard thrust, I came.

— *Name and address withheld.* ○✚

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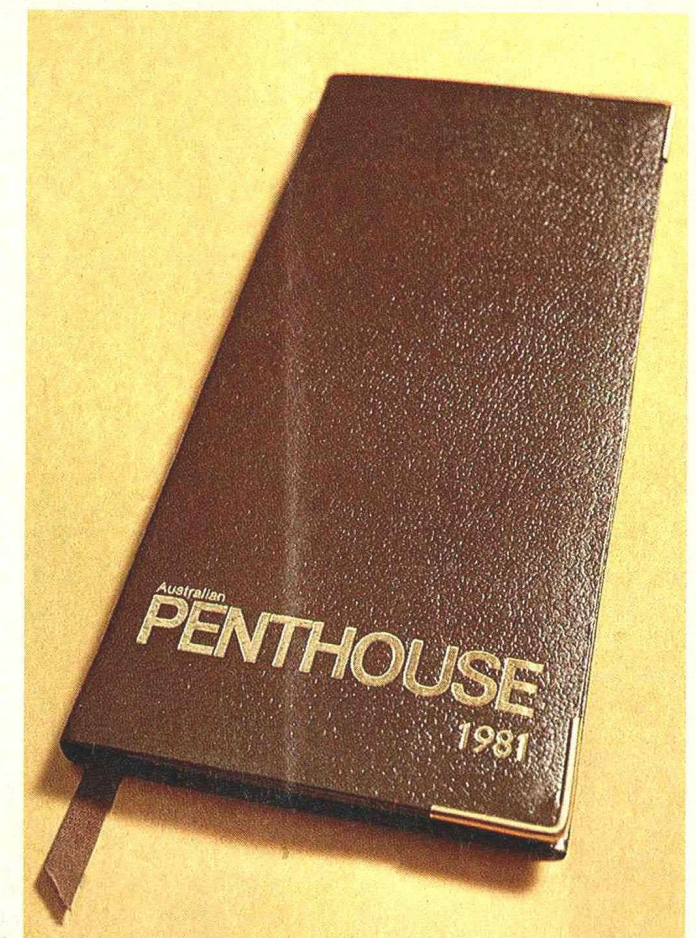
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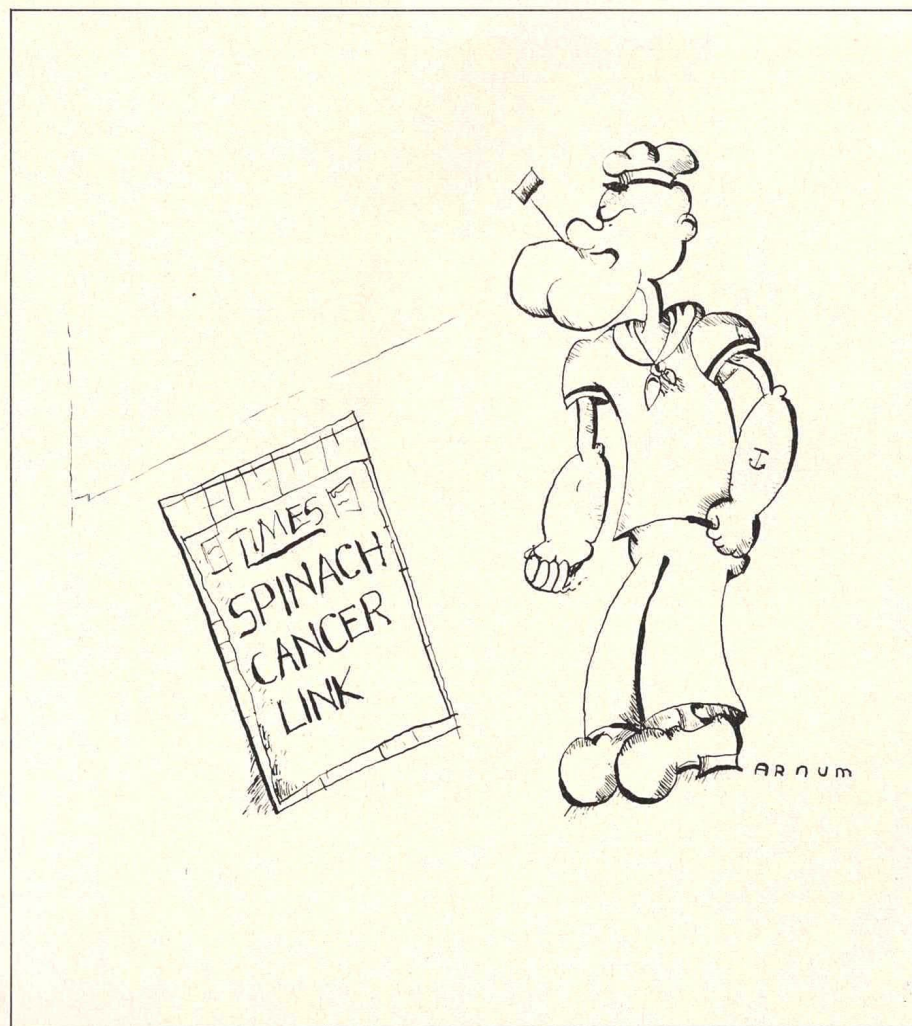
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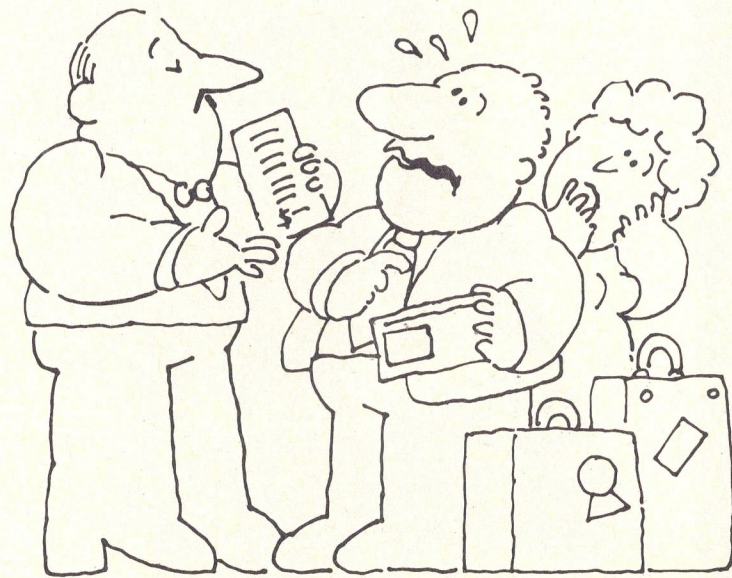
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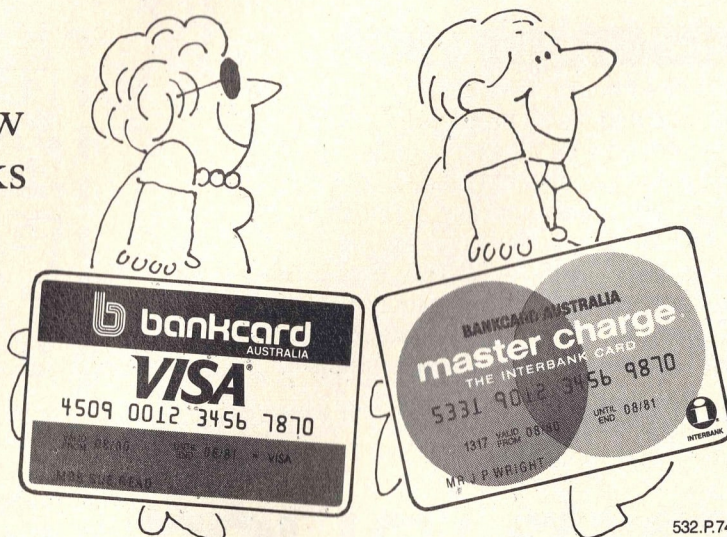
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The Curse and the Dream

BY FRANK ROBSON



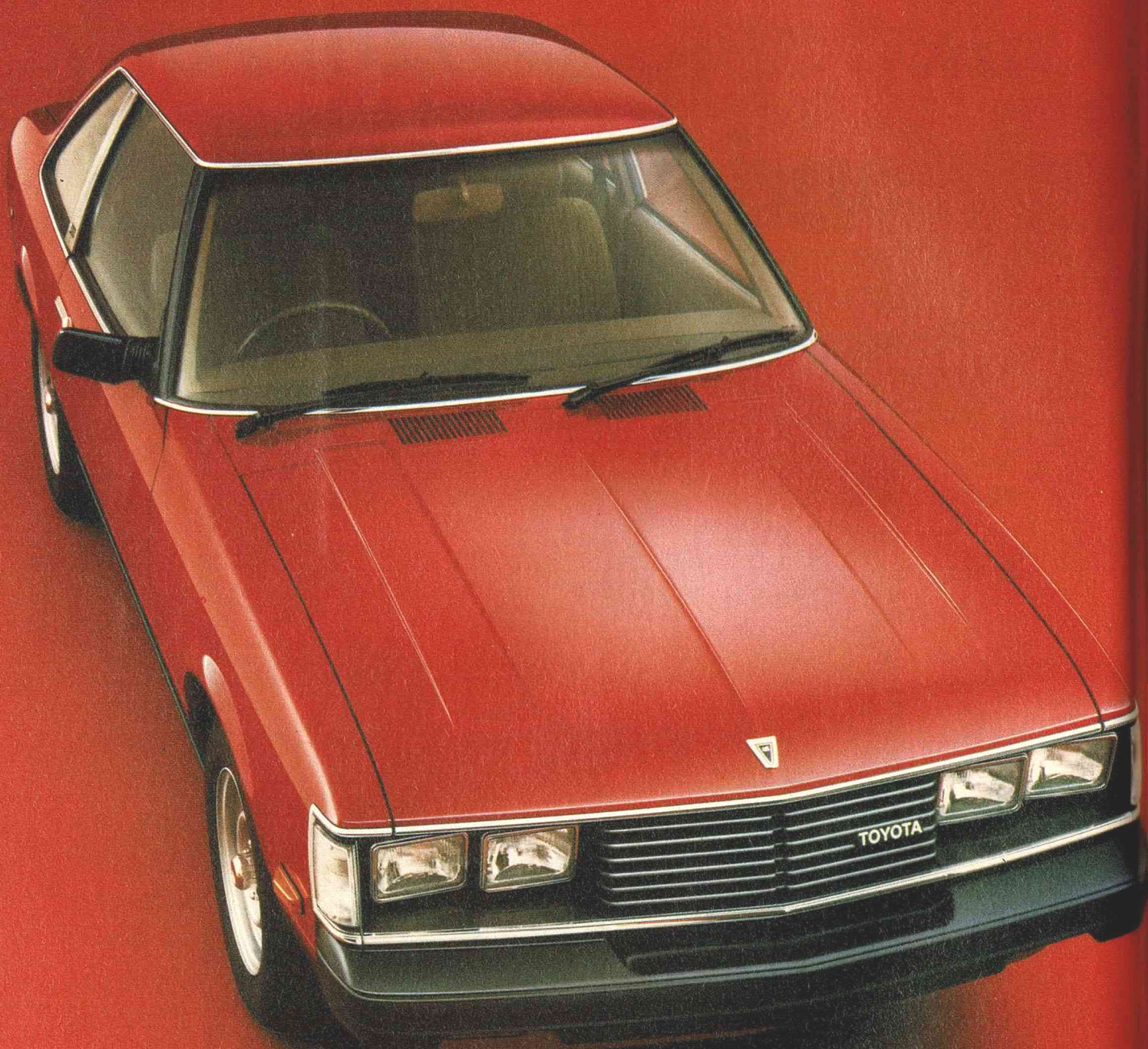
Sometimes I wish the South Sea Islanders had found us, instead of us finding them. That way we'd all probably be having a better time," said Bernie Elsey in 1977. And unlike Melville, Stevenson and Gauguin, Elsey had a clear notion of what he was looking for when his yacht, the *Matthew Flinders*, cruised the Pacific two years ago. Elsey wanted a brown-skinned girl who, with one limpid look of love, would reverse the matrimonial unhappiness of a lifetime. He thought he'd found her one night at a casino in

Suva. Elsey strode up in his captain's outfit, convinced he was about to speak to Diana Ross.

"Excuse me miss," Elsey ventured, "aren't you Diana Ross?" The girl flicked him with a disdainful eye. "No," she said, and that was that.

Next day Elsey described the woman to a local reporter who promised to provide an introduction. But when the newspaperman brought a pretty girl to his table that night it wasn't the same one. Instead, the captain of the *Matthew Flinders* found himself in

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conversation with a well known Indian swami who advertised face creams on television. Where was Diana Ross? Not wanting to offend the helpful reporter, Bernie Elsey swallowed his disappointment and asked the swami to join his cruise instead...

For several days they frolicked on deck, flirting like teenagers against a shifting background of white beaches, palm trees and twinkling stars. Here, thought Bernie Elsey, was The Prize — a lovely child of nature, wanting nothing and giving all.

But below decks, in the captain's opulent cabin, something happened that took the sheen off the face cream girl... and gave Elsey a belt of deja vu like a punch to his ageing but ever hopeful heart.

As the still-handsome old millionaire slipped his arm around her shoulders, the swami — so tantalising on deck — bared her lovely white teeth and snarled: "No way! I'm not sleeping with you unless you promise to take me to Australia and look after me."

A schemer! A goddamn double-jointed smarmy swami schemer!

After spending bags of money and crossing thousands of miles of ocean to get away from schemers, Elsey might as well have been back home in Surfers Paradise. His romantic dream in tatters, the old man walked from the cabin and ordered his yacht back to Suva.

For four months prior to this Elsey and his entourage of business managers, solicitors, friends and relatives had cruised to the Cook Islands, New Caledonia, Tahiti and a hundred barely inhabited atolls in pursuit of the skipper's dream. It was not a unique dream and it did not involve just the quest for a brown-skinned woman. Although he's not too hot at explaining why, Elsey has always been enchanted by the South Sea islands.

A slum child from Nottingham, the enchantment is something he shares with a lot of more famous Englishmen, and with the thousands of randy sailors whose ships delivered them briefly to paradise in the 17th and 18th centuries. If you have seen the illustration of Melville's character, Tommo, loafing about a lagoon with Fayaway the Marquesan beauty in "Typee", then you have seen the essence of Elsey's bittersweet dream.

In 1978, when the 61m *Matthew Flinders* visited many of the places Melville had seen as a common seaman 140 years before, native attitudes had predictably become more worldly. But Elsey approached the adventure as if he were the first white man his beloved islanders had seen. Leaving the resplendent blue and white yacht (with his initials a metre high on the funnel) Elsey explored inside the reefs by speedboat,

spending days talking with the islanders and watching them at work and play. He asked them how they could tolerate life without electricity and modern amenities, then marvelled at the simple commonsense of their replies. And all the time old Elsey kept one eye out for his Fayaway, the guileless girl he hoped would restore his faith in womankind... not to mention his sex drive.

It would be a restoration job of no mean proportion. Ever since his first encounter with girls, Elsey had found — lurking beneath the sweet kisses and murmurings of eternal devotion — the curse of the ulterior motive.

Long before he became one of Queensland's richest men and earned the title Mr Gold Coast; long before the pyjama parties at his famous Beachcomber hotel and the spectacular bust-ups with his three former wives, Elsey knew that curse.

Elsey secured his grip on The Dream by marrying one of the Filipino girls.

Almost certainly, it was The Curse that spawned The Dream. When Elsey was still an innocent lad, still wearing clothes trimmed with lace sent from his uncle's infernal lace factory in Nottingham, The Curse came upon him. It began like this:

Young Bernie has a job giving away samples of De Witts kidney and bladder pills at the Brisbane Exhibition. A pretty little schoolgirl returns to his booth again and again, claiming she needs more pills for her poor mother's weak bladder. Bernie works up courage and asks her to go walking with him on Mt Coot-tha the next day...

(At this point I can do no better than to hand over to a woman on the Gold Coast who was commissioned to write Elsey's life story. The manuscript, unpublished and abandoned among Elsey's yellowed clippings file, gives a first-person account of the mountain walk.)

"We walked past Toowong cemetery and up the scenic slopes, holding hands like lovers. I didn't exactly like her, but I didn't dislike her. On a grassy knoll at the top of the mountain we sat down for a rest. The day was hot. I took off my coat

and tie. She took off her jacket and straw hat. She lay back to catch her breath and have a look around.

"I found myself suddenly kissing her and making love passionately. She made no move to resist. After we'd finished she pulled her frock down and tidied her hair.

"I'll have to tell mother," she said in a matter-of-fact way.

"But why?"

"I don't know why — I just do."

"You're mad. She'll never let you go out with me again if you do that. Promise me you won't."

"Oh all right... I promise. But you have to give me one more packet of kidney pills!"

God knows how many packets of De Witts Elsey had to hand over after that to keep his secret from the lady with the bugged bladder. Perhaps this early case of extortion came harshly to mind as Captain Elsey listened to the swami's cruel ultimatum aboard the *Matthew Flinders*...

But by then, at the age of 72, Elsey had finally learned how to deal with The Curse. He dumped the swami back at Suva and returned to Queensland to pursue The Dream in another part of the world.

It was a wise decision. Within 12 months Elsey's leaning toward boyishness — after a lifetime of sombre money making and watching other people whoop it up — had landed him in a Manila hotel suite where he experienced joyous exhaustion at the hands of not one but two brown-skinned ladies.

For two months Elsey staggered, actually dragging himself along via the furniture, to open the door to the lovely Filipino girls who visited him on consecutive evenings.

"I tell you," Elsey tells me as we dissect his life over a big bottle of Scotch in a suite at Brisbane's Crest International, "I was *buggered*!"

With the remarkable candor that has shocked, horrified and delighted Queenslanders for decades, Elsey elaborates: "Before I hit Manila I thought my sex life was kaput. I hadn't been able to get it up for 18 months. But those brown-skinned girls... phew!... they're different.

"They only have to touch you on the arm in conversation and it's like an electric shock. After that, whatever happens, you know it will be just fine in bed..."

After his fling in Manila, Elsey secured his grip on The Dream (albeit a dream of less fanciful dimensions) by marrying one of the Filipino girls — the charming Angelina Adriano, a 29-year-old college graduate with degrees and her own successful business in the Philippines.

They had planned to live together as friends and lovers, but that changed when Angelina got pregnant. The child is due in a couple of months... "and to think," says Elsey, a smug grin on his

weatherbeaten lips, "I actually believed I was firing blanks!"

And so it becomes obvious that Bernie Elsey, by traditional standards of love, marriage and associated myths, is essentially living his life arse about. As a young man he was a fairly dull sales representative, distinguished from other dreary lifers of the nine to five grind only by a secret conviction that life wasn't meant to be so incredibly boring.

Elsey has never claimed to be the perfect catch. So in referring to his "three bloody disaster marriages" we have to assume that they were bloody disasters for Elsey's wives as well. The first marriage was the longest — 10 years in a Brisbane suburb with Elsey, no longer in love, dreading the weekends, the lawn-mowing and the hellish ennui of domesticity.

(Picture the stocky little figure, hedge clippers poised, gazing bleakly across rows of smoking incinerators. He is thinking of the Gold Coast, of dancing girls in grass skirts, wild parties, white beaches ... and a sweet rustling sound: a cascade of tourist dollars.)

"Bernie!" his wife yells, "the hedge, Bernie..."

One day after work Elsey decides never to go home again. He simply rings

his wife and says cheerio. A few years later he sells out a successful business in Toowoomba, buys a 20m cruiser and goes off with his girlfriend to explore the Gold Coast waterways. This is the start of the five foot five inch pommie battler's role in shaping the future of Australian kitsch; from now on his influence — perhaps more than that of any other individual — will mould the only holiday resort internationally associated with the Aussie way of life.

A few years ago, and to a lesser extent today, it was fashionable to quiver with revulsion at the mention of Surfers Paradise. So ugly, all those billboards, how superficial ... sensitive souls (and particularly souls who needed to prove how sensitive they were) went to Bali instead. It was the organised razzmatazz they found so offensive, together with the fact that thousands of people oafish enough to actually enjoy the place were always cluttering the streets slobbering on blasted ice creams and generally not maintaining the required degree of squint-eyed cool. Surfers, for them, was a constant embarrassment.

Unlike these intensely "aware" victims of the who's-watching-me-now? syndrome, Bernie Elsey is the least self-conscious human I've met. Back in the

early Fifties, when Surfers would have been acceptably "quaint" among today's trendies, he was among a handful of homespun entrepreneurs who set about "opening the place up".

This meant establishing air services and an airport (Elsey is credited with having done this almost single-handed), building whopping great hotels and promoting publicity gimmicks to capture the imaginations of all the frost-bitten stay-at-homes down south.

Once he got started, Elsey had no time for anything else. He became a member of the Gold Coast City Council, the local progress association, ran for mayor and as an independent candidate for State Parliament. He built hotels, nightclubs, ran midnight cruises on the Broadwater and became the darling — for a time — of the local media.

Whenever they rang him up, Mr Gold Coast would shoot from the hip with quotes that were rarely short of front page material. Elsey drilled the wowsers for restricting liquor licences, the council for inhibiting building development and the cops for raiding, night after night, the famous pyjama parties at his Beachcomber hotel in Surfers.

But while Elsey was busy as the champion of young funsters who wanted to

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wear their goofy-looking nightclothes in public, his second marriage (to the girl named as co-respondent in his first divorce) was cracking up.

Elsey was teetotal until the age of 65, but his second wife had a booze problem. Elsey was a workaholic, she was an alcoholic. He worked, she drank. There were bad scenes, ugly screaming confrontations, police visits, crashed cars, pleadings, wailings and tears. Elsey's unpublished biographer (whose style is so mawkish that even Elsey blushed) wrote of this bust-up: "Oh yes, millionaires can suffer too . . . like Shylock, they can hurt, bleed and even cry at times."

The first time I met him, Elsey looked neither hurt, bloodied nor tearful. It was right after he and Angelina had returned to live in his mansion on a private Gold Coast island. The Dream had been fulfilled at last and Elsey looked amazingly young. It seemed more than just the company of electric-shock Angelina . . . it was as though some supernatural surgeon had replaced Elsey's battered old ticker with the heart of a spooney boy.

Referred by a mutual acquaintance to our press agency, Elsey positively danced in one day to tell us about the foul demands of a highly placed individual who had been approached for help in getting Angelina a permanent visa.

The man had agreed to help — but later amended this to say he would arrange the permanent visa only in return for a hefty financial consideration. I was intrigued by the sleaziness of it all, and by Elsey himself. He's a tough looking character with the face of an ex-pug and the mashed knuckles of a lad used to getting his own way. (Later it emerged that his mother's habit of sewing lace on all his garments, and the name Elsey, had rendered him a school punching bag in the tradition of A Boy Named Sue. Elsey learned to brawl.)

On first impressions he seems to fit precisely his public image: a rather shady little devil with a shark tooth pendant, gold-capped fangs and four million dollars. But there's something about his candour — an almost brutal candour that stuns strangers — which is difficult not to warm to.

"A note from my teacher told my parents I was very stupid," he says, quick and slick like James Cagney. "She tells them to get me a trade. 'People gotta eat,' says my mother, 'let's make him a grocer.'"

" 'People gotta shit,' says my father, 'let's make him a plumber.' "

While this conversation occurred, young Bernie hid beneath the kitchen table in his recently-bloodied lace finery, dreaming of something far away.)

At the time, the only thing I knew about Elsey had been gleaned from marvellous

Sunday paper stories a few years earlier. Elsey had come across as a blend of Evel Knievel and Hunter S. Thompson after using a hired Holden to demolish a big Mercury driven by his third wife's lover on a Gold Coast highway.

Elsey was, at the time, driving his wife to a solicitor to have her sign a confession of adultery. The woman was 30 years his junior — they had been married for only eight months.

Stopped at a red light, Elsey saw the lover (a handsome Lebanese) cruise up behind in the Mercury. The night before Elsey and the Lebanese had punched one another all over the front lawn of a Surfers home — to avoid a rematch when they stopped at the solicitor's house, Elsey drove forward 20 feet, slipped the Holden into reverse and gunned it.

He hit the Merc at about 25mph, right up the radiator, and the swarthy lover shot out the door screaming but un-

To step
ashore at Daydream
Island is to see
Elsey's obsession
with the South
Sea islands.

harmd. Like everyone else he could do nothing but watch as Elsey methodically destroyed his gleaming status symbol. When the front end was a twisted mess, Elsey whipped around the back and gave it a few more to squash the rear guards against the tyres, just for luck.

For his spontaneous act of vandalism Elsey spent the weekend in the lock-up. His marriage was over and so was his life as a public figure on the Gold Coast. Elsey retreated to the resort he'd built himself on Daydream Island, off Mackay. Here, among the swaying palms and multi-colored plastic beachchairs, Elsey drank a lot of whisky and contemplated putting a bullet through his brain.

It seems old Bernie was saved by the massive bout of boyishness that caused him to buy the *Matthew Flinders* from the Queensland Government and refit her for pursuit of The Dream. After that, despite the scheming swami, he never looked back.

A couple of months after our first meeting Elsey invited me and a photographer to join him and Angelina on a trip to Daydream Island. Tanned and relaxed

in his natty barong (a lightweight shirt-jacket of Filipino origin) and omnipresent shark tooth, Elsey snoozed for most of the flight while Angelina lovingly held his hand.

"How's my who-flung-dung girl?" Elsey asked her when he woke. "I not who-flung-dung girl," said Angelina with a merry laugh. They seemed, to my surprise, a deeply contented twosome.

To step ashore at Daydream Island is to see Elsey's obsession with the South Sea islands assume startling material form. The resort is built around what the pamphlets call a Polynesian village: straw-thatched bars and dinky wood walkways across tributaries of "the second biggest swimming pool in the southern hemisphere".

Giant Easter Island-style heads, all carved by Elsey and all looking like Malcolm Fraser on a good day, loom above the undergrowth. At dinner Angelina said she wasn't aware that Elsey owned an island resort until he took her there for the first time several months earlier. Was it The Curse that stopped him telling her?

Because of Elsey's magnetic appeal to gold-diggers, it was difficult not to watch the lovely Angelina for signs of mercenary intent (he even had me doing it) but, based on nothing but instinct, I decided she was no schemer.

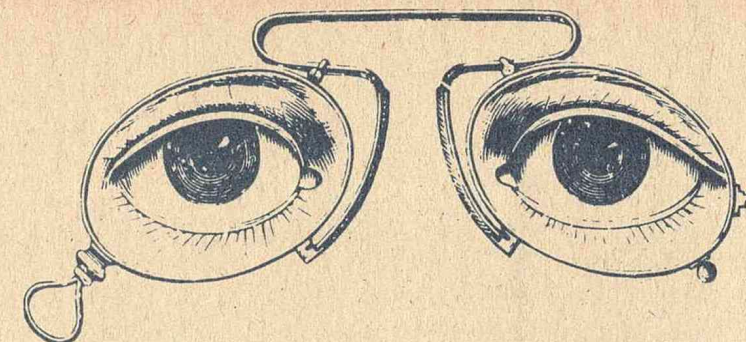
As we all trooped off to our units after some Polynesian after-dinner music, Angelina confided that she was troubled by Elsey's often heavy heart. "He has been hurt so much," she said, "so many people he trusted have hurt Bernie . . ."

Given this fact, Angelina probably understands why Elsey paid a fleet of private detectives and cab drivers in Manila to research her past in detail, clear back to her schooldays, before he invited her to Australia. This is not within the spirit of The Dream . . . but sometimes the only dreams a man can trust are those he pays for.

They were married in October, by a civil celebrant, as Polynesian leis attached to little sea anchors blew about the Elsey swimming pool and Angelina's dapper relatives from Manila stood smiling in their barongs of many hues.

Elsey pulled faces during the service to show that God's holy union, fourth time around, was not exactly filling him with awe. But he grew more serious as the celebrant read verses by the prophet Kahlil Gibran, selected by Elsey, which seemed to create another type of marriage — between The Curse and The Dream.

"Sing and dance together / and be joyous / but let each one of you be alone / even as the lute strings are alone / 'tho they quiver with the same music . . . / Give your hearts not into each other's keeping / for only the hand of life / can contain your hearts." O + A



VIEW FROM THE TOP

GOING STRAIGHT

BY LUCAS BONANNO

A famous philosopher once said that maturity is simply the knowledge of which bills you can get away with ignoring and those that you've just got to pay. And thus, as the world famous post-war baby boom approaches middle age, there's going to be a massive settling of old accounts. The biggest beneficiary, I suspect, will be the Taxation Department.

Now young Dick here for example; hasn't paid tax since 1968 when he found out that in the give and take of working out your annual tax bill there can be more give than take, especially if as well as your university scholarship and part-time job you've got the odd scam or two — and in those days who didn't have a scam on the side?

So when young Dick went to the bank last year to get a loan to buy a little run-down dump for the girl he's just married (after three years of obligation-free trial) and the bank manager asked him about his tax liabilities, he was stumped.

"Me missus's got a straight job, she pays the tax," was not sufficient. Even if the scam you had on the side 10 years ago has since developed into a full-time but rather miserable sort of business, the bank managers of the world like to see that all obligations are fulfilled; and the heaviest obligation in all of Christendom is paying tax.

Tax. Everyone's got to do it, nonconformists too. That includes New Age Settlers, silk screeners, acupuncturists, marble-fireplace-in-condemned-homes-rip-outerers, drug dealers and professional surfers.

You can get away with it, like the not so young Dick, up until the time you want to get in on some of the advantages straight society has to offer — such as bank loans or salaries. And there are few of the Sixties generation still making a full-time non-taxable income out of brown rice and good vibes. (Why, I even spied my old high school acid dealer buying a lawn mower the other day.)

So, the first step for all those who wish to Go Straight is to fix up the little matter of 10 or 15 years of unfiled tax returns.

Daunting prospect, isn't

it? Especially if you're just like the rest of us and have trouble recalling what you did last night. One man I know just loaded the desk in which he threw all his business papers into a truck and picked an accountant out of the yellow pages. As most of the business papers were undated Woolworths receipts for sums never exceeding \$3.99 (or, in his case, sometimes one pound, nineteen shilling and eleven pence), the accountant and the Taxation Department came to an arrangement whereby the previous 15 years were just written off and they started from that year.

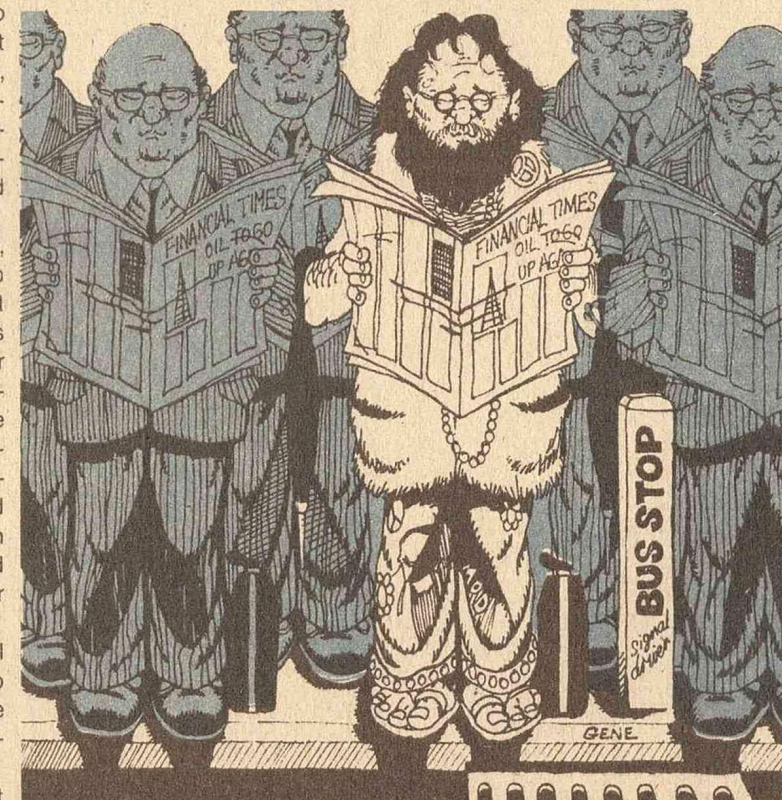
As this bloke had had the occasional straight job where tax had been taken out of his wages by the boss, and his particular scam was superficially unsuccessful, the Department realised it would probably owe him money, so it could afford to be forgiving. Besides, it hit him with four grand provisional. (My friend paid it out of the weekly take on the other scam — he was going straight but he wasn't going overboard about it.)

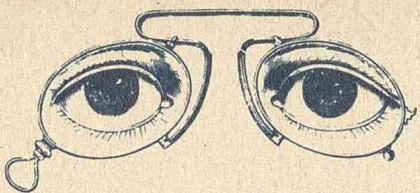
The trouble with the "let's wipe the slate clean and start afresh" approach is that, if you're like the 90 percent of freakdom I'm unlucky enough to be friendly with, odds are you've never made much money out of wheeling and dealing, and really the Tax Department owes you money. Why do you think they've never bothered you?

When you start going back those 10 years or so, what a miserable bloody record it is.

The Balinese artifact business was a bit of a bummer, you never sold one encyclopaedia or genuine oil painting, and that five-acre block of solid groundsel you went shares in was a complete disaster. Honestly, what would you have done without women school teachers?

And, of course, you kept no records. The complete file of my late Sixties operations, which lasted more than 18 months, consisted of a wages sheet I started when I began the thing. I have little recollection of the details, but a handwriting analysis reveals four different signatures made by the same hand, and anyway, the sheet





was current for only one week. Of course my cheque stubs only ever say "Cash". The bank statements are a positive impossibility; they simply reveal that I have been living way beyond my means for 11 years.

Still, there are compensations: the trip down memory lane can sometimes bring a tear to the eye and a warm glow to the heart, even if it does bring a look of complete disbelief on the phizz of the tax inspector.

Dick was one bloke who got a surprise kick out of the review of his past dealings: he discovered a whole year's activities he'd forgotten about. He also found an ancient I.O.U. (I'll pay him off when I get paid on the ones I found), and a handful of his own debts which by now would be well and truly written off.

However, it's mostly boring old chaff, a process of discovering just how dumb you were back in those days. And at the end of it, invariably, a big bite on the pocket. Because if there's one thing bloody public servants can do well, it's suck blood. If you're going to get a clear conscience, well mate, dig deep — 'cause they even know how to tax that.

SCENES



ANGELS BLITZ EUROPE

When I'm up there and the band is firing time and space are irrelevant. I just wouldn't have a clue

where I am. — *Doc Neeson, The Angels' lead singer.*

The place is Birmingham, England, and the local crowd have never seen The Angels before. Like plaster clowns at a side show, the front row's mouths are uniformly open as they twist their heads from side to side, trying to keep up with the lead singer's movements.

Doc Neeson flies across the stage, his arms reaching for air, his head stretched forward as though dislocated. He half trips, rights himself and springs upwards, spraying rivulets of sweat from his forehead.

As he dances and fights through the performance, The Angels' lead singer is aware somewhere in the back of his head that tonight marks the beginning of a new battle. Their first major European tour.

The Angels — or Angel City as they are known here due to a name clash with American glam-rock outfit, Angel — began touring outside Australia last April in an attempt to emulate their local success further afield. With three US tours behind them, they have now reached headlining status in the largest and most competitive rock market in the world.

But this is Europe — a new mountain to climb with its own precipices. For a touring rock act, it's a new country, a new culture and sometimes even a new language to cope with every day. The Angels are newcomers in these parts.

Tonight and for the next four dates of their three-week foray, the band are sharing dates with top American band, Cheap Trick. On the eve of their European departure, Cheap Trick helped pull 85,000 people to a Los Angeles outdoor concert, so it goes without saying that they have the prize stage time. The Angels open the shows, Cheap Trick close them.

The two bands are no strangers. They've played

together in the States and when The Angels had all their equipment stolen in Chicago, guitarist Rick Neilson travelled 50 miles to lend some of his famous guitars. Neilson took the newcomers under his wing, often arriving at his own radio interviews with an Angels album under his arm, which he'd whack on the turntable, along with a quick spiel on the band.



Doc Neeson — doing it.

But it's not just friendship. He sees a big future for The Angels, describing them as "like AC/DC with strange lyrics". Australia's AC/DC are huge in Europe, larger than it's possible to imagine back home. They are the yard-stick to which the rocking Angels are often compared.

After tonight's warm-up gig, Cheap Trick and their guest act are playing Hammersmith Odeon, London's most prestigious rock venue. It's an acid test for both bands. Cheap Trick are feeling out new bass player Pete Comita and the songs from their just-released *All Shook Up* album on the crowds, while The Angels are trying out everything. Although it's all been tested and approved back home and in America, what

works in one place doesn't necessarily work in another, especially London, where audiences are reputedly the most difficult to please of any in the world. Being London's opening night, the critics are expected.

Backstage, the maze of rooms echo with ghosts of past performances. The stage is huge. Doc Neeson is gazing at the numerous rows of curtains, reaching so far away they make him dizzy. In the wings, The Angels' drummer, Buzz Bidstrup, kicks his shoes absent-mindedly into the large speaker box that he's leaning on, his curly hair bowed over a music paper. The Cheap Trick sound check is running late and to compensate the Americans are now moving with brute efficiency. Buzz has been waiting for an hour to check his drum kit. He's learning to live with that occupation after five years on the road. Laughing, he lifts his head to read aloud an advertisement for mini cassette players.

"Fully equipped with hi-fi headphones," it reads, "you can use them at work, walking down the street or when the support band is playing."

The venue is rapidly filling with what Rick Neilson calls "hard-core Cheap Trick fans". Their logo is stamped on everything. The crowd is restless and excited, interested enough to be there for the first act, but impatient to see their heroes. For the almost unknown Angels, this performance is a fight.

"England reminds me of when we first went to Melbourne," says Neeson later. "They'd stand there with their arms folded and look at the band — decide on whether it's art or farce, until they realised it was okay to enjoy themselves. I think it was when we turned the bass drum up..."

The present set is hard and fast, pared down to the gutsy essentials of their blitzkreig

rock. The Angels' first international release, entitled *Face To Face*, was a compilation of the Australian *No Exit* and *Face To Face*. It contained six Australian singles and the present set is jammed with those immediately arresting songs. First up is *Straight Jacket*, then *Take A Long Line*.

"Blimey" shouts a young redneck swiping his Cheap Trick cap from his head and erupting into laughter as he watches Neeson clambering over the speaker boxes. As the band moves quickly from *Am I Ever Gonna See Your Face Again*, through *Face The Day* to *Coming Down*, he becomes quieter and, like everyone else in the filled venue, has eyes glued to the frenetic front man.

The band leap into *Marseilles* and Doc launches into the song's spoken serenade (in French) to two unlikely mademoiselles sitting in the front seats. The girls, enveloped in footy scarves and cigarette smoke, leap from their places, run to the front of the stage and jab pointing fingers at him. For an instant it looks bad and feels uncomfortable for everyone in the Australian camp. But the moment passes with no visible damage done. Later the band learn why. The pointing gesture is one borrowed from football. It's a sign of respect and excitement when a player is excelling on the field.

Song by song, the audience are loosening up. By the end of the set they are applauding loudly. After performing *Can't Shake It* as an encore, the band leave Cheap Trick to do their stuff. Behind them? Congratulatory cheers from the most finicky audience.

The next week's reviews are good. The critics like the music and are fascinated with Neeson, comparing him to everyone from Mick Jagger to comic Jerry Lewis. Luckily, neither band saw the review which appeared in top English



The Angels are no longer a support band.

paper *Music Week* until all the shared dates were completed. It began: "Cheap Trick labored under the strain of coming on after a group who were more exciting than they were," and went on to praise The Angels.

After America, France is the biggest overseas market for The Angels. While Cheap Trick enjoy a solid and dependable following who've been with them since the beginning of their career, The Angels are upwardly mobile. On their arrival, *Face To Face* has already sold 29,000 and the just-released *Dark Room*, 10,000.

Tonight both bands are playing a huge orange tent called The Hippodrome. Cheap Trick are tensely waiting in the caravan dressing rooms for their turn on stage. Onstage, The Angels seem to have cast any hesitation in to the English Channel. The Hippodrome boasts perfect acoustics and lotsa dancing room — ideal prerequisites for an Angels performance. What's more, the Parisians know all the songs. Under the twin-edged attack of guitar melodies meted out by the Brewster brothers and chugging rhythms from Bidstrup and bassist Chris Bailey, the audience move constantly, driven and controlled by the compulsive beat. Once again, Doc has captured all

eyes. When the time comes for *Marseilles*, their first European single, the singer actually clambers into the audience for his spoken part. The French phrases have been part of the song since its inception, but it's only since the last US tour that Doc has sometimes — on a very good night — been leaving the stage for their delivery. In France, it's like walking into a tribe of armed Indians with a stick, for Neeson's command of the language boils down to about 20 key phrases. However, the natives are friendly. When Doc holds his arm up in a victory salute, the audience erupts into applause.

As the band leave the stage after *Ivory Stairs*, the crowd begins a singing chant, lighters go up in the air and The Angels are dragged back to play one more song. Support band no longer.

Lyon is the rock capital of France, a fitting site for a superlative performance from The Angels. The show looks superb, the band plays a dream — one of the best performances he's ever seen, manager Ray Hearn assures me — and the response? It's like the wildest Australian pub scenes, only bigger.

Backstage after the show it's smiles all round. The room is crowded and Chris Bailey and John Brewster are laughingly

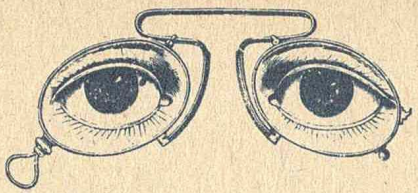
trying out 5th grade French on the local Epic man. Next door, the diplomatic Neeson is talking to Trick's guitarist. Due onstage any minute, every member of Cheap Trick knows there's practically no hope of matching The Angels' show. They had done it in Paris, managing somehow to jettison audience excitement even higher, but tonight the strain is showing and spirits seem dampened. The normally worry-free visage of lead singer, Paul Zander, appears troubled as he walks on the stage. It's almost as if he's just going through the motions, and the show never approaches the electric excitement that rippled through the previous set.

While few of the audience leave, most seem content to stand and listen after the satiating first course. Their attention is constantly being distracted from the band to the scuffles occurring at the foot of the stage.

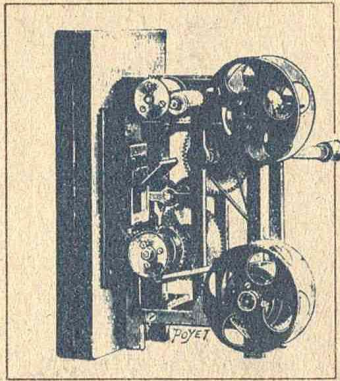
The competitive atmosphere is doubly uncomfortable because the two bands are friends — or as friendly as possible. In London, they'd spent a night together eating Japanese food and swapping secrets over triple whiskeys. It's perhaps lucky that the next performance in Nice is their last double billing.

The venue in Nice, the Theatre De Verdure, is yet another tent. The sign on the door reads "house full" and there are lines of hopeful ticket buyers up and down the street.

Both bands play well and then, in a diplomatic gesture, join on stage in performing AC/DC's signatory tune, *Highway To Hell*. Afterwards, it's pats on the back, and let's do it again, but as they head off — Cheap Trick to Portugal and The Angels to Holland — both bands secretly sigh a breath of relief. Blowing a band off stage doesn't do much for friendship. — *Miranda Brown.*



FILMS



NO SURPRISES

War is the name of the game that Goldie Hawn, veteran of more than one season of *Laugh-In*, plays in *Private Benjamin*. *Foul Play* firmly established this bit-playing actress as more than just a little bit promising. Not to say that Miss Hawn has only played bit parts, but in the past (as in *There's A Girl In My Soup*), her character roles were generally slight extensions of the role she played in that long-running *Laugh-In* series, that of a scatter-brained blonde who had a tendency to giggle a lot.

But where *Foul Play* was a comic masterpiece as far as Miss Hawn was concerned, *Private Benjamin* tries to improve on a winning formula and add a moral point or two to the proceedings. Not necessary. And a waste of time. For the comedy in *Private Benjamin*, when played out, can be funny indeed, but too often it is diverted to bring across the point that men can exploit women sexually, and what's a poor girl to do. Ho hum.

Judy Benjamin (Miss Hawn) is the perfect Jewish princess type — she has reached the age of 28 coddled and pampered, survived a six-week marriage to a tennis pro, and now is about to embark on the sea of matrimony for the second time,

this time to Yale (Albert Brooks). Yale's idea of a wedding night is not the stuff romantic dreams are made of. A particularly unsavory (and cuttable) scene has Judy performing fellatio in a parked limousine outside the wedding reception. Wedding night shenanigans are little better with an amorous Yale cornering Judy in the bathroom as she brushes her teeth.

"It's not romantic making love in the sink, Yale. Let's go to bed," she suggests. But an insistent Yale proceeds to ravage her on the bathroom floor. He cries "I'm coming" — words which are to be his last. Our Yale expires in the throes of orgasm. Goodbye Yale.

To recover from her grief, Judy joins the army. Sergeant Ballard (Harry Dean Stanton), a smooth-talking recruiter, convinces the innocent of innocents that it's just what she needs, pointing out glossy photographs of luxury condominiums, talking about private quarters and yachts. Before you know it, Judy thinks that today's army and the six-week basic training will be like "six weeks at La Costa" (a posh resort). So, clutching her Vetron handbag, she arrives at the

base only to ask, "Is green the only color they come in?" when handed her uniform.

Basic training does provide some good laughs, some sniggers and routine women-in-the-armed-forces situations. Our heroine does, in fact, make good, but not before meeting another two-legged rat, this time French (Arman Assante). Yes, it all turns out as you'd expect. But there are too many times when Miss Hawn doesn't seem to know what to do next. And the fact that talented actors like Stanton, Eileen Brennan, Robert Webber, Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie, are never fully utilized during some slow moving passages, is an almost fatal miscalculation on the part of one and all behind the scenes. Miss Hawn is not the least of the guilty ones, acting as she does as executive producer on this film.

Private Benjamin is sporadically funny, but funny in a very Hollywood style. If that's not your style of comedy, don't waste your time, for there are no surprises in store.

Early in Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*, a troupe of vaudevillian performers (one of them is, of course, Allen) sing

and dance in grand manner, belting out Three Little Words. And there are indeed three little words which describe this new film of Allen's, and they're definitely not "I love you."

Depression, despair and disdain are more appropriate. Put them in any order, and in generous amounts, for that is the consuming mood of Woody Allen, filmmaker and star, in this, his third semi-autobiographical epic. *Manhattan* and *Annie Hall* were thinly disguised re-enactments of this famous comedian's life. But all pretense is dropped with a loud and woeful bang in *Stardust Memories*.

Woody Allen's character is Sandy Bates, a successful filmmaker, hailed a genius by many, who has just completed his latest — and as far as he's concerned — greatest motion picture. A master of comedy, Sandy has veered from convention and executed his dramatic debut. And no one knows how to react to it. Not unlike Allen's situation several years ago with his tribute to Ingmar Bergman, his stultifying *Interiors*.

The studio heads are shocked, and at the executive screening cry out: "It's not funny anymore. It's pretentiously

documenting private suffering and marketing it as art." And that is precisely what Mr Allen is trying to do with *Stardust Memories* — packaging this film as a comedy/drama with overt tones of artistic pretension which fully exhibit his disgust with his fans, with his adoring public.

Every one of Sandy/Woody's fans (and critics) are pushy, self-respectless louts who think nothing at all of shoving autograph books in his face and saying "Could I have an autograph? I was a Caesarian." All the women, if we are to believe what we see, are ill-dressed and goggle-eyed, braying and honking like wild beasts. The men, on the other hand, are all pin-headed pseudos with grotesque ears and gigantic noses, most of them sporting little academic beards. Or so it seems, for not one person in the entire draggy 88 minutes is nice, or attractive, or even just a little bit ordinary looking for too long.

Perhaps this is because this time round the celluloid circle, our Mr Allen is paying homage to another respected filmmaker, Mr Fellini, cult god of the grotesque society. *Stardust Memories* is to Allen what *8½* was to Fellini.

Borrowing freely from the often over-rated script of *8½*, Allen strategically places the lead characters (himself) in the role of a famous movie director who, unable to create a film which is a dramatic departure from his comedic style, finds himself trapped in a cultural, artistic dead-end street. Escaping reality of the situation, Sandy/Woody reluctantly accepts an invitation to a film weekend at a beach resort. The film weekend is to honor Sandy Bates... who else?

It is a pity that all there are such inferiors, are such trifling buffoons. It's amazing that he's the only likeable and attractive male there. This is Sandy/

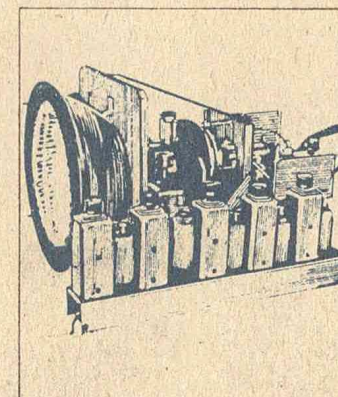
Woody's public defence for his need for some privacy. It is his explanation, blatantly displayed throughout, that he's sorry he has failed the women in his life, and it's his confessional revelation that he's not sorry that he made *Interiors*.

I'm not sorry, Woody, that you made *Interiors*. Many would agree, I'm sorry that you have problems with your women. Don't we all. I'm sorry you hate us all so much for liking you and your work.

As both writer and director, he can't control his self-indulgence within this film, nor can he control his co-stars, Jessica Harper who mumbles throughout, and Marie-Christine who not only sounds vague, but acts it too. Only Charlotte Rampling comes through at all — and only when she is allowed to by limelight-stealing Allen.

This "very public private man" has shown us another side of Woody Allen. I don't particularly like that side, and neither, I fear, will many others. — Alex Anthony.

TV



ZOO IN THE BOX

What a curious and unlovely creature is commercial television. It's hide could be compared in thickness with that of an elephant, or possibly a politician, it has the cheek of a



Ronnie Barker is one of the ABC's headliners.

marauding magpie and the ability to leap a credibility gap in one enormous bound.

Maybe it should be in a zoo. The creature showed its remarkable versatility during the chill season of summer when the worst was shown on television. And the worst includes the tiresome follies of cricket as now produced and presented by, and for the benefit of, the Nine Network. (Cricket, incidentally, is another zoological specimen, closely resembling the golden goose.

In the midst of the repeats and rejects, not to forget the tiresome follies, the stations carried promotional messages for themselves in which they declared what splendid and caring institutions they were. The public, its eyeballs glazed like Christmas hams, were asked to believe that the stations were concerned for their viewers, that they were good friends to have.

Add hypocrisy and arrogance to the creature's dubious attributes. Maybe it shouldn't be in a zoo after all — but shot as a pest.

Matters will not improve. The commercial television lobby, led by the charming and public-

spirited Kerry Packer and Rupert Murdoch, now have the attentive ear of the Federal Government. And into that ear Kerry and Rupert are whispering the magic words "self-regulation".

Self-regulation means only one thing. It will allow the commercial stations to do to the public all year round what it now does only in the summer.

The powerful commercial lobby will also urge the Government to curb the spending power of the ABC. The public network will, in the long run, be reduced to screening elderly documentaries on Etruscan pottery and live broadcasts of the Australian croquet finals.

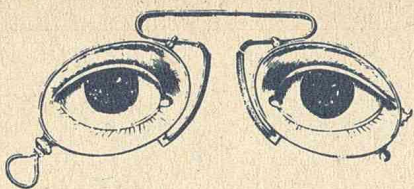
Yet only the ABC, which is the eternal loser in viewer surveys, had the decency during summer to screen programs which were not injurious to mental health.

For this reason I am giving a free plug to the ABC, which, unlike Kerry or Rupert, does not have magazines and newspapers at its disposal to pump out propaganda on its programs. I don't know if it will cause more people to switch to Channel Two, but I live in hope and will probably continue to do so.

Even with its limited budget,

Goldie Hawn is sporadically funny in *Private Benjamin*.





the ABC has managed to buy or finance a number of excellent programs. Possibly the pick, at least in comedy, is *To The Manor Born*, a series about the eccentric activities of the British nobility. It stars Penelope Keith who virtually took over the laughs in *The Good Life*, even though she was only in a supporting role. Keith plays a super-snob names Lady Audrey Forbes-Hamilton who is forced to sell her ancestral home to a millionaire grocer (Peter Bowles) and move into the manor's lodge with her butler.

Another comedy worth viewing (British, of course) is *Going Straight*, a sequel to the award-winning *Porridge*. This time Fletcher (Ronnie Barker) is outside the slammer trying to make it in a straight world. Barker's unique style of comedy can also be seen in a new series of *The Two Ronnies*, which co-stars Ronnie Corbett.

The ABC, in fact, is offering a good line in comedies this year. We should be grateful. Outside television, the year is not shaping up as one that will provide many laughs — not with a B-grade movie actor in the White House, a madman in control in Iran and a collection of self-seeking, short-sighted politicians running things in Canberra.

The other notable comedies on the ABC are *Rings On Their Fingers*, about a couple who have lived together for six years contemplating marriage, and *Nanny*, starring Wendy Craig, the story of an English nanny during the 1930s.

Other interesting imports on the ABC include:

Wuthering Heights. A five-part BBC serial starring Ken Hutchinson as Heathcliff.

Therese Raquin. In three parts, it stars Kate Nelligan in the title role of the Emile Zola novel.

Testament Of Youth. A five-part BBC production about death and its effect on one

woman, it picked up a shelf-full of awards in Britain last year.

Private Schultz. A drama in six parts, it tells of the Nazi attempt to flood Britain with counterfeit money during World War II.

To Serve Them All My Days. A moving drama in 13 episodes, it is about a World War I veteran who, as a schoolteacher, helps the next generation through the turbulence of the depression and towards another world war.

Botanic Man. In 10 parts, it traces the evolution and adaptation of life on earth from a botanical point of view.

Nor has the ABC ignored local product. Alan Marshall's story of how he overcame crippling polio, *I Can Jump Puddles*, has been adapted for the screen. *Outbreak Of Love*, based on a novel by Martin Boyd, is set in Melbourne in 1913. *Menotto* is about a priest working in the inner city and *Levkas Man*, taken from a Hammond Innes novel, was shot on location in Greece with Robert Coleby in the starring role.

But the Australian production I find most fascinating is a 10-part series written by Peter Yeldham called *Sporting Life*. It stars Ray Barrett as a tough investigative sports columnist who exposes corruption and bribery in Australian sport.

I have not seen the series, but can only imagine it is a fantasy, a kind of *Star Wars* acted out on the green and unsullied playing fields of Oz. For instance, sports columnists in Australia do not investigate anything, unless it happens to be the possibility of free drinks.

And it is well known and fully chronicled that Australian sports are as clean as anything money can buy. Ask the old pugs, talk to jockeys and bookmakers, seek out amateur athletes, spend some time with assorted footballer players — they'll scoff at the notion of bribery and corruption in sport.

They wouldn't dare do otherwise. — Neal Akerman.

SOUNDS



YES MEMORIES

Yes were one of the definitive bands of the Seventies. And their sophisticated brand of orchestrated rock with its pretentious but meaningless lyrics spawned a host of British imitators who never quite made the grade. If you want proof of this band's superiority, then have a listen to their latest live release, *Yeshows* (Atlantic) a double album recorded around 1976-77 when keyboard wizard Rick Wakeman and original vocalist Jon Anderson were still in the band.

This is Yes' second live release, following the triple album *Yesongs* from way back in 1974. They have never been a prolific band. While an artist like Neil Young, another star of the Seventies, made 16 releases during the decade, including a number of double and triple sets, not counting his work with Crosby, Still, Nash and Young, Yes maintained their reputation with quality rather than quantity, recording only eight releases in the same period.

Despite its delicate and complex qualities, Yes' music never lost its appeal in live performance. Those who saw the band during its only Australian tour in the early Seventies were blown away by their technical mastery, and this album will

bring back memories for those burnt-out old timers who still claim to possess that faculty for long-term recall.

Yeshows features some of their finest moments. Recorded in venues as far apart as Rotterdam, Wembley and Detroit, the album included a two-part performance of *Ritual*, off the studio double *Tales From Topographic Oceans*, taking up most of side four. There are also extended versions of *Parallels* and *Wondrous Stories* off the 1978 release *Going For The One*, and a 22-minute performance of *Gates of Delerium* off *Relayer*, with Wakeman substitute Patrick Moraz on keyboards. Dedicated Yes fans will not be disappointed.

Queen have borrowed a few of Yes' effects over the years, such as their penchant for overblown dramatics and an absurdly serious approach to banal rock tunes. However, Queen are right in tune with commercial trends, as shown by their string of hit singles. It's great to see a band that doesn't let artistic pretention get in the way of a fast buck.

Queen's latest money-making venture is the release of the soundtrack to the movie *Flash Gordon* (Electra). This album consists of a series of very short (about two minutes) tracks, each introduced with a few words of dialogue from the film. So it's all pretty confusing unless you've seen the movie, which had not been seen on an Australian screen at the time of writing. Hearing a soundtrack before seeing the movie is inevitably a frustrating experience: there are no familiar images to guide you through the music, which is often not substantial enough to stand on its own merits.

Lyrical strength has never been a prerequisite for success in the world of rock music. There are notable exceptions,



Queen are right in tune with commercial trends.

but generally it can be claimed that the lyrics are secondary to the melody.

Englishman Tom Robinson is one of the exceptions. Never more than a mediocre talent, Robinson made his name a few years ago when he used his music to shout pointed political slogans. Quite a few people listened when angry young Tom told us he was glad to be gay, but the message soon lost its punch.

Now Tom's back, starting all over again with a new band, Sector 27, and a new label, Mercury. On his new album, titled *Tom Robinson Sector 27*, he's crawled back into the closet and decided to hit us with a more personal and emotional approach.

Robinson's new lyrics blend well with some tight and competent tunes from his band, but there's little to excite the senses on this album. The force of Robinson's convictions gave his earlier music strength and distinction which seems to have been lost this time around. — Phil Abraham.

Best of albums come and go, some good, some bad. A new release for Warner Bros is one of the good ones. It's Crosby, Stills and Nash's *Replay*, and obviously some thought went into the release — from the embossed front cover with painting by Joni Mitchell to the selection of tracks which feature not only the group's

tracks but solo performances as well. Warners even went to the extent of getting permission from other companies to include a couple of tracks.

Old favorites, like Marrakesh Express and Carry On, are here, as well as Stills' *Love The One You're With*, Nash's haunting *Cathedral*, and the thought-provoking *To The Last Whale*. An excellent, well-balanced, tasteful album.

In between chasing a possum from the roof and pouring yet another wine, I put Nilsson's first album for Mercury, called *Flash Harry* (from the Harry Flashman books), on the turntable. This carefully planned intrusion into my slightly dulled Eighties musical psyche was produced by Steve Cropper (no slouch) and contains the entire LA chapter of the musicians union (well, not quite).

So, wine in hand, I drift past the original but totally unnecessary opening ode, *Harry*, written by Python Eric Idle and sung by same and Charlie Dore. Next is *Cheek to Cheek* and a Latin Nilsson I know and love. On to *Best Move*, another winner. Then the best cut, *Old Dirt Road*, by Nilsson and friend John Lennon. The lyrics speak of "cool, clear water". I'd like to sing along, but how do you cry in time?

The single, *I Don't Need You*, is next and is a beautiful ballad sounding not unlike Without

You. The bugger didn't write this one either, but reads it like he did. Having safely flipped the record, I was greeted by a fairly ordinary pseudo reggae thing called *Rain* and dedicated to the drop from heaven. Despite the fact that it really did start raining at that moment, it didn't help the mood.

I've Got It redeems the situation somewhat — a humorous gentle rocker that Cropper really gets his teeth into with shades of Dr John, Blues Brothers and the rye of Percy Mayfield. How Long Can Disco On, co-written with Ringo Starr, is another nothing happening sort of reggae thing. The album grinds up with a mistreatment of the *Life Of Brian* theme, *Bright Side Of Life*. The laconic irony gone, it becomes just another song.

There are moments on this album, but they are drops in the ocean compared to *Nilsson Schmilsson* etc. — Carol Ashdown.

WORDS



SPECIAL INSIGHTS

It might have taken the Americans to chill the world with *Jaws*, but nowhere is an awareness of marine menace so deeply ingrained as in Australia.

Deaths are rare these days, but no summer swimmer ever completely forgets about sharks or the more exotic risks

such as blue-ringed octopus, sea wasps and stone fish — and if you're in the right sort of country, you think about crocodiles, too.

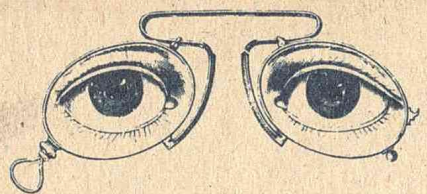
The Northern Territory is the right sort of country, as Dr Grahame Webb is only too happy to tell you. He is a zoologist who spends much of his time in the Territory researching the reptiles, alternating with stays in Sydney as a research fellow at the University of NSW.

As you would expect, he has produced many papers on crocodiles — particularly with a view to ensuring that crocodile farming helps promote the survival of the species. What's less expected is that he has also turned out a very good novel, *Numunwari* (Aurora, \$14.95).

Numunwari is the name given to a giant saltwater crocodile with a key role in the Aboriginal Dreaming culture. When a giant croc appears near a coastal settlement, it sets the stage for a classic conflict between Aboriginal and wildlife service goodies on one side and poacher and politician baddies on the other. Eventually the crocodile turns up to terrorise his white tormentors in Darwin.

As an adventure yarn, the book is a very good effort for a first novel, even if the characters on either side are a little too unremittingly good or bad. What lifts *Numunwari* out of the ruck is Dr Webb's intimate knowledge of the behavior of big reptiles, and his ability to convey it without turning the book into a turgid academic treatise; and his familiarity with, and obvious deep respect for, Aboriginal culture and tradition. These two elements offer the reader special insights — especially the urban dwellers of the south — which give what might have been an interesting book a rare degree of fascination.

Devotees of Richard Adams' *Watership Down* are in for



something of a surprise, not to mention shock, when they pick up his latest work *The Girl in a Swing* (Allen Lane, \$16.95).

Nothing in that saga of hapless herbivores, or in the two books which followed, could prepare the reader for the totally new direction of the fertile Mr Adams' imaginings. One can only marvel that a career as a "Whitehall warrior" could provide the basis for such varied flights of fancy.

There's no question, as Adams himself readily admits, that some great English writers have imprinted their style on *Girl in a Swing*. The careful attention to detailed settings, an unself-conscious erudition and the development of dark mystery from no-nonsense, almost banal middle-class values marks a well-trodden path.

But there's nothing hackneyed about his use of this style. Adams' strengths in superbly evocative prose, a very important factor in the success of *Watership Down*, are brought into full play again here with the result that we are carried to a climax of creepiness with no disconcerting, flow-stopping detours along the way.

The bones of the plot are that Alan Desland, a seller of fine china and ceramics in a provincial English town, encounters a woman named Kathe during one of his ordinary trips to Denmark. A very short time after that they are married, and in a short time again she is dead.

From that almost ludicrous unpromising foundation Adams constructs an intensely powerful account of the birth and burgeoning of a special sort of man-woman relationship, such as few of us are privileged to experience, where a white heat is reached so quickly normal standards of time are irrelevant.

An early promise of psychic influence is slowly brought to fruition, although without

becoming overpowering at any stage, while episodes of sudden sensuality reinforce the awareness that Kathe is tapping wellsprings of femininity as ageless as Aphrodite.

Adams' sure grip eventually steers the story on an eerie course to outright Gothic gloom, through a heart-thumping breakdown of "normality" to a fine denouement. The last clean, sharp thrust of horror is as good as anything of the type I have read.

It's hard to predict at what part of *Girl in a Swing* any single reader will come to realise the nature of the horror afflicting Desland's relationship with Kathe. It doesn't really matter; nothing will stop you reading it to the very last word, even if you did start out with the idea that you were going to get another dose of lovable bunnies.

Environmental issues are a popular source of ideas for novelists, allowing writers to canvass pet theories ranging from the innovative and brilliant to those which, to quote from Gregory Benford's book, are so bad they're not even wrong.

Benford's approach is certainly innovative, and while in *Timescape* (Gollancz, \$21.50) he postulates a world hopelessly in the grip of chlorinated hydrocarbons, he very cleverly avoids stunning the reader with a dreary ecological evangelism.

Taking the resources-depleted, socially-bankrupt world of 1998 as his base, Benford tells the story of a Cambridge research team involved in a last-gasp effort to get a message to the past using tachyons, particles which travel faster than light, and which therefore, according to Relativity, may offer contact with earlier times. The object, of course, is to warn them against the problems which are literally killing the world.

Back in 1962, Gordon Bernstein is having trouble with his



Ken Rosewall playing cricket, or Don Bradman playing tennis? It's just Bob Hawke settling in for a dogged stand at a friendly cricket match, from Bill McAuley's self-published book, *Faces and Places* (\$10.50). Subtitled a pictorial essay of the Seventies, most will find it an appealing montage of the decade.

nuclear resonance experiments. As one might expect, he has even more trouble convincing his peers that what he has is a message of some sort. The confrontation of problems the protagonists of each era face builds the book to a satisfying dual climax.

Benford is a physicist himself, as well as an excellent storyteller, so it's no surprise he has made the laboratory backgrounds thoroughly plausible. He also shares with Fred Hoyle the ability to use the most up-to-date thinking in his field to achieve great authority in his speculations. He even manages to turn weaknesses into strengths: Benford lived the 1960s and therefore has no trouble capturing the ambience of those times; having yet to live the 1990s, he is unable to weave such a rich social fabric. The contrast only helps to reinforce the bleakness of a world decaying rapidly on all levels.

Tachyons also play a part in Damien Broderick's *The Dreaming Dragons* (Norstilia, \$12.95), forming the basis for a level of communication which transcends the barriers of light speed.

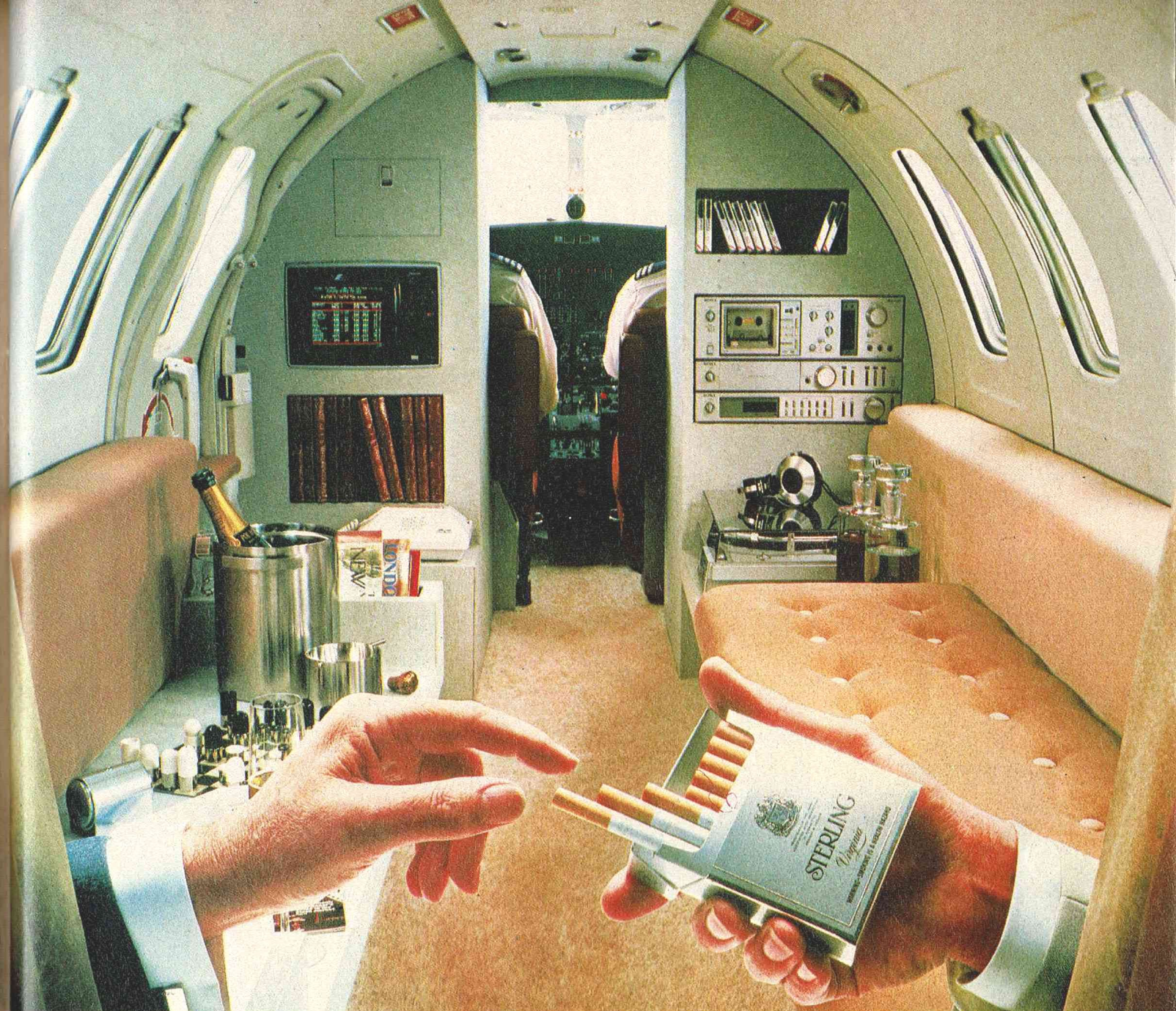
However, Broderick's "communication" is as far from the mechanical applications in *Timescape* as thought is from a typed message. He ambitiously plumbs the depths of race consciousness and, without giv-

ing away too much of the book's central theme, not just that of the human race.

Events are put into the train by the search of Alf Dean, an anthropologist of Aboriginal descent, and his nephew Mouse for ancient traces of the Rainbow Serpent legend in central Australia. Mouse, a victim of "cerebral dysfunction", provides a vital lynchpin in the highly-secret study of an alien presence which the pair stumble into as they search a cave.

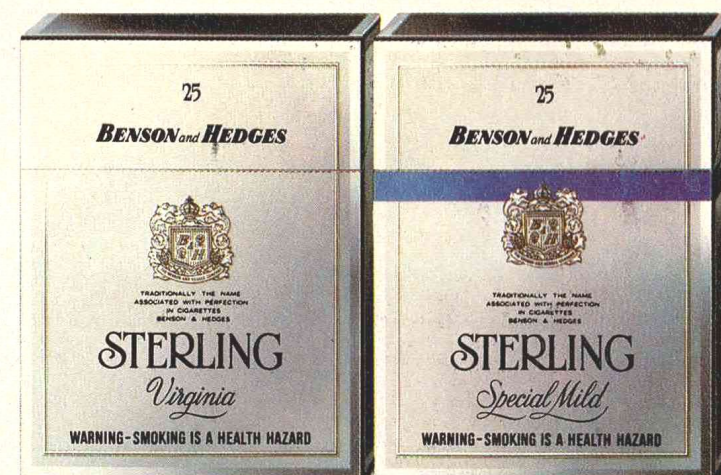
From there Broderick runs us through the gamut of mind-altering drugs, out of body experience — astral travelling — and finally into the metaphysical realms of Man as God. That he can achieve this while pacing through a thoroughly gripping account of governments struggling to comprehend events as they occur, let alone control them, is a mark of considerable maturity.

It was no surprise to learn that *The Dreaming Dragons* has been nominated for a Nebula — for the uninitiated, one of the top SF awards — and I think we should count ourselves lucky to have a young Australian writer of this calibre in our midst. As he progresses and, hopefully, corrects a slight tendency to overwrite, we may find a talent capable of handling even more complex subtleties of dialogue and imagination. If so, he will prove a formidable talent indeed. — John Hampshire. ☐



"Let's invest in silver."

"What a Sterling idea."



Introducing new Sterling 25s, by Benson and Hedges. Premium quality tobaccos, at a price you'll appreciate. A new standard in smoking enjoyment.
STERLING 25s. BY BENSON AND HEDGES.



After you've bought the shotgun, five years' supply of dried food and moved to the end of the earth, what happens if the world doesn't end?

THE SURVIVALISTS

BY PHILIP SINGERMAN

Somewhere, far down the narrow dirt road leading from the highway to the house, a vehicle tripped the battery-powered sensor. A buzzer sounded in the living room, conversation ceased, and we were outside, running low to the ground, Turk in the lead, his woman tight behind him like a halfback on a pulling guard, I in the rear, slipping in my street shoes on the wet rocks. Turk had the H&K, a nasty-looking, flat black .308 calibre battle rifle that could put a bullet through a fair-sized tree and kill whoever was behind it; the woman had an AR-15, somewhat lighter but deadly enough; I had a shotgun, thrust on me as we went out the door, though with its pistol grip and folded stock and short slug barrel, it didn't look like any pheasant gun I'd ever seen.

We covered a hundred yards or so through the woods, veered sharply off the trail, climbing steeply, when suddenly Turk was gone, vanishing like smoke through the dense manzanita, and I was scrambling after the woman down a ladder into an underground bunker, dank and pungent, where we peered through narrow openings at the road below. I was scared, sweating heavily, my adrenaline pumping, my stomach clenched like an angry fist, nearly nuts from lack of sleep, (hoping maybe I was asleep), while the woman next to me, taking long controlled, audible breaths, drew a rock-steady bead on the road with her AR and the sound of an engine laboring up the long hill came to

Illustration by Jo Anne Hook

us like the cry of an animal in pain. It was a pickup truck, and when the spot came on it, surely blinding the driver for an instant, I could see Turk leap from the bushes and feel the woman tense. "God help me if I have to fire this gun," I thought; but it was only a couple of friends coming out from town to say hello.

"How you like survival country?" Turk asked me now. "You greet all your friends that way?" I asked him. "Uh uh," answered Turk. "Got to practise various alternatives. Sometimes we kill the lights and wait in the tree platforms. Sometimes one of us makes the bunker, and the other stays. Sometimes we both just sit here sippin' wine till whoever it is comes in the yard. But I tell you one damn thing; I don't ever go out on that front porch to greet anybody with less than that shotgun you were carrying. You never know when the crunch is gonna hit, but when it does, brother, we're gonna be ready."

The crunch. The giant shitstorm. The big shutdown. It might come next week, or it might come in three years, but it was coming, just as sure as sunrise. That was what it was all about for a whole lot of recent arrivals up here in Oregon, and in pockets of North Carolina, Montana up around Kalispell, and Washington State; and for others, spread around the country, who weren't yet about to move.

They were survivalists, people who saw the end of a world where systems worked, services were provided, utilities functioned, neighbors smiled on the street and said have a nice day. Survivalists were aiming to go through this crunch and come out the other side intact; so they bought gold and silver, plenty of storable food, water purifiers and generators, medicines and spare auto parts.

They learned to fix things, grow crops, tend livestock; they acquired trades that would be indispensable when the crunch came — mechanic, plumber, electrician, stone mason, emergency medical technician — and items they could barter. And they were armed, extensively so, because come the day of reckoning, the pickup truck in the driveway might be filled with looters, marauders, or just plain desperate, hungry people.

The least committed to the survival movement bought some goods, stayed home, and went about their business with a little hedge; those further along bought a place in the country to run to at the first sign of trouble; but the true believers uprooted themselves, abandoned or altered their careers, left comfortable, accustomed life styles, picked locations they felt were safe and retreated.

In another time they would have seemed absurd, hopelessly paranoid, bomb-shelter bonkers, but they were singing the words to a tune that was being hummed with increasing frequency throughout the land, first in checkout

The wealthy paranoids who have sought refuge from the Hard Rain in Australia are hoping for . . .

APOCALYPSE SOMEWHERE ELSE

BY FRANK DUNBAR

Dawn, January 2, 1981. The bush outside Colonel Kurtz's bedroom is ghostly, unnaturally quiet . . . so quiet you can almost hear the mist rising in eerie columns toward the first clear sky of the year. For three days and nights monsoon rains have lashed the Rainbow Country. Streams have burst their banks and most farm roads are inaccessible. Now at last the sun is out and the people of the box canyon are standing outside their houses enjoying its first tepid rays.

Colonel Kurtz's aesthetic natural timber home is well up in the bowl of the canyon. As Marlon Brando will confirm, the colonel is not a man to leave his back undefended. Today, however, Colonel Kurtz is 150km away in Brisbane selling a French restaurant. Which is why I am looking out his bedroom window at 5.30 am and wondering how to avoid another day of tramping around the hills in Colonel Kurtz's oversized gumboots looking for survivalists.

The colonel is best known as the renegade anti-hero of Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*. The screenwriters called him Kurtz — but his real name is David Hackworth, the most decorated US infantry soldier since World War II, including eight Purple Hearts, 10 silver stars, seven bronze stars, two American Distinguished Service Crosses and three Legions of Merit. Colonel Hackworth had killed 9500 men before he told the Pentagon to shove its commission and began looking for a safe place to weather the end of the world.

In the renegade spirit that made him and his squadron a legend in Vietnam, Hackworth used the Pentagon's own top secret intelligence computers to find the right country in which to wait for the nuclear holocaust he believes will come in mid-1985. The computer told him what other computers have been telling survivalists around the globe: Australia, especially northern states.

Hackworth had arranged to meet me on the 200-acre northern New South Wales property he bought, as a result of all this clandestine research, in 1971. But after perilous hours crashing floods to get there on New Year's Day, I found that Hackworth couldn't make it. He was hopelessly tied up with the sale of his Brisbane restaurant, Scaramouche, explained Hackworth's farm manager, but I was welcome to stay over and borrow the colonel's gumboots. Hackworth had indicated that the secret valleys of the Rainbow Country were home to many groups who fear the Hard Rain as he does.

He was wrong. Two days in those gumboots confirmed that Hackworth's far-flung neighbors in the mountains around Uki (a village 15 minutes south of Murwillumbah) were not survivalists in the true spirit of unbridled paranoia. Rather, they are pleasant former flower children who have turned into a bewildering range of cynical Doonesbury characters. Ten years ago, when most of them came to these parts from the cities, talk of nuclear destruction would have kept the adrenalin flowing all night.

When I lurched into their hideouts in 1981 they were more concerned with hangover cures to combat New Year's Eve excesses at the Uki hall. "The worst is over," said one woman, wincing over a pre-lunch glass of homebrew. "All the doomsdaying about the 1980s has been fulfilled. Some Americans said, it's all behind us. Forget *Apocalypse Now* — the correct term is *Apocalypse Then*." There was a little low key talk about perma-culture and self sufficiency, but the lasting impression as the colonel's huge boots dragged me back down the mountain, was one of those mild-mannered Doonesbury smiles. . . "stay cool and roll with the punches."

At the Tumble Falls Community Co-operative, near Nimbin, a 16-year-old author clutching a long cigarette holder lolled expansively in his armchair impersonating Oscar Wilde. "Survivalists?" he repeated, brow knitting, "what are they?" I walked several miles up a mountain range in search of a Fren-

chman who was said to have worked on French nuclear tests in the Pacific. This man, according to one of the Doonesbury characters, was obsessed with survival and had tried unsuccessfully to interest others. But, predictably, the evening I arrived he had put aside his fears and gone for a holiday on the coast. And so it went, until those godawful boots began to fill with my own blood and I sought refuge in a Nimbin cafe. I was trying to swallow a wholemeal cake when a line from something Truman Capote wrote flashed briefly in the grey recesses: "Paranoia is the condition of those in possession of all the facts."

Precisely! Almost everything I have read about survivalists — the hard-core, ostensibly loopy ones who seem almost to enjoy their awful pessimism — involved people who could be expected to have some special knowledge of death, destruction and foul machinations in high places. Hackworth is the perfect example (and we'll get to his terrible predictions later) but there are others — wealthy, travelled types who will, provided you keep your voice down and make no sudden movements, talk for hours about the end of the world.

A decade ago it was the anti-nuke hippies who sang songs of fried babies and a poisoned world; in 1981 The Fear has shifted to men in expensive suits who almost unanimously refuse to be identified.

Take, for example, a strange doomsaying acquaintance who we'll call Gunther. I met him on the Gold Coast in the course of something completely different — but wound up spending several hours at his apartment discussing The End. A German playboy type in his late thirties, Gunther once managed one of Munich's more flashy restaurants. It was a gathering place for touring power brokers like Kissinger, a place where decisions affecting the futures of a million souls were made between courses. And one night five years ago, Gunther swears, his pal Henry Kissinger told him that all of Europe, including western Europe, would be under one government within 10 years.

Gunther believes that international finance is being manipulated by a small inner circle (the Illuminati — familiar?) to enable them to establish a hideous global dictatorship under which we will all become cowered, number-bearing prisoners of the system. Gunther came to Australia — and particularly to Queensland — because, like Hackworth, he sees it as the last bastion, a rich, capitalistic country which could be organised as a buffer against the plotters. "Australians have no idea," Gunther said with a short, harsh laugh. "They are the luckiest and the least informed people in the western world."

Sitting in that Nimbin cafe with the health cake jammed in my neck I suddenly realised that Gunther, of all the possibilities, would be the most likely to throw some light on the identities of a group of Gold Coast businessmen who were reported to have formed a secret survival organisation. A local newspaper claimed the well-heeled members met monthly behind locked doors and were busily constructing an underground nuclear shelter somewhere in the Gold Coast hinterland. I rang Gunther from a phone box beside a lonely gravel road in the mountains. "You vot?" he kept saying each time I finished explaining my strange request. When the message got through Gunther experienced a frenzy of nervousness. "Are you involved in this survival group?" I asked him. "No, no, no, no, no, no!" said Gunther, "no, no, no." But he could, if I promised to never, never, never say who told me, give me the names of two men who were involved.

Next day, with 100 dead ducks in the back of the car (I was prevailed upon to deliver them from Hackworth's farm, which runs 10,000 ducks, to Hackworth's Scaramouche restaurant) I pulled up outside the Gold Coast office of the millionaires whose names Gunther had passed on.

My credibility, at least with millionaire real estate developers, was restricted by several gallons of duck shit and mud on my jeans and sneakers. I was also limping (from the effects of Hackworth's boots) and I smelt like a sewage farm.

The moment I saw the businessman and explained my mission I knew that Gunther had been spot on. The guy's eyes were rolling about his face like those of a horse about to be put down. But what he said was that he didn't know a thing about any secret organisation.

"Look at those new high rise buildings out there," he added, seeming to recover a little. "Why would we be building three new buildings if we thought the world was going to end?"

"To allay suspicion," I suggested, but of course it was hopeless. These paranoid swine who, according to sources more reliable perhaps than the jittery Gunther, have imported mountains of non-perishable food from the US

Continued on page 158

lines, service stations, mortgage departments, and now nearly everywhere I travelled: a kind of collective uneasiness that had blossomed into national trembling. "What the hell's going to happen?" everyone was asking. "We know, and it won't be pretty," said the survivalists.

As with all movements, survivalism had its leaders, and after considerable research, wading through popularisers, commune organisers, hard-sell pitchmen, ex-nazis, obvious maniacs, I found one, a survival consultant and author of a book on firearms, named Mel Tappan, who seemed to approach the subject with intuitive clarity and a degree of irony.

The majority of his clients were doctors, lawyers, military men, and cops, all of whom, it seemed, would be drawn to thoroughness and a clear articulation of vulnerability, real or imagined.

"Almost every important movement, either to the wisdom or survival of the human race looks peculiar to the masses," he told me on the phone, "because anything effective in the long run is not what's happening at the moment. Sure survivalism is different; it's got to be different, and that's what attracts some loonies, but, remember, if a guy is looking on the darker side of you, he's either gotten carried away and sees things that aren't there, or he knows a good deal more about the subject than you."

I listened as Mel Tappan talked and a cold winter rain beat relentlessly against the windows of his library. His voice was soothing, reassuring, a basso profundo tipped just slightly with a Texas drawl, a late night FM voice, a voice you could believe in. It wrapped itself around me like a down quilt, buffering the raw edges left over from the night before; but what Tappan had to say laid a quick chill on my bones. He was talking about the aftermath of the devastating economic breakdown that would bring about the Big Crunch, strip away civilisation's thin layer of protective insulation, and set people against one another in ways previously unimagined in our society.

"Directly after the collapse," Tappan said, "you better be prepared to keep your head down for at least a month. Things could get so hot you wouldn't even want to go out in the yard for a load of firewood without someone covering your back with an assault rifle. I mean there was gunplay in this country over a two-hour wait in a petrol line. Imagine what you'll see when there's no food to be had on the supermarket shelves at all — none!"

He sat across from me in a wheelchair, his great bulk wrapped in a wine-colored robe. He was 46, had thick, muscular forearms, powerful hands, and, with his round, pinkish face, light, close-cropped hair, and clipped blond moustache, resembled an avuncular, convalescing

RAF pilot. There was a holstered .45 automatic strapped to the right side of the chair, and though a picture of convivial tranquillity, Tappan was capable of drawing the gun and firing six shots into a 10-inch circle 25 yards away in two and a half seconds.

"It doesn't take a whole lot of sophistication to see the kind of economic trouble we're in," he went on, "but the problem is, most people are unwilling to carry it to its logical conclusion. I can't tell you exactly when it will occur, but there is going to be a catastrophic monetary collapse in this country. Of that I'm absolutely certain. The banks are in big trouble, credit is overextended, companies need loans to keep production lines running, and they can't get 'em, farmers can't afford to plant crops or raise livestock; so they're cutting back."

"Everything is in place; all it'll take is a trigger event, say, the Arabs deciding not to accept dollars for oil anymore, coupled with a panic run on the banks — a national 'aha' experience where a few million people all at once realise their money isn't worth a thing and decide they want gold or silver — and that will ring the bell. Payrolls won't be met, trucks won't roll, millions of people who depend on food stamps and welfare cheques will be instantly destitute, and in next to no time there'll be chaos and turmoil like you wouldn't believe."

"Reagan will be the captain of the *Titanic*, and his only option will be how to arrange the deck chairs. The only thing you can do is take action to protect yourself, and that means getting as far away from a major city as possible. It also means blending into the landscape, keeping your name off major purchase orders of survival goods. Just say, 'My name's Mr Cash, and that's how I pay,' because when the balloon goes up, the government's going to try to control the population, and that means confiscation of large supplies of storable food or medicines and especially firearms."

"It's not that I'm paranoid about guns. I'm paranoid about the whole government. You show me a bureaucrat, and I'll show you a man who wants to know your business."

The tale went on, replete with riots, untreated water supplies, epidemics, fire storms, beleaguered suburbs, and plundered armories. It would have been a whole lot easier to laugh it off as irrational gobbledygook if Tappan were a bankrupt car dealer, an unemployed steelworker, a misanthrope in a tattered robe, or a sparkle-suited hustler peddling retreat properties as if they were condominiums; but he was none of these.

When Tappan quit his finance company directorship, sold his 8500-square foot home on an acre of land in Los Angeles, and moved to Rogue River, Oregon, he was a very wealthy man who

had learned everything there was to know about survival and had equipped himself accordingly.

He had chosen a small farm town — a de facto survival community, he believed, that in time of disaster would close protectively around its inhabitants like a giant clam. He had prepared for every conceivable eventuality to the point of choosing, after careful study of fallout maps, that small portion of the Pacific Northwest least vulnerable to nuclear debris. His 80-acre valley ranch, ringed by thickly wooded mountains, was perhaps the safest piece of real estate in the United States.

Financially, he needed nothing; yet, always the organiser, the catalyst who loved company on any adventure, he published a monthly survival newsletter, wrote a survival column for a gun magazine, and, for \$100 an hour, shared most of what he knew with his clients.

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Certain defensive contingencies were kept secret — certain structural, electronic, and explosive measures necessitated by his notoriety and his paralysis handicap — even from the 25 or 30 families who had thus far moved to Rogue River and knew him well. "I had to deal once with that 'just-how-good-is-he' syndrome, and I'd just as soon not again," he said.

A little over 12 grand. That's what the client with Mel Tappan the next day had spent to arm himself in the past 14 months. For 10 years after he returned from Vietnam he hadn't so much as looked at a weapon, but he was scared and making up for lost time in a hurry.

"A lot of survivalists think it's just blacks on welfare that'll riot and loot after the crunch, but they're wrong," the man said. "You take the average middle-class American with a wife and two kids and a mortgage, and you pull his dream out from under him; you take his job, you get his family crying for food, and he's gonna go berserk, man. Any time in history you had real chaos, it was because the masses went nuts, not some minority."

He had enough rifles, shotguns, and pistols to equip a company of infantrymen and ammunition to do battle for a week. The cost wasn't hurting him any either, not from the looks of his gold Rolex or his \$400 boots. He was a top-of-the-line survivalist, a wealthy corporation executive anonymously setting up his retreat, and with backup generators, vehicles, and tools, storable food for three years, and much more he'd be spending upward of \$200,000. He was moving to Rogue River within a year.

"You can do it for considerably less," Tappan said. "You can eat less meat and spend only nine hundred dollars per person for storable food instead of eighteen hundred dollars. You can get by with fewer guns, less machinery, a smaller spread, but the notion of getting through the crunch with a rucksack and a Swiss army knife is ludicrous. You better be prepared to spend several thousand or be clever enough to hook up with a well-heeled older person who needs a hand running his retreat."

The consultation, concerning several defence installations at the client's farm, was concluded, and the man brought out a customised .45 sold to him at a handsome price by a gunsmith in his hometown.

"My friend, this gun has been ruined," Tappan told him. "The temper's all gone out of the steel. It isn't worth \$50."

Soon, however, talk turned to the commodities market in which he'd made a fortune, and his good humor returned. "Sure Mel's worth \$100 an hour to me," he said in answer to my question. "Some engineer invents a new way to freeze-dry biscuits; a lumber mill shuts down in Maine; or a general in the Pentagon has a fight with his wife, and 10 minutes later Tappan's factoring it into his survival equation. I sleep a good deal better 'cause of him."

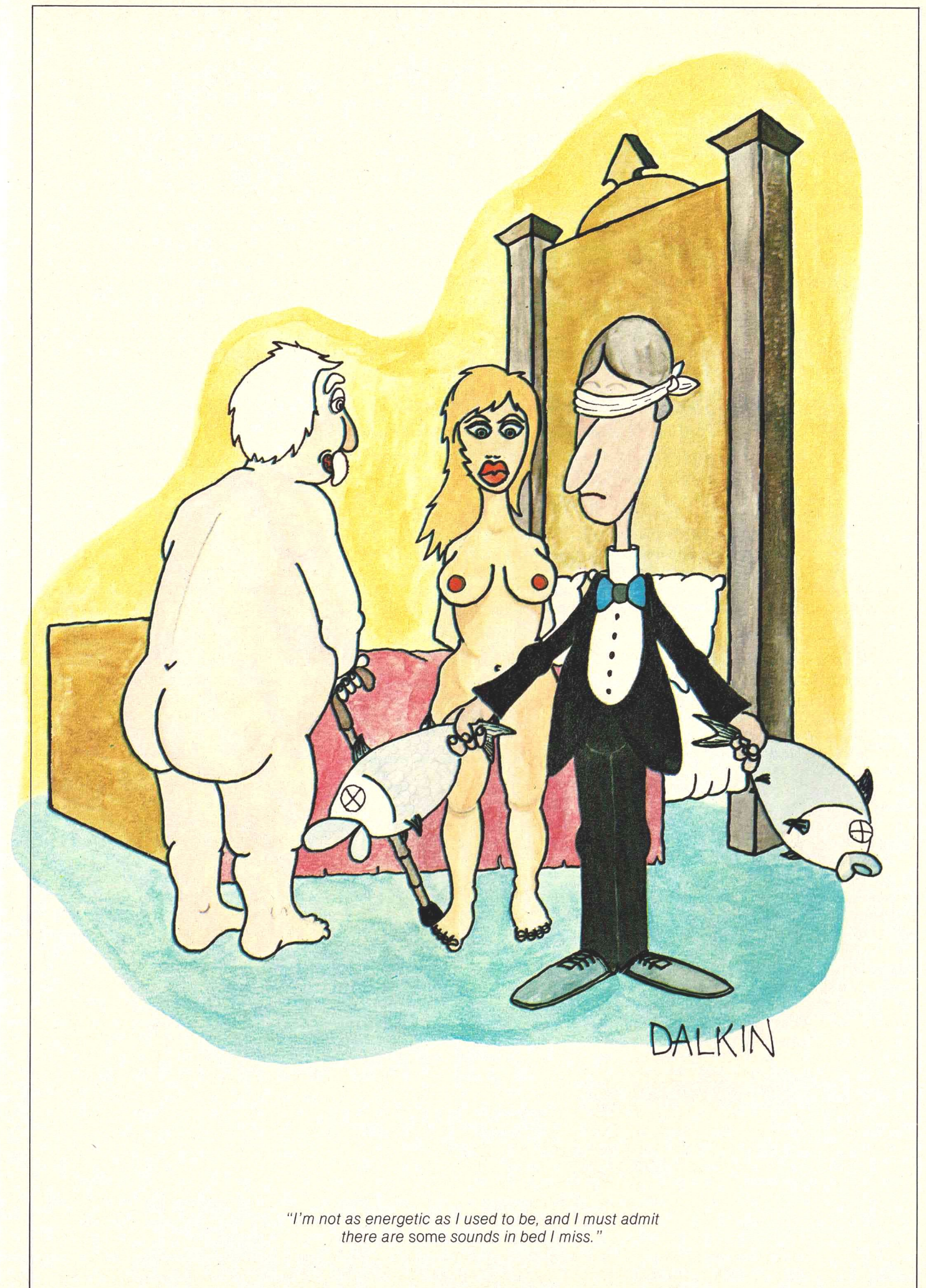
He may have been sleeping better, but judging from his eyes, he wasn't sleeping much. A short time later we both got up to leave, and he admitted that he wouldn't mind some company. So I followed his car back into town. After we'd been drinking for a while in a saloon, he told me how his wife had left him and about his court fight for their kids.

"Night life in Rogue River might be limited," he said, "but there were lots of decent people around, and anyway, once the crunch came, there'd be little enough time on anybody's hands."

I met others of Tappan's community and they were linked to him like spokes of a wheel to a hub. He needed them, and they needed him.

It seemed to me, though, that there was a piece of the survival puzzle missing, someone who had bought the ticket but was riding on the train alone.

"I think I know the guy you're looking for," Turk's woman, Rita, told me as we



"I'm not as energetic as I used to be, and I must admit there are some sounds in bed I miss."

whipped along a rain-slick highway in the Cadillac one night. "Let me see if I can get in touch with him."

"I found him; he'll talk to you and show you his place," she said to me the next night. "It'll take you most of a day to get there from here, but I think it'd be worth your while. Just one thing: you've got to promise to keep his tracks covered. You don't, and we're both in a lot of trouble, and that's no bullshit."

I'll call him Hawk, since he had one, about two inches high, tattooed on his right calf, its wings outstretched, talons extended above a single drop of blood. He was tall, lean and loose-jointed, with oversize, busted-up hands, and straight, dark hair combed back off his forehead, hanging almost to his shoulders. His face was seamed and darkened by the weather, but it was his mouth, set in a feral half-snarl, and his savage cat's eyes gleaming in the dark, revealing nothing, that put a vice grip on my guts.

He was one of the most dangerous-looking men I'd ever seen, and he'd come out of the shadows of the deserted rest stop to meet me without a sound. Against the freezing rain he wore a thin flannel shirt, patched jeans, and an old fedora with the brim turned down. "Let's go," he said, turned, and walked through the trees to where his old Dodge Power-Wagon was parked on a path leading to the highway.

In half an hour we turned from the highway on to a secondary dirt road and then a few miles later on to a steep, rutted Jeep trail through the woods. It was only then, once we were on his mountain, that Hawk began to talk.

"Sure they know about me in town," he said. "I buy food, supplies, drink a beer or two in the bar now and then. Someone always knows about you, no matter where you are. The question is not whether they know about you but what they do about it. Once some bikers tried to do something about it up here, but there were only four of 'em."

He was born and raised in a fishing village on the Eastern Seaboard, worked on the family boat until his father died, then enlisted in the marines. In 1965 he was swimming behind enemy lines in Vietnam when his recon unit was ambushed. Hawk swam out with a bullet in his side, the only man in his team to return alive.

"Now that was lonely, mister," he told me. "Up here in these mountains I don't ever feel anything but free."

After Vietnam Hawk went back to fishing, but foreign trawlers cut his catch, and for years he was just one step ahead of the bank. One day a man offered him a deal ferrying marijuana from a mother ship to shore at \$40,000 a run.

Twelve trips later he retired, unscathed. A man prone to superstition, he was unable to make the 13th, but he had

almost a half a million in cash in his pocket. On vacation in the Southwest, as far from the sea as he could get, he met a police chief from New England, a survivalist. After they'd shared a bottle of Scotch, he told him about the contingency plans for dealing with food riots he'd been reading.

It was Hawk's nature to trust his instincts; they had saved his life in Vietnam and two or three times while running dope; so drunk as he was, he decided then and there to retreat. He traded his boat for a Piper Super Cub, struck out for Oregon, and searched by plane for a year until he found his mountain.

He bought equipment: two identical old Power-Wagons, an ancient bulldozer, a tractor, and a small sawmill; and with an old fishing mate built, at the edge of a wide, flat, mountain meadow, a log house and a rough-board hangar for his plane.

He buried fuel, 2000 gallons for the

Every day the news seems to confirm the survivalists' scenario: car plants closed and people on food stamps.

Super Cub, 2000 for his trucks, and built a shelter into a hillside for his other survival supplies. Now he farmed a little, fished, and hunted, and had begun to read; flying down to San Francisco on occasion to buy more books, eat Japanese food, and do a little business (just what, he wouldn't say).

"I know about Rogue River," he told me. "Sure there are some heavyweight survivalists there, but did anyone tell you about the drug trade? You got any idea what sort of fellas they got guarding the pot fields in that neck of the woods? And what about the local lumberjacks? What the hell are they gonna do when the crunch comes and the mills shut down? Nah, baby, don't tell me about small towns. I was raised in one. People get on your case there just like anywhere else. At least up here if they want me, they got to go to some extraordinary lengths to get me, and, hell, if push comes to shove, I'll dynamite my road. How many hungry people you think could walk in here?"

He was showing me his cabin when I saw the photograph in a corner of the kitchen, and it nearly jumped off the wall at

me. The woman in it was that beautiful. She was leaning against the wing of Hawk's plane, wearing a flowing white aviator's scarf and a denim jacket, and her red hair hung to the pockets of her jeans. She was thin and very tall, and her eyes were dark and deep as Hawk's were flat. "She sings the blues" was all he'd say about her. "She's working with a band down in Texas." "You miss her?" I asked him. "Wouldn't you?" he replied.

I woke to the sound of wind chimes sometime before dawn, got out of my sleeping bag and climbed down from the loft in Hawk's cabin. The front door was open wide, and I went out on the porch. The rain had stopped, and the low-lying mist was phosphorescent in the moonlight. A cold wind had come up out of the north, and the air smelled like freshly turned earth.

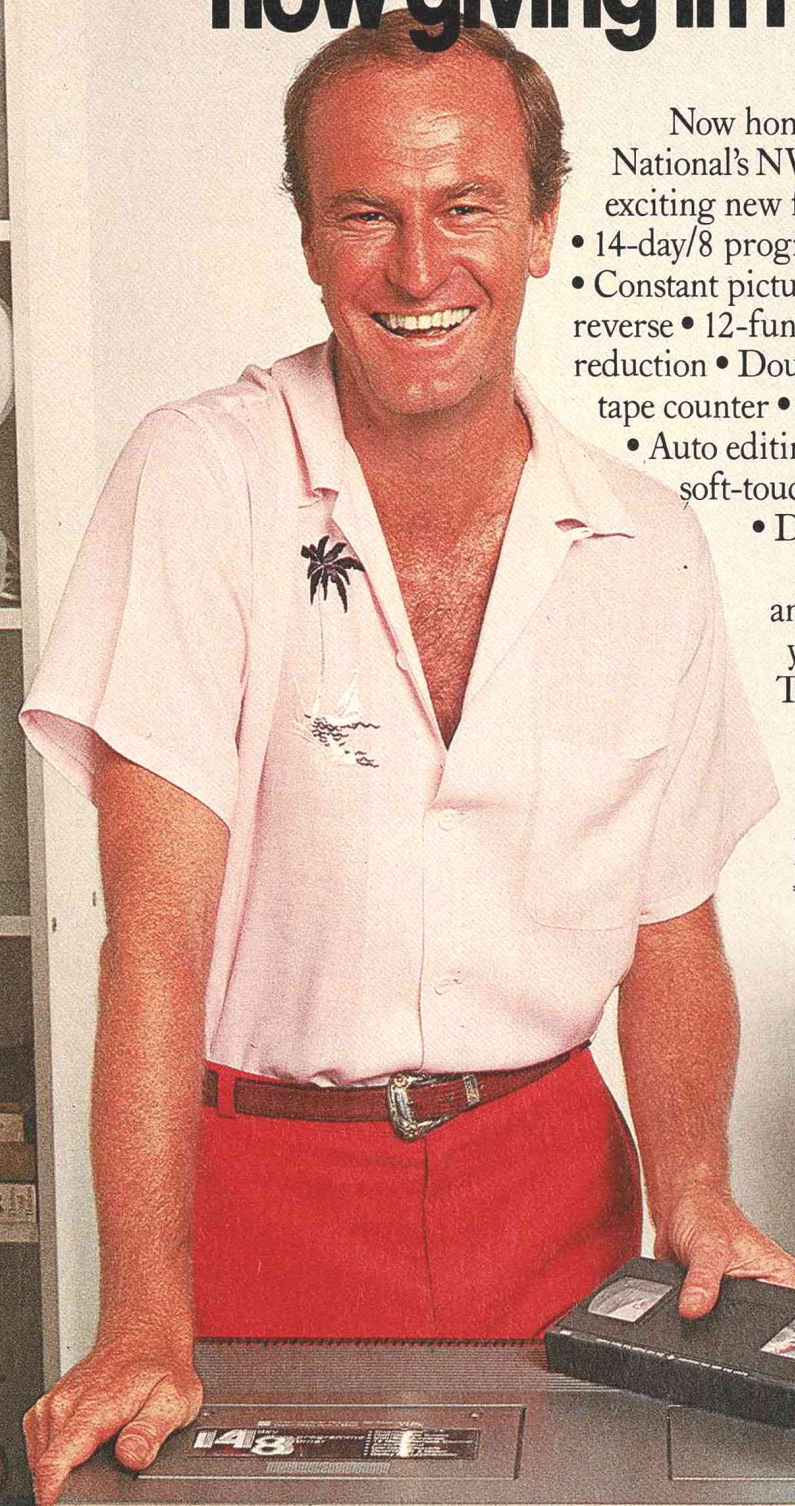
Then I saw Hawk, sitting in a full lotus, shirtless and barefoot in the wet grass, absolutely still. He sat that way for at least 10 minutes until a buck and two doe crossed the meadow a hundred yards upwind of him and disappeared into the woods. When the deer had passed, Hawk jumped up and began leaping around, mouthing a soundless cry. He did front flips, back flips, and finally hurled himself to the ground, rolling over and over. When he rose, it was impossible to tell whether his face was wet from rainwater or from tears.

I returned east and in the weeks to come felt nothing but despair. There I was, living in the middle of ground zero, in the north-east corridor that at best would turn into an urban battlefield, at worst would vaporise like a giant piece of exploding fruit. Every day the news seemed to confirm the survivalists' scenario: car plants closed, hostile middle-class people in New Orleans on food stamps, credit card companies cracking the whip.

Finally, a prominent psychiatrist in Manhattan, a friend of Tappan's, gave me a bit of hope. "Listen," he said. "Survivalists have strong belief systems and, like a lot of people, tend to create the events surrounding their own reality. They have founded a new religion called survival, with a Mecca that is Rogue River, and a set of scriptures that you've been dealing with. Don't get upset. It'll pass. I think Mel's a brilliant man, and I love him dearly, but he hasn't been out of his house for six months. And look at Rogue River. It's a cultural wasteland. Me, I want to live where life is, not where I'm constantly getting ready for catastrophe. Call me sometime. We'll have dinner."

He sounded like an interesting guy, and he made me feel much better; so two weeks later I called him. "No, I don't know where to reach him," the woman at the answering service told me. "He's gone out west somewhere. No, he won't be back."

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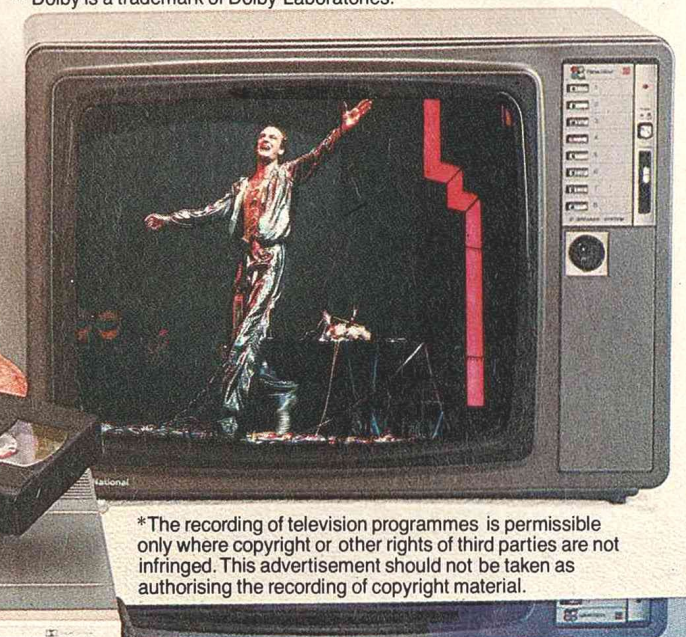
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WASTELANDS OF THE SOUTH

RESOURCES BOOM PART II

While the resource-rich States gear up for the boom, Victoria and South Australia are on the skids.

BY RICHARD ANDERSON

Illustration by Paul Power

In mid-1980 a senior writer on the Melbourne Age, Peter Smark, wrote a celebrated feature on the extraordinary way in which Sydney housing prices were climbing away from those in Melbourne. For a visiting Melbournian, it was easy to recognise the odd fellow-Melbournians recently arrived from Sydney. They were the couples standing somewhat apart at house auctions, faces ashen as they realised that the proceeds of their luxury home with swimming pool in Toorak would be lucky to stretch to a mediocre brick veneer cottage in some undistinguished suburb of Sydney. This little story neatly sums up one of the most striking aspects of Australia's coming resources boom — the way in which the southern States are likely to miss out. As Australia moves into the 1980s, the steady succession of big resource announcements is concentrated mainly on three Australian States. These are NSW, Queensland and Western Australia. Consider the shale projects in central Queensland, the two aluminium smelters planned for Gladstone, Queensland and the three projects in NSW's Hunter Valley, lists of black coal exporting projects extending over page after page for Queensland and NSW, the oil and gas proposals in Western Australia, and so on. In 1980, the NSW Government alone was able to list \$18 billion worth of planned projects for the next 10 years. To match these, the two main

southern States of Victoria and South Australia have on the whole a very threadbare cupboard. Victoria's best entry is two aluminium smelters, to be run on electricity from the brown coal of the La Trobe valley. There are possibilities in liquefaction of brown coal for fuel. After that, one is running a bit short of projects, though a few other possibilities are mooted from time to time.

Over in South Australia there is just one reasonably assured major project with exciting possibilities, the Roxby Downs minerals project. This is expected to generate a lot of income, including enough minerals haulage business to help pull the Australian National Railways into the black. Hesitating in the wings is the long-running saga of a possible big petrochemicals plant on one of the gulfs near Adelaide.

This proposal, in which Dow Chemicals has traditionally been the main reluctant suitor, could be made to work. Originally considered a decade or so ago, it was torpedoed in the early 1970s by spiralling construction costs and double figure inflation as the Australian economy got out of control.

Now, in the Eighties, the long hesitations have stemmed from doubts about its feasibility given other big petrochemical proposals in the eastern States.

This thumbnail sketch of the resources boom as it applies to the two main southern States could be stretched a bit with details of a few smaller projects. But the central fact is overwhelmingly obvious to the economists and resource planners considering Australia's future in the 1980s. The big action in the resources boom is in the more northerly areas — NSW, Queensland and Western Australia. By sheer volume of output and diversity of projects, these States are marked down for the lion's share of the minerals surge.

For the bemused politicians, living in a Pollyanna world of euphoria about the resources boom, this fact should have the warning signals ringing hard and long.

Along with all the other problems the resources boom will bring, this imbalance between the resources-rich States and the less well-endowed south could be the trigger for bitterly divisive approaches to Australian politics over the next decade. The potential conflicts are legion.

Take first the matter of overseas borrowing for infrastructure expenditures. For half a century, the Commonwealth religiously excluded the States from overseas borrowing markets, to stop any potentially expensive scramble by the competing States for finance.

Then, as the Seventies neared their end, 50 years of determined control was dropped as the Commonwealth did an abrupt about turn and told the States that from now on it was open slather.

The shape of things to come was soon apparent. New South Wales, the largest State in population, opted for funds for coal loaders and electricity power stations. The Western Australians had no trouble allocating their share to a series of resources investments. The Victorian Government, however, did not have the same plethora of projects around. With electricity development (such as the Loy Yang power station series) as its main resources task, it had enough space left over for the essentially non-resources investment of a proposed World Trade Centre. Whatever the merits of this proposal, it has very little to do with the resources boom. Yet it was allowed to go into the overseas borrowing program.

With the total suggested investment for the 1980s already in the \$70 to \$80 billion region for the whole of Australia, conflicts over these overseas funds are going to intensify. With resources pro-

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posals already well beyond any conceivable capacity for the Australian economy to handle them all, the States most affected will be under severe strain.

This means there will be pressure for heavy flows of capital funds to be allocated primarily to NSW, Queensland and Western Australia.

The next area for concern lies in the effect of minerals and energy royalties, and transport revenues, on the relative income flows of State Governments. Insofar as royalties, such as the coal royalties in NSW or the iron ore royalties in WA, go to State Governments, this gives them a preferential position in Australia. With coal becoming a key energy commodity in world energy markets, NSW and Queensland could gain very substantially relative to the other States.

The benefits come not only from royalties but also from rail freights. In NSW, the haulage of coal is one of the few traffics which is unequivocally profitable to the otherwise loss-making State rail system. In Queensland, coal rail freights have partially plugged what would otherwise be a horrendous deficit.

Victoria, on the other hand, has much less scope for this sort of gain. Its brown coal reserves, though very extensive, have a high water content, which makes them unsuitable for export or even for long distance freight haul. This is why electricity generation from brown coal is inevitably anchored in the La Trobe Valley where the coal can be scooped out of the ground straight into the power stations built almost on top. The corollary is no big coal freight revenues for Vic Rail, nor fat royalty receipts on export coal.

The Victorians are conscious of this problem. At the end of 1980, the Victorian State Government issued a leaflet in the form of an open letter to the Commonwealth Government. It gave notice that because Victoria stood to gain little from the resources boom, it wanted a greater share of income tax receipts from the Commonwealth.

A fold-out leaflet with the open letter was entitled: "Victoria — the Father Christmas of Australia." It complained that Victoria contributed 29 percent of the total income tax money shared by the States, but received back only 23 percent. The open letter was issued under the names of Victorian Premier, Dick Hamer, and the Treasurer, Mr Thompson. It included this significant comment on previous tax-sharing arrangements: "It does not take fully into account the effects of the enormous economic growth in States such as Western Australia and Queensland, in particular, as a result of the mineral boom of the last decade."

This little situation opens the possibility of one father and mother of a financial brawl for the Federal Government. On the one hand, it is worried about the lack of development and the depressed State of the Victorian economy. At the October 1980 Federal elections, the voters in Melbourne gave the Fraser Government a sharp nip in the ankles. Although the Liberal-Country Party coalition was returned to power comfortably enough, the Victorian results were sufficient to sting the Prime Minister. He ordered an investigation into why the Liberal Party position in Victoria was slipping.

On the other hand, the most obvious way around the problem would be very unpalatable to some of the Government's supporters in the mining industry.

One way of evening out the resources boom would be to impose a series of resources taxes. These could be at specific rates for particular mineral items, even graded according to the relative richness of deposits, their distance from the coast and so on.

The oil levy now in place is, in fact, one example of a resource tax. Another was the Federal coal royalty imposed in the last days of the 1972-1975 Federal Labor Government by its last Treasurer, Bill Hayden. Extend the resource taxes, perhaps even to a tax on electricity out-

put (as Federal Treasury has suggested) and you drain a lot of funds into the Federal Government's revenue chest.

From there, it is easy to ladle it out all over Australia, and to cut Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania into a handy slice of the total handout.

The problem is, the big mining companies, whether multinationals or Australian-owned, are flatly against such taxation. In itself, this is hardly surprising. It is hard to find any interest group which is in favor of taxation specifically on itself. However, a practical consequence is that executives of big mining companies mount a lot of pressure, both in the public scene and within the political parties, against the idea of such taxation.

As a result, the present Federal Government has been persuaded to declare its opposition to the concept of resource taxes generally. (This is why it has been playing around with such other unpopular alternatives as the Value Added Tax, one of the most hated tax concepts in Europe.)

As a point of note, the big mining houses, such as BHP, CRA and so on, largely have their headquarters in central Melbourne, particularly in Collins Street. These buildings are mostly within an easy tram ride of the Victorian Parliament and Government offices in the Spring Street area at the eastern end of the central city street grid. So the mining executives have ready access to the ear of State politicians to voice their opposition to any resource tax proposals, however much these might help Victorian and South Australian politicians when it came to extracting more money from Canberra.

Even these worries pale somewhat when compared to the central problem facing the whole of Australia in the resources decade. This is the future of employment prospects for the Australian people, and the possible future of the immigration program.

The resources investments are highly capital-intensive, with large amounts of funds needed per job employed. As funds are diverted into coal loaders and rail electrification, big power stations and transmission lines, open cut coal projects and shale extraction workings, aluminium smelters, oil and gas pipelines and petrochemical plants, this could hit at investment funds left for general manufacturing. The sheer flood of overseas revenue from the resources exports could increase the flow of imports into Australia, putting competitive pressure on local manufacturers.

These problems need noting even in NSW, Queensland and WA. But at least these States will be picking up some employment prospects from the boom. The big projects may be capital-intensive, but they will still provide a considerable number of jobs, first in construction, later in continued operation.

Second, there will be the fallout effect for local supplies, the indirect job creation effects in Gladstone, Queensland, on the coastal corridor to Bunbury, south of Perth, or in NSW's Hunter Valley. Third, the State revenues from royalties can be used for general, employment-creating expenditures.

No such mitigating factors beckon for Victoria and South Australia. Apart from the employment created in the La Trobe Valley with increased electricity generation, and the local effects of the aluminium smelters near Geelong and further west at Portland, Victoria stands to gain only a meagre employment boost from resources. The same arguments apply to South Australia.

It is particularly serious for these two southern States because they have developed traditionally as the two general manufacturing centres in Australia. New South Wales has always been more

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directed to basic manufacturing and heavy engineering, with Sydney flanked by the two iron and steel towns of Newcastle and Wollongong. Queensland and Western Australia have been resource-based States all along, with wheat, sheep, wool, sugar, meat, hides and so on supplementing minerals exports.

It is Melbourne and Adelaide which have been the home of a wide range of general merchandise producers. It is no accident that Melbourne has taken out the biggest share of the annual export awards for the last few years. It has the biggest selection of quality manufacturers putting out export finished goods ranging from fashion belt buckles through atomic absorption spectrometers to office furniture.

This has provided a wide range of employment, and made Melbourne and Adelaide quite lively towns, at least if you like a variety of employment openings. (All right, so they haven't got Sydney Harbor, but neither have all the other great manufacturing centres of the world.) But when the action is shifting over to resources, the situation changes. Cities

and States based on general manufacturing are likely to come out behind.

This situation has been further worsened by something which was happening irrespective of the resources boom. This was the ending of the great postwar surge in three areas — cars, consumer durables and housing.

If you look at the pattern of employment growth in Australia in the postwar years, you will find that these three areas were among the big absorbers of migrants. Over half the workforce in automotive assembly, for instance, was born outside Australia. The boom in the car industry continued until just after 1970, giving a clear two decades of virtually uninterrupted expansion and sales growth for General Motors-Holden, Ford, later Chrysler, not to mention Leyland, Volkswagen and Toyota and Datsun.

However, by a little after 1970 the basic surge to equip families with motor cars was nearly complete. There was still trading up, replacement demand, new customers coming of age, and the increasing sale of cars to young single women. (This market is one reason the Corolla is the world's biggest volume seller.) But the heady days were over.

The car industry is still good business. But the motor men, glutted with growth and addicted to an endless summer of spectacular sales increases, have been a gloomy lot for the past few years.

With the General Motors-Holden works at Fishermen's Bend, Melbourne, and at Elizabeth and Woodville in Adelaide, or the Chrysler plant in Adelaide, the southern States were heavily committed to the automotive industry. This extended to large numbers of automotive parts manufacturers. When GM-H in 1980 finally plucked up the nerve to close its uneconomic and redundant plant at Pagewood in Sydney, the sigh of relief could be heard all over Adelaide.

Had the General decided to keep Pagewood and cut back in Adelaide, the South Australians would have had a much harder job of soaking up the inevitable unemployment. They had already had their share of nerve tremors over the problems of Adelaide-based Chrysler, before it was taken over by Mitsubishi.

It is a similar story with consumer durables. It is sometimes said by Australian economists that Adelaide doesn't really have much reason to exist. In an effort to counter this, South Australia's longtime postwar premier, Sir Thomas Playford, went all out to develop the consumer durables industry in Adelaide.

Such names as Kelvinator, Simpson and Pope put their insignia on refrigerators and washing machines as they were shipped out of Adelaide all over Australia. Playford also worked carefully to keep the cost of living in Adelaide below that of the eastern States, in order to keep wage levels something like 10

percent below the prime east coast levels. The workers were compensated by cheaper food, housing and travel in Adelaide, a much less congested city than Sydney or Melbourne.

This tended to attract labor-intensive industries, which is fine if you are building up population in the postwar world. It is not so fine in the high wage, high inflation, low growth of the past few years.

Consumer durables were an uninterrupted success story up to the end of 1974. With policies of strong population growth, there was plenty of demand from incoming settlers to supplement the process of equipping the native-born population with refrigerators and washing machines to replace ice boxes and scrubbing boards. Later the emphasis spread to television sets, tumble dryers and dishwashers.

In the early Seventies, a general consumer boom kept things humming long. The boom collapsed in late 1974. One journalist at the time was assigned to find what was going on. He began with the eastern States, phoning plants first because they tend to close at 4.30 pm, then the head offices whose executives are around a little longer. As the evening wore on, he switched to South Australia, half an hour behind the eastern States. By the end of the afternoon, it was clear that the long postwar summer of sales was finally over for consumer durables.

Company after company reported that their order books had collapsed as a general credit squeeze cleared the surfeit of multiple ordering out of the system and revealed the true picture.

In succeeding years, the usual picture of a mature industry was played out. The companies began eyeing each other, like baby carp lazily approaching to see who would eat who. In the washup, it was Email in Sydney and Simpson-Pope in Adelaide who divided up the whitegoods field between them. New, carefully-designed products appeared, with de luxe items designed for affluent middle-aged couples, such as sound-proofed dishwashers and fridges dispensing ice cubes from the door. But the growth days for consumer durables are over.

Melbourne has been the headquarters of the rag trade in Australia for generations. This is one of the reasons why Myer in Melbourne has such a good range of clothing. In the inner city suburbs of Carlton and Fitzroy, in old-fashioned multiple-level factories, a cluster of textile entrepreneurs provided employment for large numbers of workers. But textiles, clothing and footwear have been the areas hit hardest by the emergence of third world countries anxious for export income.

When a shirt sewer in Sri Lanka is getting \$5-6 a week, even the most effective and fashion-conscious of local manufacturers is likely to have trouble competing.

A considerable proportion of economic sentiment in Australia feels that existing tariff barriers should be lowered, and the clothing, footwear and textiles area sorted out. This would allow increased exports, and some reduction in employment. Even if this is not done, this sector is no longer going to provide much in the way of employment growth.

Even with markets protected by quotas, high costs have held back consumer demand for the product, while manufacturers have been forced into extensive rationalisation and mechanisation programs.

To wind up this magical mystery tour round the trouble spots of southern Australian employment, let's look at housing. In July 1980, the Housing Industry Association of Australia produced a report on levels of activity in the States. This is what it said about Victoria: "The housing industry in Victoria is now building at well

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below expected levels despite fierce competition and inordinately depressed profit margins for builders and manufacturers and suppliers."

Looking at prospects in South Australia, it noted that the spread of contracts had become more equitable — because four or five major builders had recently gone into liquidation. It summed up prospects as: "Confidence in the future is still at a fairly low level and this is aggravated by the highest level of unemployment in Australia in this State."

Contrast this picture of barely relieved gloom with the comment for NSW: "Near records of construction activity are still being experienced in Sydney and other regions for housing and home units."

This takes us back to the comments in the opening paragraph, and helps to explain why housing prices in Sydney have climbed away from those in Melbourne.

In Sydney, demand has been high as NSW winds up for the resources boom. So far, the southern States have missed out. A high official in the now-defeated South Australian Labor Government admitted candidly that there was, at the

time, no real reason to have a housing industry in Adelaide at all. Existing stock could accommodate all the people needing accommodation.

If you look at Australia's unemployment statistics in the past few years, and take the trouble to go past the overall rate, a look at the different sectors is most revealing. Employment has actually been going up in the tertiary services sector. The two trouble spots have been manufacturing and construction. It is the general downturn in these areas which have set in train the economic difficulties of the southern States.

Business interests in Melbourne and Adelaide are well aware of the problems. Thus in October 1980, the director of the Victorian Chamber of Manufactures, Mr Brian Powell, issued some short, sharp remarks directed at the Federal Government. "Victorians have shown they no longer will accept the unemployment caused by policies which discriminate against their State and they are prepared to throw out Governments which do not recognise this fact," he said at a symposium of the Association for Computer Aided Design.

"They also have shown they are not prepared to wait six or nine years for the resources boom to mature before policies are implemented to create growth and jobs. For far too long, Victorians have been taxed harder than other Australians and Victorian manufacturing has been forced to face more crippling pressures than manufacturing in other States... Victorians demand a new deal — and that means policies to stimulate Victorian manufacturing, the only sector with the potential to provide sufficient jobs."

A bit earlier, in the year, the Master Builders Association of Victoria put its finger on another problem, the difficulty in attracting a net gain of population. The MBA noted that each year about 10,000 more people left Victoria to settle elsewhere than were attracted in.

"The building industry is particularly prone to the deleterious effects of interstate migration," the association said in its journal, *Building Comment*. "In the housing sector it results in a direct reduction in demand for new dwelling construction as potential customers depart. It also adds to the stock of available existing housing which competes with the new housing market."

This particular phenomenon relates partly to a fact well known among Surfers Paradise home unit investors. A large part of the exodus consists of elderly couples exchanging the vagaries of the Melbourne winter for the even climes of the Gold Coast.

Loss of retired couples is less of a problem than the difficulties in attracting overseas migrants. In 1979, Victoria received only 9280 people from over-

seas, net, compared with 14,600 to Queensland, 12,700 to Western Australia and 29,400 to NSW. South Australia did even worse, with a net outflow of about 3000 disillusioned overseas citizens.

This lack lustre situation contrasts strongly with the heady days of the Fifties, when Melbourne was raking them in. In the days when the majority of migrants came by ship, Perth had first bite at the trade, but Melbourne was the first large city migrants came to. The balance tilted when the Boeing 707 brought down the real costs of intercontinental air travel and speeded up the travel time.

Sydney, with the main international airport, began to receive a greater proportion of incoming migrants, a process accentuated as the jumbo aircraft took over as the workhorses of international aviation. Even the building of Tullamarine international airport was not sufficient to counter this factor.

If Melbourne has its problems, try Adelaide. More than 80 percent of its industrial production is exported to other States, so it is crucially dependent on the general welfare of the Australian economy, as well as on maintaining its competitive edge. For many years, this situation has been underpinned by favorable tariff policy, especially with automotive parts, and the maintenance of lower wage levels. But this second feature has now been effectively eliminated by the aggressive push of the arbitration system to impose fairly uniform wage rates around Australia. The tariff advantages may be eroded by the push for lower overall tariff rates and by the prospect of upvaluation in the Australian currency.

Deputy Prime Minister Doug Anthony quietly let the cat out of the bag on this in late 1980 at a meeting with farmers. South Australia has been in trouble effectively since 1977-78. By June 1978, South Australian unemployment figures were 6.8 percent, compared with the national average of 6.1 percent. The job vacancy rate fell to half the national average. Over 1977-78, civilian employment fell by nearly 10,000, helped along by heavy retrenchments in the car industry, the closing of the Whyalla shipyards, drought, and the decline in housing.

It is this deterioration in the economy which really explains why the long-running Labor administration, hailed for the establishment of South Australia as the social laboratory for Australia, was given the heave-ho at premature elections called by Dunstan's uninspiring successor Des Corcoran.

The interesting thing about the debacle was the way it was unexpected by the media heavies and cultural trends of the eastern States, whose attention had been focused on such efforts as Don Dunstan's fascination with concepts of workers control.

In his heyday, before illness forced his premature retirement as State Premier, Dunstan made a succession of speeches and initiatives supporting concepts of "industrial democracy". His position was that people spent one third of their lives at work, and were entitled to more say in the conditions and management of this part of their lives. He built up an industrial democracy unit which at its peak had 27 people working for the extension of industrial democracy in South Australia.

This ensured substantial roll-ups of executives when Dunstan made speeches on the subject, including forays to the eastern States. Although in practical terms it never amounted to much, it was sufficient to send a shadow of unease among the investors who control expansion and re-location of industry.

With a fair amount of time already spent on industrial issues such as 35-hour weeks, wage levels, skill differen-

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tials, introduction of new technology and so on, the idea of a further involvement in concepts of industrial democracy, which tend to merge into ideas of workers control, didn't go down well.

The problem for South Australia was that as a major manufacturing centre, it is a marginal proposition in Australia. The Adelaide market is under one million, compared with the big urban agglomerations on the east coast. It has substantial transport and delivery costs. Just try driving your family from Adelaide to Sydney in less than two days, and you'll get some idea of the delivery problems involved.

On top of this, the general problems of Australian manufacturing industry outlined earlier were setting in, just as the Dunstan administration appeared to be settling in to concentrate on its role as a social laboratory.

Among local managerial people, the malaise that was developing in South Australia is summed up in the phrase, the "Athens of the South". The comments were made that having an Adelaide Festival, poetry readings by the Premier and other cultural events designed to

make Adelaide the Athens of the South, were no substitute for economic policies aimed at reversing the slide in the South Australian economy.

It remains to be seen whether the present-day Tonkin administration will be able to deliver on economic improvement, or whether South Australia's problems are too deep seated to be handled just by a change of State Government.

South Australia does have one unique position, as Australia's major supplier of wine. Although the Hunter Valley gets a lot of attention from critics, such places as the Barossa, McLaren Vale, the Clare Valley and so on produce the bulk of Australia's quality table wines, as well as the bulk flagon and cask trade.

As a result, the South Australians have shown a single-minded willingness to lobby for the health of their wine industry. So far they have stalled the Federal Treasury in attempts to impose a 15 percent sales tax on wine. The sales tax computer program in Canberra actually has programming provision for the tax, but political intervention has forced the Treasury to set the rate at zero percent.

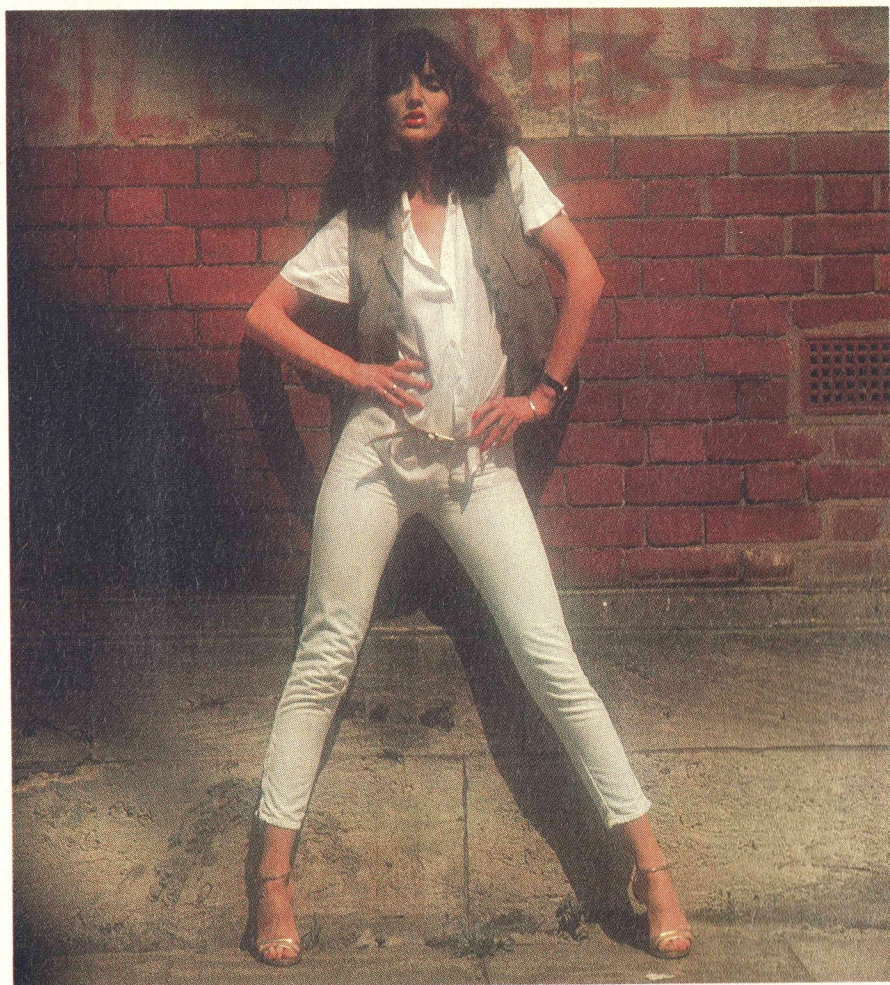
Of the 522,000 tonnes of grapes produced for winemaking in Australia, South Australia supplied 325,000 of them, according to an October 1980 statistical analysis of the wine industry. So one can expect continuing intense political action whenever this favorite industry of the Adelaide establishment is threatened.

Whether South Australia and Victoria will be able to work out how to get out of their more general problems is another matter. So long as the Federal politicians continue to enthuse about the aggregate benefits of the resources boom, rather than getting down to detail, the prospects for the southern part of Australia are not good. The fact that resources earnings will bring in a lot of foreign exchange to Australia will not, of itself, solve the problems of manufacturing and of the southern cities. They need to be supplemented by other economic policies devoted to financing the cities, and working out what sort of manufacturing industry Australia should have.

The looming unanswered questions on population and migration policy need to be asked and answered.

Until this is done, Victorian Premier Hamer can attend functions where masses of colored balloons are released into the air, Melbourne can continue to squabble about its steel sculpture in the city square, and South Australia can continue to worry about whether a petrochemicals complex in a gulf would destroy the local fishing industry, and it won't matter. The southern States of Australia will remain on the skids.

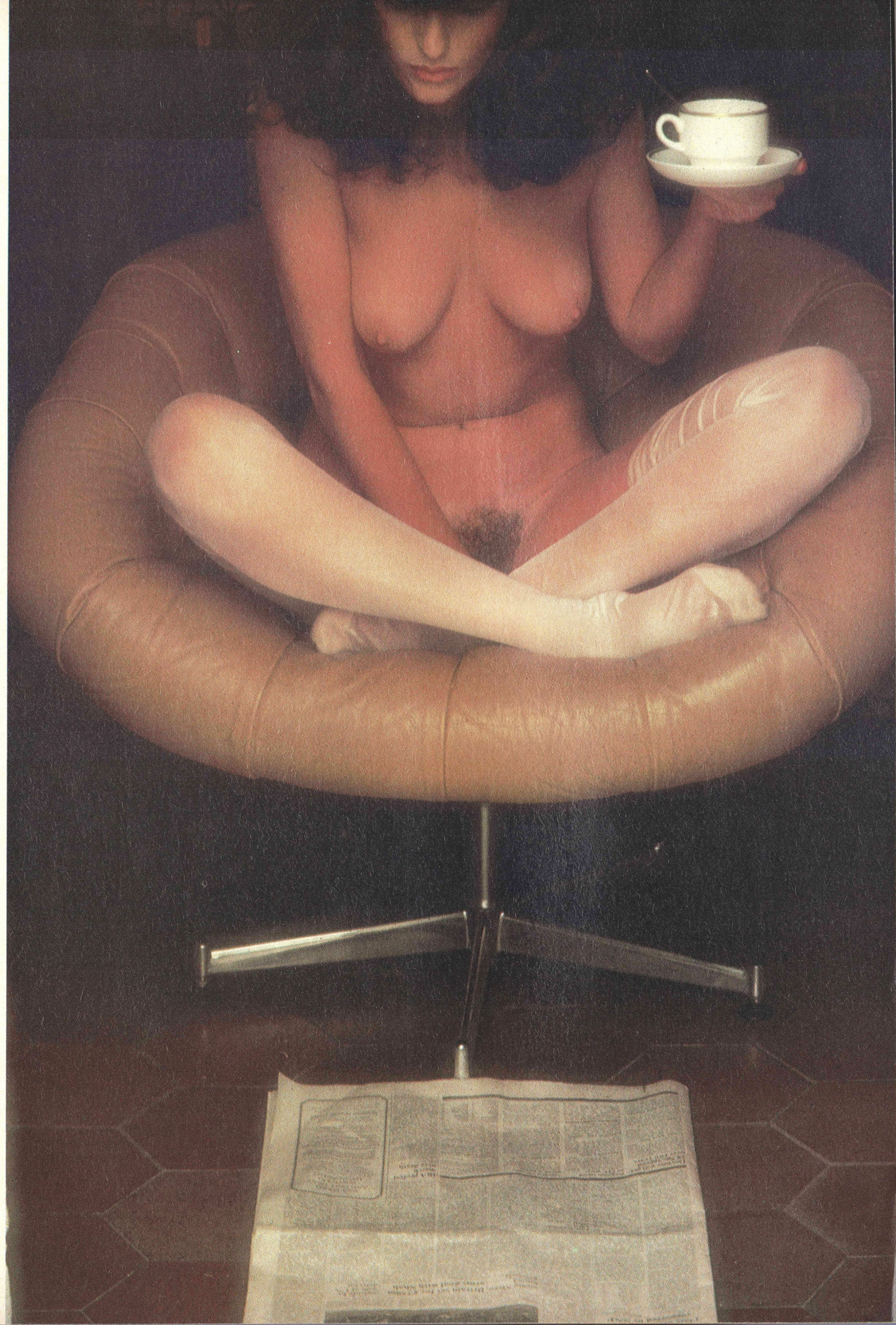
This worrying prospect remains one of the key questions to be asked about the management of the resources decade of the 1980s. 



US PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER UP

Normally I'm not superstitious, but somebody up there must be playing my song!" That was Kate Simmons's delightful response when she was voted US Penthouse Pet of the Year Runner Up, and this isn't the British-born beauty's only cause for celebration. Along with her success as a highly sought-after television and print model, this very fair lady has become one of Europe's hottest new rock singers and composers. "At first," she tells us, "my lyrics and my performing style were too avant-garde for most people, but the times seem to have caught up with me now."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

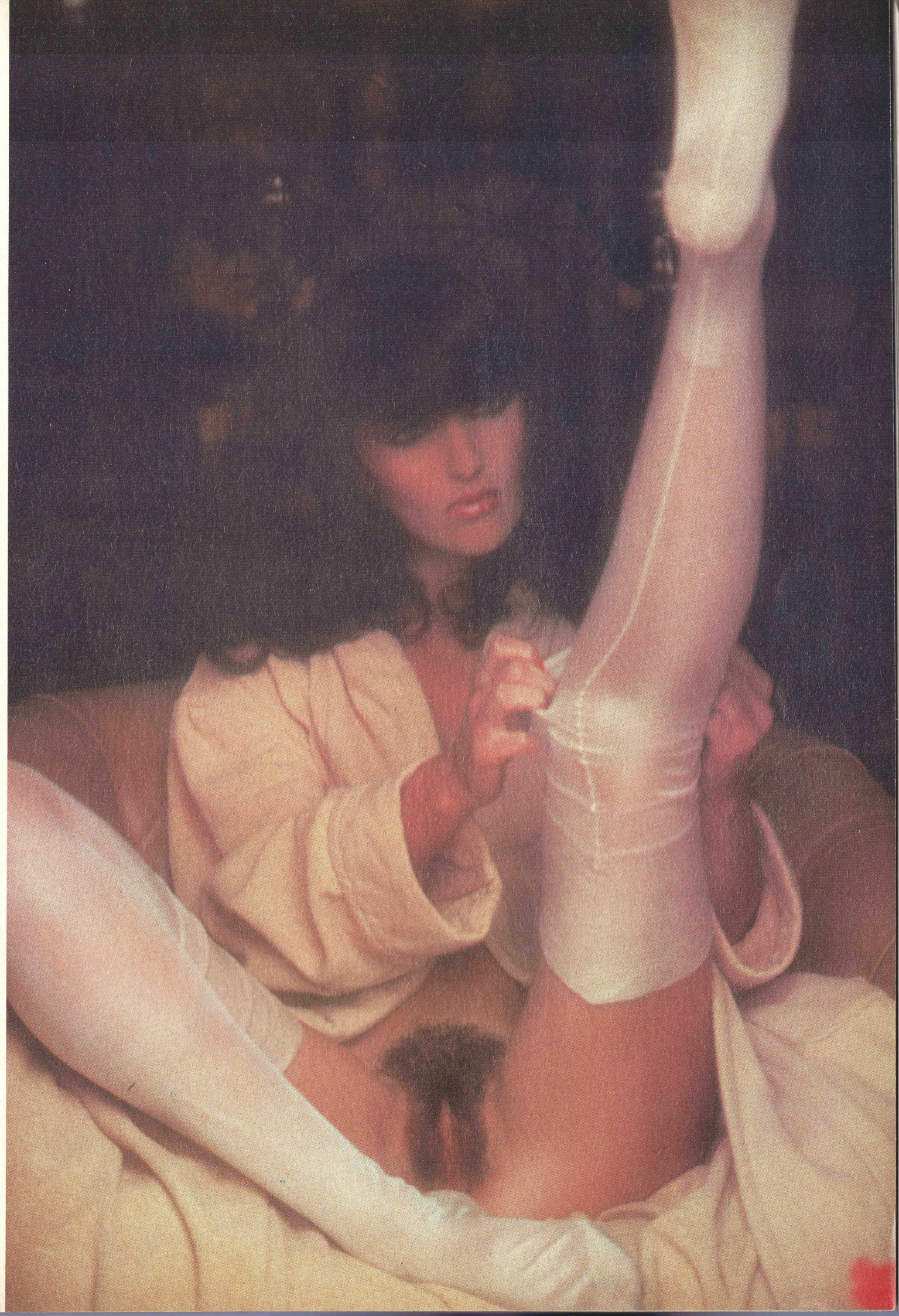




Kate's varied and impressive background includes three years of university law and a continuing interest in natural history, astronomy, and philosophy. "Most feminists," she suggests, "are a joke — overfed, overliberated, and overweight. I think my own accomplishments show that no one holds a woman back but herself!"

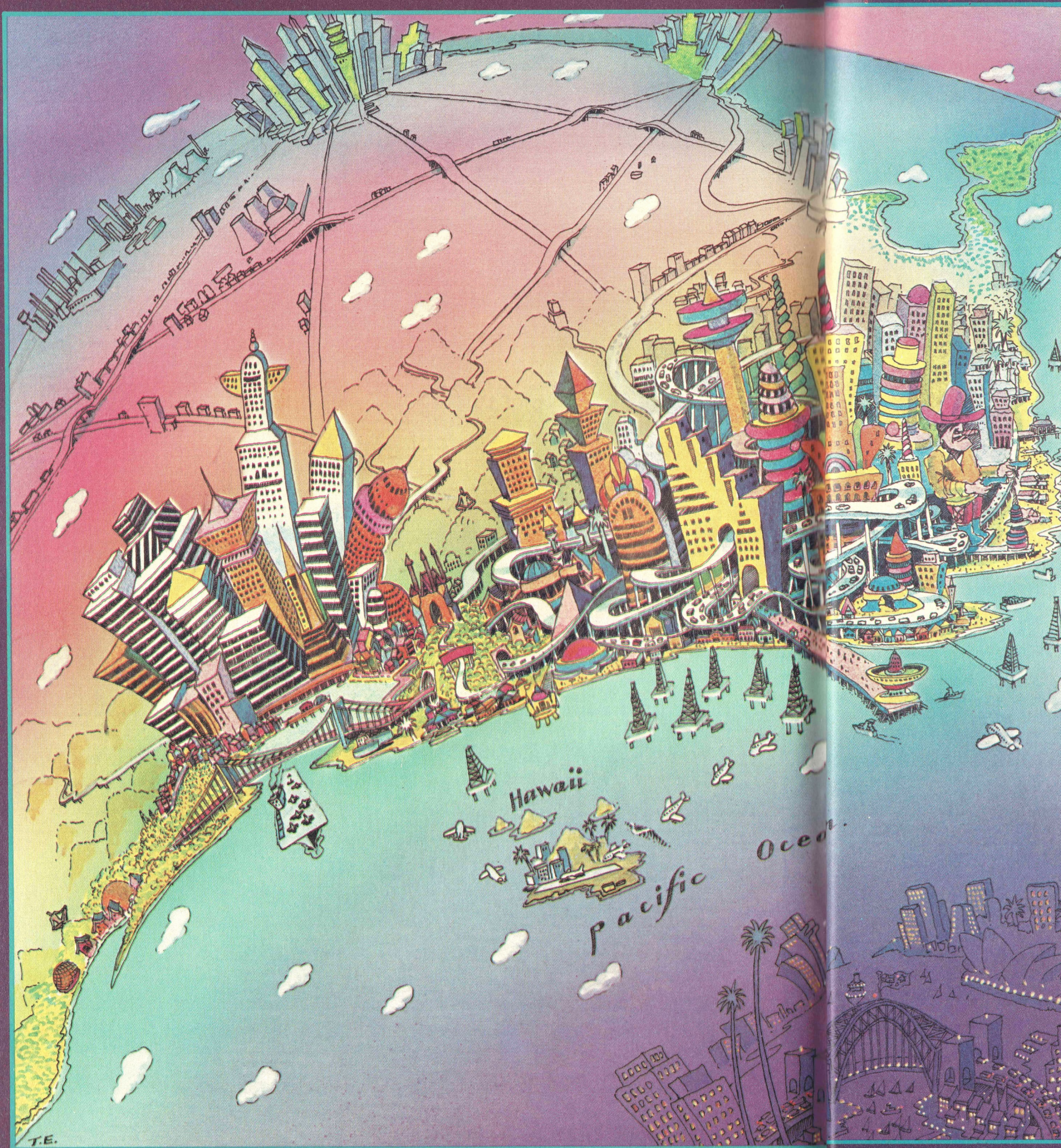


This ravishing Renaissance woman believes that an interesting person is an *interested* one — in other things besides herself. "There's more to being well-rounded," she quips, "than a 35-23-35-inch figure!" Her present, hectic career requires that she keep part-time homes in Paris and Amsterdam as well as in her native London.





"I'm not a jet-setter, though
so much as a pace-setter! I'll never be part
of only one country, only one
movement, or, for that matter, only
one man. I'm growing and changing so much
that it's presently impossible
for me to make anything like a long-term
emotional commitment..." 



In California, old
cowboys don't die. They move to Washington.

REAGAN COUNTRY

BY PHIL JARRATT

Through no fault of my own I was in California in 1976 when Jimmy Carter won the presidency from the incumbent stumble-bum Gerald Ford. In fact I was situated on a bar stool to the left of the taps at Lefty O'Doul's on Union Square in San Francisco, waiting for a bus to the airport and having the one when the figures started to come through from back east indicating that Carter had a real chance. There was a television set behind the bar and Walter Cronkite's head was on it. There were about 10 or 12 of us at the bar and everyone but me seemed oblivious to the existence of the TV. I asked the barman to turn up the volume. Cronkite was saying that Carter had blitzed New York. A big guy in a peak cap at the other end of the bar was saying: "Turn that shit off. I can't hear myself drink."

With this episode in mind I resolved to cover the 1980 presidential election from the heart of Reagan Country, California, the hot tub State, the home of Ron and Nancy, John Wayne's ashes, and, until recently, Dick and Pat. California, which is as far from Washington DC as it's possible to get on the American mainland and therefore perfect for the kind of analytical reporting I had in mind.

Well, I say "cover" the election; what I really meant to do was come up with an answer to the question, what kind of people would seriously consider electing a geriatric B-grade movie actor to the highest office in the land?

That was the way I saw it from afar. Carter would, of course, scrape home, Reagan having given him a fair old shake. Carter would win because, as it showed in running a mile from Barry Goldwater in 1964, the American electorate does have some sense and you just don't put a man like Ronald Reagan in the hot seat, not a man who turns 70 in the new year and whose favorite pearl of wisdom is "the old ways are best".

Just before America went to the polls, Southern California experienced its worst smog in recent years, a dense, acrid pall which reduced visibility to less than a mile in some places. Such was the intensity of the anti-Carter feeling that the man at the Budget Rental desk blamed it on the president. "Goddamn administration never did a goddamn thing about the goddamn smog," he said, throwing the keys over the desk. The car was a Malibu Classic and it went like a dog. The automatic transmission lurched through its range while I pointed the beast south and beat a retreat from the smog. It was hot and the air conditioning was inadequate so we drove with the windows down until our eyes stung so badly we opted for the heat.

"We", I should explain, was me and my photographer, Boom Boom, a busty wench of whom I am normally quite fond. However, she had forgotten her camera

equipment save for a \$4.99 Instamatic and we drove in hot, sticky silence.

San Clemente, where we would stay with friends for a few days, drinking margaritas and feeling the pulse of the electorate (as they say in the *National Times*) is famous for an abundance of crewcut marine types with fire in their eyes and the Western White House. This is a somewhat garish Spanish villa where Richard Nixon sat, pondered and plotted for so many years. It is also the place where he sat down and wrote the most boring political memoir the world has ever seen.

It is also the place where he sat and told the most outrageous lies to David Frost in return for unspeakable wads of money. Tricky Dicky has gone back east now, but San Clemente has to live with the memory.

Oddly enough there are people in San Clemente who remember him fondly, although of course, no one ever saw him ... except the surfers. Richard Nixon was never seen wheeling the trolley for Pat in the supermarket, and the Nixons never took advantage of the happy hour in the town's numerous bars, but Nixon liked to walk along the beach and the Western White House happened to have a frontage on a prime piece of Pacific coast known to the surfing populace as Trestles.

To Richard Nixon, Trestles was a stretch of sand conducive to his favorite leisure activities — walking and thinking about who to blame next — but to the surfers of San Clemente it was the best shaped reef break on the coast. Nixon closed the beach to the public and had his marines patrol the sacred sand to scare off potential assassins and optimistic surfers. But the surfers sometimes managed to elude the guards, and from the outside line of breakers they would occasionally see a lonely figure walking on the sand, with a gaggle of protectors with sand in their shoes never far behind.

But the majority of San Clemente's residents don't surf, and he's gone now anyway and the beach has re-opened, and as I said Richard Nixon is remembered fondly.

This is, after all, Orange County, the promised land where new money and old religion walk hand in hand.

California is traditionally liberal Democrat, with the exception of Orange County, which is traditionally to the right of Ghengis Khan. Rednecks come to Orange County from all over the country to retire in opulent condominiums or ranch homes and golf themselves to death.

They come to Orange County for the climate (warm to hot and dry) and to be with other rednecks.

When John Wayne rode off to the last roundup, Orange County was in shock for

about a week. In San Clemente a woman who lives opposite some friends of ours ran out into the street screaming when she heard the news. She tried to hurl herself under the wheels of a passing car but friends and creditors held her back. "If he's gone I don't want to live any more," she sobbed.

When the news of the Duke's passing had finally been accepted and absorbed, the good burghers of Orange County considered, over their TV dinners, what they could do to celebrate the achievements of the greatest redneck of them all. Their first move was to rename the Orange County Airport the John Wayne Airport, and their second move was to install a large and flattering portrait of the Duke above a shrine to his memory in the corner of the airport terminal which houses the Budget and Avis car rental desks. Thus when out-of-towners come screaming through the doors with attache cases

Rednecks come from
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to death.

and credit cards flapping the Duke is the first person they meet.

In the light of this it is not hard to understand that Orange County has quite a bit of time for Ronald Reagan. He's one of them, a redneck from the Mid-West who came out to Hollywood in 1939, wangled a screen test at Warner Brothers and got a \$200 a week contract.

He went on to make 50 movies (most of them lousy but some only very bad) and upgrade his salary to a peak of \$3500 a week.

The son of a shoe salesman, Reagan attended a Disciples of Christ school and from a very early age understood that life was all about God, family, free enterprise and the American Way. He was tailor-made for affluent California and became its governor in 1966 on a platform of tax cuts and more tax cuts. He was the most popular governor the State ever had, and even his Democratic opponents are forced to admit that he did not put a foot wrong.

Which is all very well, because a governor of California can't do much harm to anyone who doesn't live in California. But

a sabre-rattling Peace Through Strength candidate for the presidency? A Hollywood cowboy with his finger on the button?

Outside of Orange County some people were saying "Holy Shit" and others were saying, "Why Not?" Those of the latter persuasion were the people who felt that America's declining image overseas represented a greater danger to world peace than nuclear proliferation, the people who felt Teheran should have been levelled the day they took the hostages.

"I feel for the families involved, but if it's a choice between national honor and 50 lives then there is no choice," one guy was saying in a bar. "Carter just doesn't understand that. This is America, god-dammit, and no one fucks around with America and gets away with it."

The people who said they were going to vote for Carter also said that it would really be a vote against Reagan rather than a vote of confidence in the smarmy peanut farmer who'd grinned on regardless while the economy crashed all around him.

Reagan was "the evil of two lessers", said the semi-radical *LA Weekly*, summing up how what was left of the Left felt about the choice. And what was left of the Left was not that much.

The wave of conservatism currently sweeping America has been in evidence for some time. Two years ago I noticed that some of my American friends had arsenals.

A year ago I was in a Pearl Harbor night club when the marines started chanting "nuke the Ayatollah" and the surfers and freaks joined in. It reminded me of that frightening scene in *Cabaret* when the customers of an outdoor cafe are swept up in patriotic fervor generated by a Hitler Youth choir.

So all of this had, in some measure, prepared me for the new leanings of my contemporaries. But what really socked it home was an overheard conversation in Chicken Little's head shop and drug paraphernalia bargain centre in Laguna Beach.

There, in between racks of rolling papers, coke mirrors, blades and crushers, vials and spoons, scales and stash boxes, the proprietress was discussing politics with a customer. Yes, she said, it was one helluva decision to have to make but she figured nobody could do the job worse than Carter. Sure, she'd give old Ron a burl, why not?

This was about a week before the election. Never mind the polls, if the smart money had been eavesdropping in Chicken Little's it would have been on Reagan at any price. When the dopers are not only bothering to vote but vote for a conservative then the game is up. Stock up on soup cans and start building the shelter. (San Francisco columnist Herb

Caen reckoned he had a mate who'd stocked his bomb shelter with caviar and Chinese food on the grounds that you never know who's going to greet you when you finally come out.)

We watched the debate on television with our friends in San Clemente. They were exceedingly depressed about the whole thing but we managed to get through a few beers and some wine. We all gave it to Carter on points. Both candidates talked bullshit, but Carter's seemed more sincere. We couldn't get behind Reagan's simple, God-fearing, Middle Americanism and his aw shucks handling of questions.

The presidential debate is supposed to influence swinging voters, but this time it seemed to carry no weight at all. The electorate had already chosen. The newspapers the next morning all said that it had been the anticlimax of a futile campaign, but the Hearst newspapers also said that Reagan was clearly the only way to go.

Meanwhile Carter was attempting to pull the last card in the pack — the release of the hostages. In Orange County the general opinion was that he was a wimp for not bombing them off the map in the first place, and if he got them out now it would be exactly a year more than Ronald Reagan would have taken to resolve the situation.

Desperate for light relief we hurled ourselves into Disneyland and shut the door behind us, but even from the bowels of the Magic Kingdom you can see the fast food joints and cheap motels of Anaheim, and way in the distance the hillside retirement condominiums which flourish in Reagan Country.

According to recent statistics, if you live in California there is more chance you'll be murdered than killed in a traffic accident. Violent crime is on the increase, particularly in Los Angeles. We were having breakfast at Conrads, a chain diner, the day before Halloween. The service was slow and the waitress — a rough diamond with a B-52 hairdo — apologised.

"We're kinda shaky in here this morning," she said. "A gang of blacks, just young kids, busted in here at 1am with guns and forced the staff and customers to lie face down on the floor. They held a gun at my girlfriend's head and told her to open the safe or they'd blow her away. She didn't have the key, but they backed down and split with all the cash and jewellery they could find. You want some more coffee?"

All day on the car radio we heard warnings to parents to watch out for trick-or-treat sadists. The two most popular forms of kiddie torture are razor blades in sandwiches and fruit and lollies dipped in rat bait.

"This can't really be happening," I said to a friend. "Sure it is," he said. "Hallo-

ween is the big night of the year for kids and killers."

In the car park at Malibu a young surfer was waxing his board. He was wearing a pair of Quiksilver boardshorts and a two-metre tiger snake thicker than most men's arms draped around his neck. The snake coiled and reared up and the guy went on waxing. I was profoundly and horribly impressed. He finished waxing, kissed the snake goodbye, threw it in the car and went surfing.

This was Friday afternoon and the election was on Tuesday. I had a plan. The pulse of the electorate was becoming quite plain to me but I needed to be sure I'd had a drink with the broadest possible cross-section of Reagan Country inhabitants.

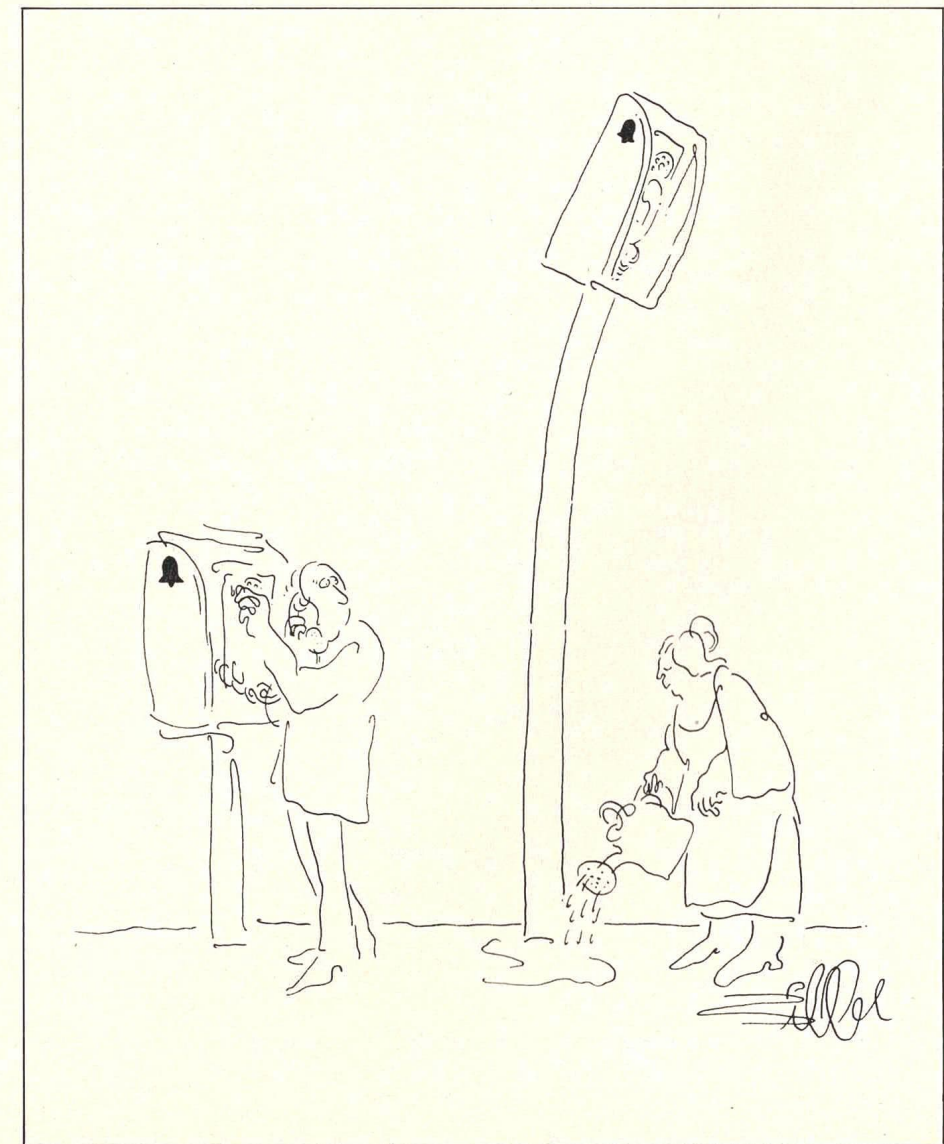
The plan was this: we'd drive north all weekend, taking in all the haunts of the splendidly wealthy and absurdly right wing Californian silent majority. The good folks of Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Carmel, Monterey and points beyond. Then we'd spend election night right in the heart of the hippie dream. Well, the way the hippie dream has turned recently, anyway. Marin County, home of hot tubs, stained glass, geodesic domes, drug-induced paranoia and serious neu-

roticism on a grand scale. I knew some ratbags up that way, and if they were happy with Reagan I'd just have to face up to the fact that their taste in politicians is no better than ours.

In Santa Barbara we were the only people not dressed up for Halloween. We coned our way into Joe's Cafe, however, by telling the doorman we were dressed as Australians. "Well, they're not very good costumes," he said grudgingly. "I never seen no Australian dress like that." But we were in, and all around us serious political discussion was underway.

Two men, each dressed as a tit, were as you might expect, standing side by side hurling abuse at a Reaganite who'd cut the bottom out of a garbage can and slipped it on, with genuine garbage intact. We fell into conversation with a good ole boy from Kentucky who'd been up in San Francisco looking for a job and getting heavily into reds and had come down to Santa Barbara to rest up a bit and do a lot of amyl nitrate.

"I can get as much as we'll need for tonight," he said. "Who's gonna win the election," I said. "I can get some angel dust too, no worries and ..." He trailed off into some kind of acid flashback



fantasy and we finished our drinks and left him to it.

He kind of deserved Reagan, but then again, for all his Christian bombast and rhetoric about the moral renaissance, it was Reagan who presided over San Francisco's Summer of Love. When he was governor most of the population under 30 was too stoned to notice.

Maybe as president we'll see him pre-side over a full-scale LSD revival. Certainly, they're gonna need something to soothe them through the confrontations.

"The voters I want," Reagan has said, "are the people who get up every day and go to work, believe in standards of right and wrong and ask nothing more of government than simply to be kept safe in their homes." Even the arch-conservative *Saturday Evening Post* (which, surprise, surprise came out for Reagan and also took the opportunity to put the boot into troublemakers like Ralph Nader, Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda — "who would not recognise the real America if it were wrapped in red, white and blue bunting and draped in a Betsy Ross-made flag") had to admit in its election eve issue: "Reagan knows, basically, that most Americans have only a peripheral interest in issues and an even

vaguer understanding of them." The magazine saw this as a virtue, and went on to sing the man's praises for many more pages.

The champion of the common man, Reagan listed macaroni as his favorite food, *The Waltons* and *Little House On The Prairie* as his favorite television programs and Jesus Christ as the man he most admired. After John Wayne, he presumably meant.

If Ronald Reagan's lousy movies are celluloid monuments to the New Conservatism and the Return To The Old Values, then the architectural expression of the movement must surely be the Madonna Inn in San Luis Obispo. Unfortunately for Reagan, both his marriages began long before the Inn was completed, thus depriving him of a honeymoon location which would do justice to a C-grade movie.

But Reagan has property in adjoining Sonoma County, and it is quite possible that he and Nance have used the Madonna for one of their notorious "clean weekends".

Certainly the spirit of rabid Reaganism hung heavily over the Madonna Inn the night we arrived. I'd asked a friend for directions. "Drive north on 101," he said,

"and when you start to puke you're there."

The Madonna Inn blends into the hilly landscape the way Ayers Rock blends into the desert. In fact, if you painted Ayers Rock pink and mauve and carved a few Spanish arches and Grecian columns you'd never spot the difference. While the Madonna Inn has taken the Virgin Mary to its bosom and its souvenir shop, the name is actually derived from its founders, Alex and Phyllis Madonna, whose portraits adorn the foyer of the main hall, alongside three waterfalls, Alice in Wonderland on a swing and the blue velvet walkway to the Gold Rush dining room.

The Madonna's policy is something for everyone. Even taking a piss is a great adventure. You stand on a precipice and aim into a rockery, which suddenly becomes a waterfall on contact, with colored lights celebrating the passing. Christ knows what happens in the ladies.

So we sat in the bar and watched the dinner arrivals, and we are able to report that Gossamer, corsets and Brylcreem are alive and well and supporting a good cause in California.

A man in a toupee and a safari suit had a Reagan badge tucked under his lapel. Every so often he'd make as if to brush dandruff from the coat and offer a tantalising glimpse.

We were warming to this now, Middle America was opening up before us. The following morning we toured the Hearst Castle and marvelled at the wealth and vision of the man who invented the yellow press and left as his legacy a string of biased newspapers, a renegade granddaughter and a castle.

Then we drove on to Carmel on the Monterey Peninsula, pausing briefly to admire the over-priced handicraft of the trendie cliff dwellers. In Carmel, Gucci and dacron windowshopped side by side along the cobblestone pavements. Perrier started at \$3.50 a glass in the cafes and the hotels were called lodges. Ronald Reagan's New Majority wouldn't be seen dead in a dump like this, we said as we beat it out of town.

Santa Cruz was more in keeping with our mission — blue collar retirees, ratbag students and winos. Here was a town which mirrored the polarisation of California society.

"Excuse me, miss," I said to the waitress, "why are most of the people in this restaurant wearing backpacks?"

"Because they sleep under the bridges on the outskirts of town," she said. "This is a pretty weird place." Indeed it was. We were sitting beside a sign which said NO BACKPACKS ALLOWED and as far as I could tell we were the only people obeying. The benches in the town mall were filled with young stumble bums, children of the new depression or acid casualties I couldn't tell, but none of them were over 30. On

the day before the election what seemed like half the town's population was lined up outside the post office for food stamps. By lunchtime the mall was crowded with drunks again.

As the countdown to R-day began, as pollster Pat Cadell informed Carter that he had not a hope in hell and might as well get out the peanut growers' manual forthwith, we drove straight through Bagdad By The Bay and out the other side to Marin County, where we set up media headquarters in a room at the Stinson Beach Motel which had no phone, radio or television. The reason for this move was simple. The lack of electronic gadgetry would force us to adjourn to the town's only fully operational bar, the Sand Dollar Inn, where we would be confronted with the most frightening aspect of the counter culture's grim decline into middle age.

Marin — West Marin in particular — is where the Sixties went for the Seventies. In the Eighties they may have to move to Oregon, but that's another story. These are the people who have been "getting it together" for as long as anyone can remember now and it's still not together. The great national swing to the right didn't make it over Mount Tamalpais and nor did any cultural regeneration since Hendrix died. Which is not to say that the people of Marin are out of touch, just meaningfully insular.

Take, for example these pointers to West Marin English, offered in the 1980-81 edition of the *West Marin Directory*: "(the dialect) is characterised by the way it pours psychological meanings into ordinary words. Thus the 'space' a person is in is not the physical space at all, but rather the mental outlook he or she has at the time."

And later, defining the very difficult word "heavy": "Not physical but mental. Implies difficult, profound or unusual, as in 'that's a heavy trip you're laying on me'."

Clearly, this was the place to be on election night 1980. When these people learnt the dirty trick that the rest of America had pulled on them the shit was gonna hit the fan.

My friend, a writer who lives in a wine vat on the side of the hill, had just got off the phone to Dr Hunter S. Thompson, the dean of gonzo who had declared the election a non-event and declined to report on it. "Hunter's just been running all over Woody Creek getting money on Reagan," my friend reported.

"Do you think he's really going to win or is some interplanetary force for goodness and sanity going to intervene?" I asked.

"Well," my friend said, "Carter's a prick, but he's gonna get my vote out of fear and desperation. I think a lot of people will come around that way at the last minute."

We set up some beers at the Sand Dollar and drank while the locals drifted in. Kirby, who owns the local surf shop, said he was going to vote for the local anti-nuke candidate, but that he thought Reagan would win and give the country a hell of a shake.

We drank until it no longer seemed all that important.

In the morning the polling booth was set up in the community centre behind the fire brigade and the overseas press centre was set up in a corner of the Sand Dollar Inn.

People voted then came in and started drinking. Some people just came in and started drinking. There was an early radio report which had the first eight precincts to register 100 percent turnout going two to one for Reagan. "Doesn't mean a thing," said the lady in the black dress at the end of the bar.

By mid-afternoon a pattern was beginning to emerge. The radio would give another one to Reagan and the lady in black would order another double. "I can't take Ronald Reagan sober," she said.

By 6pm the bar was packed and the election result was painfully obvious. Just after 7pm in California and with an hour to

go before the polls closed, Carter conceded. "He can't do that," said a guy at the bar, "I haven't voted yet."

"Get me a bottle of heroin and a slow drip," said another despondent drunk. He settled for a double rum. Gallows humor prevailed, but it was obvious that the patrons of the Sand Dollar Inn were in shock.

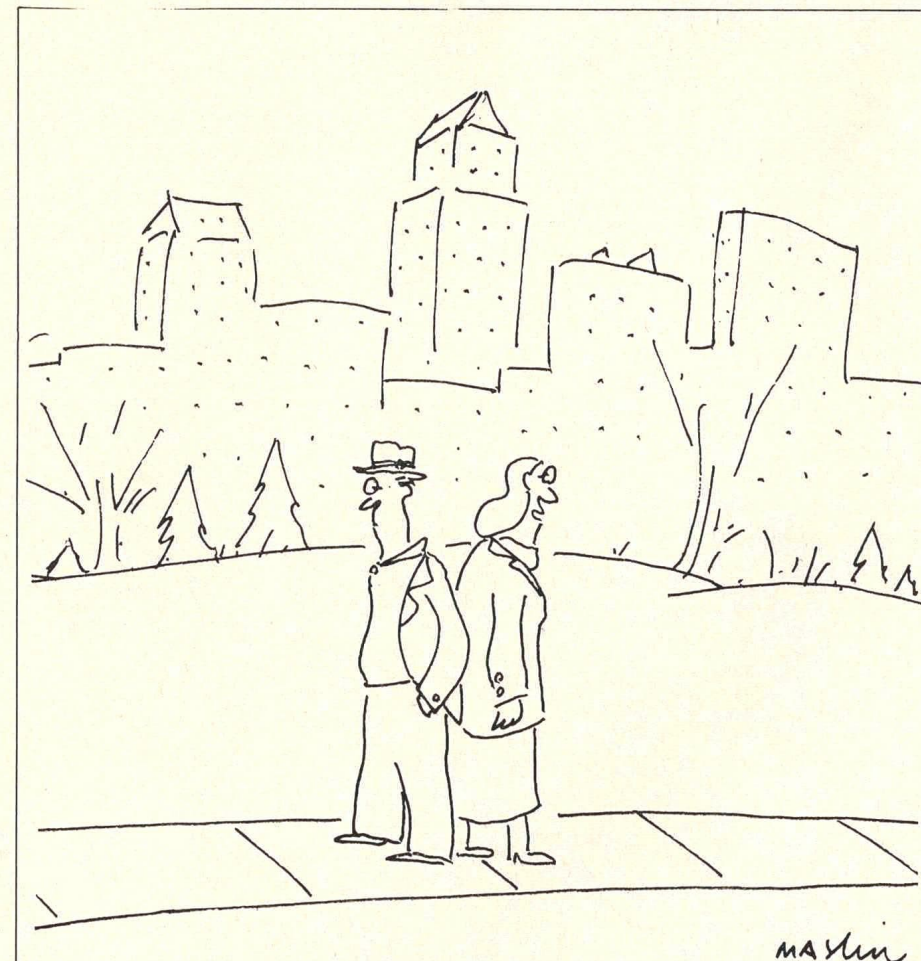
Old Peace Through Strength had romped in and the smarmy farmer from Georgia hadn't even put up a fight. Somebody rolled a very large joint and it was devoured.

Later we sat in a hot tub as the winter's first fog came down and drank wine and consoled our Californian friends. Our hostess really had it bad. She sat in the tub with the water bubbling under her and stared into her mug of Charles Krug. "That bastard," she suddenly screamed, and it echoed across the bay to Bolinas. "He's gonna get us in a war and crack down on dope dealers." Well, neither of these matters were in the platform but we conceded she was probably right.

So we uncorked another bottle, settled down on the redwood between the hot jets, and quietly pondered the proposition that people get the government they deserve. ☉



"I have seen the promised land. It's going for three hundred dollars an acre."



"Theoretically, we should meet again."



Illustration by Nicholas Harding

Marijuana isn't the big deal it used to be

DOPE GROWS UP

BY MICHAEL JENKINSON

Most of Australia's 500,000 and more marijuana users are bonging on regardless into 1981, but the prices they pay have never been higher and the battle to make them honest before the law is going through, if not a bad trip, at least an uncomfortable passage.

The decriminalisation lobby is less unified than in the past, the politicians are not much more receptive to their arguments and penalties for possession and use have been applied in some recent cases with renewed severity. The Australian Marijuana Party found it as difficult as ever at the last federal election to entice smokers out of their closets and into the polling booths and ended with a national tally of only 30,000 votes, or the support of about one regular smoker in 20. The other 19? Well, there are some pretty laid-back people out there.

Some of them have gone religious — and further underground. According to whisper-and-run sources, churches are operating in which marijuana is administered as a sacrament but they are as secret as the Catacombs because the faithful have no illusions about the furore that would follow if they went public. "There are enough hassles in just having a puff," I was told. "We don't need all the religious outrage."

More politically active smokers have a choice of newly-opened paths to follow. Tony Kew, who founded the now-defunct Marijuana Petition Organisation is throwing his energy and unquenchable dedication into setting up a local chapter of the American lobby group NORML (National Organisation for the Reform of Marijuana Laws). Jim Billington, the father-figure of the AMP, is helping in the midwifery of a new political coalition, probably to be called the Green Party, and is planning publication of a glossy new magazine on ecology and dope to be called *Green Power: A Guide For Revolutionary Gardeners*.

The two men do not have a lot of time for each other's methods. Kew speaks of his days in the party: "There was a lot of internal friction and difficulties with the executive being unhelpful and in many ways counter-productive. Finally a core of people decided the only way we would have any success would be to dissociate from the party. Politicians do not have much sympathy with rival groups who are threatening them and trying publicly to replace them in office. The party might eventually get somebody into the Senate, but our lobbying has already won us the support of 25 or 30 members of various parliaments."

Billington says: "The split with the MPO was one of professionals versus . . . well, I don't want to be nasty. I guess it was about personalities. We were more into long-term planning. If you plan a concert for a month it is likely to work better than if you decide to have it the day before. We've

looked at NORML in the past and decided it was better suited to the American political scene."

The two men do agree on the big issues. They both insist marijuana is less harmful to the human organism than either alcohol or tobacco and that its prohibition fosters organised crime and puts people in jail who don't belong there. They both feel the present system of legal constraint and the resultant black market are not working to Australia's benefit and should be replaced by something better. They disagree only in detail about the form the changes should take.

Kew, 30, toils for the cause from a living room table in suburbia. The polished oak is covered by a beach towel and piled with a lobbyist's tools of trade: pamphlets; documents; letters and drafts of replies; a heavy volume that is the product of a \$3 million royal commission and serves now as a scribbling pad for trenchant annotation. There's a bowl of nuts, a wooden-handled nutcracker, a plateful of wholesome home-cooked loaf and a cup of herbal tea.

In the centre of this professional litter is a little Tandberg cartoon torn from a newspaper. It shows Phil Lynch and Malcolm Fraser walking out of Cabinet with the Survivor telling his boss "We got a lot done today" and the Prime Minister replying "Yes! I didn't think we'd get a chance to defer everything."

"That," Kew says, "tells you a good deal about the present state of our struggle." He feels the only reasons for the continuation of the legal prohibition on *cannabis sativa* are politicians' fears of losing votes among the "misinformed majority" and the benefits some power-brokers accrue from the black market in illegal drugs.

Like most vegetarians, the part-time gardener, part-time cook and 80-hour-a-week activist, is lean and angular, but his biceps have the swell of regular physical work. His beard is trimmed, he is neat. He smiles and laughs easily and is unusually articulate.

Not on the surface a burning-eyed zealot bent on martyrdom, but zeal Tony Kew has, and a record of setbacks to thrill a masochist: two prison terms; piling debts; badly strained personal relationships; disillusion with some of his fellow campaigners; and bitter disappointment over the failure of pot users to rally to their own defence. Like others close to the black market he is wary of the people who make big money out of the status quo. "Sometimes I wonder why I am not dead," he says without an excess of dramatics.

He has not feared the limelight since he took up the cause seriously in 1978 when he helped organise one of Australia's biggest marijuana rallies, in Sydney's Hyde Park, and then tried to make a citizen's arrest of more than 2000

(organisers' estimate) of his fellow smokers.

He had warned police to roster on extra men to cope with the 4500 law-breakers in the park and when they showed no interest he led a couple of thousand of the stoned, the half-stoned and the soon-to-be-stoned in a march on Central Police Station. A crown sergeant gazed stoically at the vast throng and the pot smoke curling about his headquarters like incense around an altar boy. People were holding leaves, bags and handfuls of the precious weed. Joints were being passed round and offered to handy probationary constables, but the crown sergeant stood impassive.

Kew reminded him it was his duty to arrest such brazen law breakers. They should all be tried and imprisoned as he had for possession of marijuana. The officer replied: "Don't tell me what to do." Kew then informed him the Government

The present system of legal constraint and the resultant black market are not working to Australia's benefit.

and laws of the State told him how to act and the use and possession of marijuana was a criminal offence punishable by up to two years in prison and a fine of \$2000. The crown sergeant turned and walked away.

Kew said: "After an experience like that you have to put your tongue in your cheek when you read in the Woodward Royal Commission into drugs and drug trafficking in NSW that there is no evidence of the State's police acting in an arbitrary manner in enforcing drug laws."

His introduction to grass was rather commonplace. He grew up in Sydney's northern beaches area and smoked his first joint when he was 17. Five years later he was busted in possession of "three and three-quarter pounds of grass and a few caps of acid."

The daily papers treated it as the smashing of a major drug ring and he spent 15 months in Long Bay, Parramatta, Goulburn and Emu Plains, was cuffed about a few times, fought off a rape attempt and grew wiser.

When he left prison he ran a health shop at Manly, then moved to the Blue

Mountains where he grows flowers and organic food, works part-time as a cook at a health farm and commutes most weeks to a suburban Sydney house which friends allow him to use as his lobbying headquarters.

One morning early in 1978 he was sitting on his lavatory in Bilpin preparing for a day's apple picking when the door was pulled open and a Drug Squad man announced a raid. Somebody had spotted marijuana in Kew's garden and reported him. The police found five plants drying in a drawer.

He said: "I thought it was an intrusion on my personal liberty. I had no part in dealing or in the distribution of grass. I was living a self-sufficient and basically very self-satisfying life infringing on nobody else."

"In my extensive herb garden I happened to have *cannabis sativa*, one of the most useful herbs known to man, which I used for its medicinal as well as its psychoactive effects, and because of this I was treated as a criminal. That's when I decided that enough was enough. If they would not let up on me, I would not give them any peace either."

He read a six-page treatise to the court on his reasons for using marijuana and why he felt the laws against it infringed his personal liberty but the judge, in fining him \$1000, told him his court was not a suitable place to campaign for changes to the law; he should carry on the fight elsewhere.

Kew accepted that judicial advice, and from that day has placed the marijuana lobby ahead of all his other priorities. He joined the Australian Marijuana Party and initiated within it the Marijuana Petition Organisation, which began collecting signatures on New Year's Eve 1979, from people who supported decriminalisation.

He said: "We collected 200,000 signatures in New South Wales alone, which is a startling figure when you consider a similar operation run with the vast resources of NORML in California got only 349,000 names."

"I personally collected 48,500 and the operation gave me a new insight into cannabis use. We would stop everyone we saw, regardless of age, sex or style of dress. Old blokes in suits told us they had been smoking the stuff for 15 years. There were people who grew it for their kids to keep them away from pushers. Most Australians in creative occupations smoke dope."

The pastime is no longer the avant-garde occupation of restless youth, and the average age of users has tended to rise in the past 15 years as a generation of teenage rebels puff on into their 30s and the younger ones branch out into other activities.

The organisation collected a lot of 35-year-old signatures as well as verbal backing from 30 members of parlia-



"No, no dear! Think of her cholesterol level!!"

ments. It enlisted former prime minister, Sir John Gorton, as its patron.

While Kew was collecting signatures in southern NSW, he was busted again, on this occasion for possessing enough grass for "one social dose". He defended himself in court and compared marijuana, which he said had not been shown to have caused a single death, with the "proven killer" tobacco. He told the Albury magistrate the toxicity of grass was so low, 2000 times less than that of alcohol, that it was impossible to absorb a lethal dose.

The magistrate told him: "I cannot agree with your comparisons between tobacco and marijuana and, despite your apparent intellect, I can only assume that prolonged use of the drug has affected your powers of reasoning." Kew was sent to the maximum security wing of Goulburn Jail.

In his absence the MPO, which had broken away from the party 18 months earlier, withered. He came out knowing he would have to make a new start but was more determined than ever to fight the system that has made him a criminal and deprived him of his voting rights. He chose NORML as his vehicle, and is working at present on setting up its infrastructure in all States. He said: "The basic aims of NORML are to legalise the

use of marijuana and to provide some acceptable means of supply. In the meanwhile, we intend to draw attention to the criminal sanctions taken against users. We feel we should address ourselves to the whole drug problem, not only illegal drugs but to the excessive use of all drugs.

"A workable system could be set up so the established drug outlets — hotels and pharmacies — could market cannabis along with their other products to people over the age of 18 who have obtained a users' permit by passing a government examination on the nature and dangers of various drugs. We favor pharmacies for this role because the Pharmacy Guild has representatives on the Poisons Advisory Board but the Liquor Traders Association does not. However it was organised, the system would depend on equipping people through education to take responsibility for themselves.

"The marketing system could draw a lot of people back into the economy who have been alienated by the present laws and either live off the dole or have an untaxed income from dealing in grass. People in rural communes could produce a quota of dope in exchange for their dole payments and, although they might not like the idea of being licensed, it would be

better than living under threat of being thrown into jail.

"Any government or commercial marketing would have to run parallel with the legal growing of people's private supplies in their own backyards."

The private production would have a vital effect on the present high cost of getting a buzz. Average quality marijuana is retailing at about \$2000 a pound, and some special numbers with quality improved by sophisticated hybridisation go much higher.

The \$30 a week the average user is estimated to spend would be sharply decreased by decriminalisation, with benefits to the national economy. An increase in consumer spending of more than \$500 million a year would give the Treasurer, John Howard, something of a high.

But Tony Kew's dream is still a long way off. The findings against decriminalisation by the Woodward and Williams royal commissions sent a wave of depression through the legalisation movement and the mood was not lightened by an 18-month jail sentence recently imposed on a man who said he was growing grass in his yard to keep his three sons away from pushers. Kew says: "Someone in high places likes the black market functioning the way it is. A marijuana supply network can be used to push other drugs and the black market seems, occasionally, to be manipulated so grass becomes unavailable at a time when heroin or coke or something else is in good supply. There's a lot of money involved and it's in the nature of black markets that there are kick-backs. I don't want to believe that's the reason for the continuation of prohibition but nobody can give me any other reasonable and valid explanation."

So why keep trying? He explains: "It's a mistake to do nothing because you can only do a little. I guess I'm an idealist."

On the other side of town Jim Billington, 36, operates his lobby from above a cannabis-colored terrace shop on busy New South Head Road, Edgecliff. Outside his window there is a foreground of untended trees masking the concrete viaduct of the Eastern Suburbs Railway. Beyond the greenery the chic rows of formerly workmen's housing snake up Paddington's slopes. The office, like Kew's workplace, is jammed with literature and correspondence and has a full set of government-bound royal commission reports on drugs. At floor level the walls are lined with bundles of back issues of the *Weed* newspaper and the rough shelving is used to store goods from the shop downstairs: bonges; books on pot; bong deodorants and other paraphernalia.

Billington is a good, compulsive talker. He uses fairly straight English for the interview but answers the telephone

more exotically with talk of "beautiful dudes" and "cool gigs". His exterior is non-shaggy, clean-shaven, trim, young-for-36.

There is a map of Sydney on the wall behind him and an open fireplace that is home for a small stone Buddha.

He hasn't yet suffered a jail term for his recreational preference and political activity, just varying spells in remand cells. But he is hard-pressed by the guardians of righteousness.

He said: "I'm facing two criminal charges. The first I've gone down on but am appealing and the second has already involved two trials and there will be a third in March. Since I've been politically involved with cannabis I've been set up four times. The first was a match-box full and was dismissed, the second involved people in the shop and failed as well and the third is the one I am appealing against. I have a signed confession from the real owner of the marijuana involved, but it wasn't accepted because it was in the form of a statutory declaration instead of an affidavit. I'm going to write a book about the way I've been fooled around legally."

Two juries have failed to reach agreement on the main charge endangering Billington's neck, the sale of a couple of thousand grams (about two big bags) of marijuana.

The first jury was locked in fruitless debate for four days, and the second set a Victorian record of 51 hours and 45 minutes for the discussion of a single charge against a single defendant. Billington said: "I've copped the full weight of the Victoria Police. The head of the Drug Squad, for the third time in his entire career, gave evidence in my case. It becomes very personal: if you're outspoken they want you off the streets. The case must already have cost the Victorian Government at least \$100,000 but they want me so badly they are willing to pay for another trial in March. If I wasn't such a together person the whole thing would have shattered me."

Like Kew, Billington became an activist following an experience in the courts. "When I went on trial after being set up for the first time, both my solicitor and barrister offered to help me if I wanted to try to change the law. The barrister gave me the first cheque made out to the Cannabis Research Foundation of Australia and I ran around recruiting welfare people, professors of pharmacology, legal experts and other key people to serve on the foundation's advisory council.

"We were launched in December 1975 and held conferences and submitted evidence we gathered to royal commissions. I raved to all sorts of organisations about marijuana, and to some avail. The Victorian Young Liberals, for instance, came out in favor of decriminalisation

after I addressed them. I didn't use the 'it's harmless' line but told them water was dangerous. You could drown in it. But it comes in handy and you wouldn't want to evaporate it away.

"Marijuana is the least harmful of the most commonly-used drugs and all we achieve through its prohibition is the growth of organised crime. Fred Nile (the Festival of Light organiser) asked me who killed the anti-dope campaigner Donald Mackay in Griffiths. I told him he and other prohibitionists had to accept responsibility. Mackay was killed because he was messing around in a multi-million dollar business that did not want its operations exposed publicly. But don't blame marijuana. Blame the prohibitionists."

Out of Billington's lecturing and lobbying and the activities of the foundation grew the Australian Marijuana Party and he is now considering a further major step in the political evolution of his cause. He said: "The AMP has been totally responsible, but the key word is 'respectability'.

"Many people support our ideas but have been frightened off by the party's title, and we believe a coalition of conservationists and people interested in self-responsibility, probably called the Green Party after the organisation that

got a candidate into the West German Parliament recently, will be more acceptable to more people. We consider ourselves members of an emerging group called the Green Alliance, which was born out of the struggles against loggers at Terania Creek and sand-miners at Middle Head."

The Green Alliance also embraces people involved with the defence of Fraser Island in Queensland and the Franklin River in Tasmania. The grass-roots organisation is well under way and a constitution will be drawn up soon. Billington sees this body and his party as the framework for the Green Party. "The AMP might still have candidates at the next election, but we would not ask anybody to stand under our banner in Queensland or Western Australia. We don't want Queenslanders to suffer and we don't want West Australians shot up. Over there, three people standing in a street constitute a riot. The Green Party would be more practical in these places and it would be able to build on our base elsewhere.

"Our support is widely spread. Look at our preferences last time: 8000 to Labor, 6000 to the Democrats and 2000 to the Liberals. That's not counting the donkey vote that went to Fred Nile. We have learned a lot and we've got a lot of energy



to help lift the Green Party off the ground."

He calls it a regrouping exercise and says it will put emphasis on a campaign for a bill of rights which would lead naturally to the decriminalisation of marijuana use. Billington has supported the setting up of a Marijuana Control Board, not as an ideal but as a compromise to opponents of liberalisation. He feels the first freedom should be the right to grow your own.

In his ideal world, you would also be able to buy quality-controlled, strength-graded grass in shops like Home Grown. He said: "Anti-marijuana propaganda has gone on so long that the issue is not a vote-winner. The politicians don't want to risk their jobs so they pigeon-hole the entire issue. They hide behind the claim that the public isn't ready. It's a pathetic cop-out."

Billington is a patient man and sees the best hope in a gradual education program lasting up to 10 years. He hopes his *Green Power* magazine will play a part in the process.

The first edition will be edited by Sydney journalist Jill Neville and he has approached some famous Australian artists ("the ones with consciences") to do a painting for the cover. Most of the quarterly will be devoted to ecological

issues and a centre section on dope will be sealed so a reader can take it or leave it. A kind of voluntary education.

Billington and Kew share a shortness of fuse in discussing possible harmful effects of marijuana use. Indeed, the whole debate over the biological effects of pot's psychoactive ingredient THC (delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol) is surrounded by suspicion and paranoia. Weed supporters in Britain and the US claim there is an international media plot to prolong publicity about adverse evidence given at a scientific conference on the biological effects of marijuana that was held at Reims, France, in 1978. The conference was told THC altered hormone levels and changed the structure of sperm in male rodents and caused the ovaries of females to atrophy. Monkeys forced to breathe the smoke of burning dope suffered brain damage and it irritated rats' lungs at about the same level as tobacco smoke.

Such evidence is usually dismissed by lobbyists as not applying to humans or being the result of impossibly high doses of THC. The pot lobby had its first chance for a widely-publicised counter-punch at the first International Cannabis Legalisation Conference in Amsterdam last year, but according to the British magazine *New Scientist* it was a bit of an air swing. An

officer of the US parent body of NORML, Alice O'Leary, attacked the most worrying evidence from Reims, a study of pregnant rhesus monkeys fed THC in experiments supervised by Dr Ethel Sassenrath at the University of California in San Diego.

About 42 percent of the monkeys lost their fetuses or new-born babies compared with 11 percent among undrugged monkeys. The surviving offspring of the THC monkeys appeared healthy, but were less responsive to stimuli than normal monkeys.

O'Leary attacked the study in the classic style, saying it did not necessarily apply to humans and that the dosage used was equal to 27 joints a day. *New Scientist* said: "O'Leary conveniently neglected the fact that THC is only a third as potent when eaten as when smoked; part of it is metabolised to other compounds when digested but it reaches the bloodstream unchanged from the lungs. O'Leary also chose the highest dose, which Sassenrath used only once. Half the dose achieved the same results and was the human equivalent of four or five joints a day at most — accepting O'Leary's moderate estimate of the potency of the average joint."

It seems that pressure from the lobbyists is making scientists better at their job.

Consensus is rare in this field but the National Institute of Drug Abuse in the US succeeded in drafting a statement of "indisputable fact" which both O'Leary and one of the organisers of Reims, Dr Gabriel Nahas, agreed to sign.

It said that marijuana may interfere with learning and development and should be avoided by children, pregnant women and (for other reasons) people with disorders of the heart, lungs or emotions.

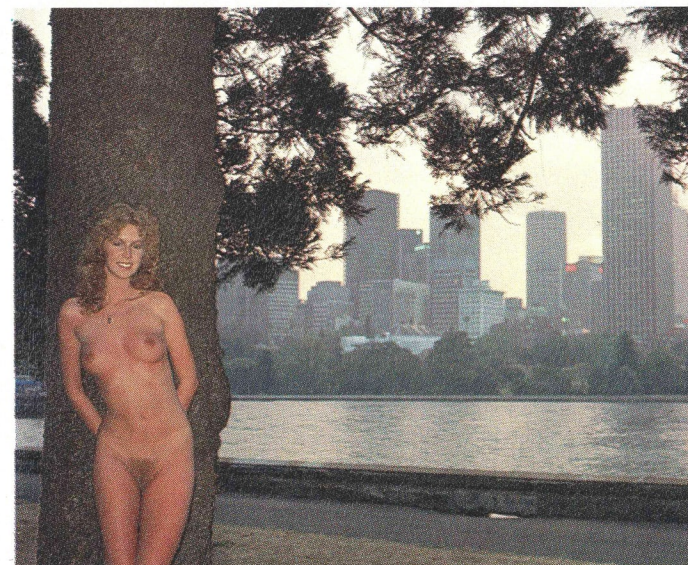
It also said people should not drive after smoking dope.

British and American scientists have recently perfected a test to detect THC in human blood and urine and can now prove who courts Mary-Jane and how often. One of its British developers, Dr Vincent Marks of the University of Surrey, said it opened the way for the first definitive survey of the long-term effects of THC. Such surveys are nothing new and have generally given marijuana a clean bill of health.

The first was the Indian Hemp Drugs Commission conducted by the British in India in 1893, and there have been follow-up investigations in many parts of the world.

But now, Dr Marks said, researchers will know for the first time exactly how much dope their subjects use.

The results should end a lot of arguments. And perhaps they will enable Tony Kew and Jim Billington to get on with their private lives. 



DEBBIE

“Tall, athletic men tend to be strong enough to let themselves be gentle.”



"Oh, he's in the reception room, making a futile pass at your secretary."

IN THE BIG CITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER GLOVER

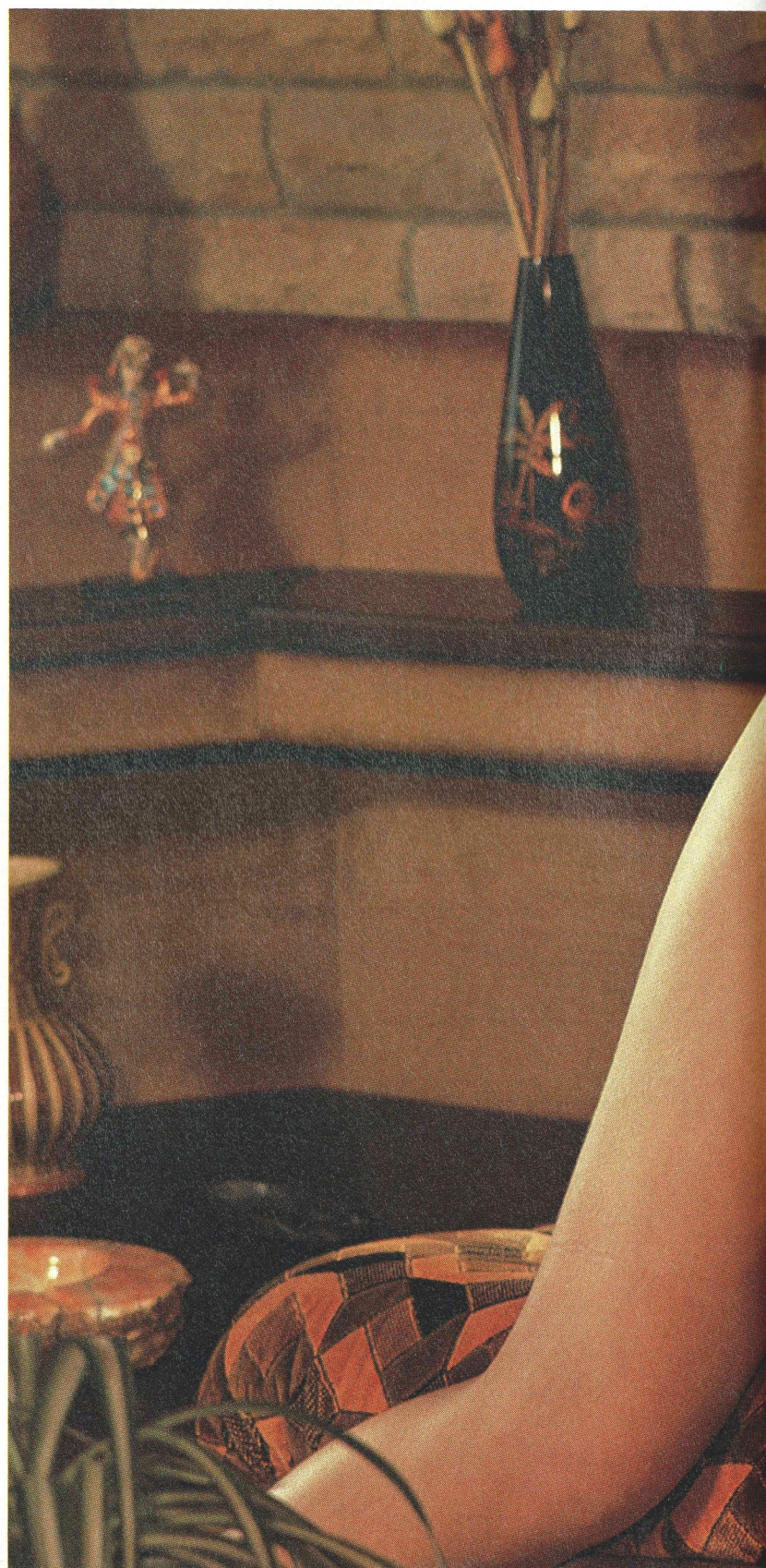
What happens when a girl who lives on an island with penguins and wallabies for neighbors suddenly finds that she's the centre of attention in Sydney? "Fun, that's what happens," exclaims Debbie Meads, our Pet of the Month from Kangaroo Island, off the coast of South Australia. "In fact, my feet are still not quite touching the ground."





“There’s a lot more world and a lot of people for me to experience.”

“The first wonderful thing to happen when I got to Sydney was the photo session,” says our blonde, green-eyed Pet. “At home I spend quite a bit of time photographing animals and birds, so it was fascinating to be on the other side of the camera. And if that wasn’t enough, then I met Jack Thompson — he’s one of my favorites — and had a helicopter ride! No wonder I was excited!”

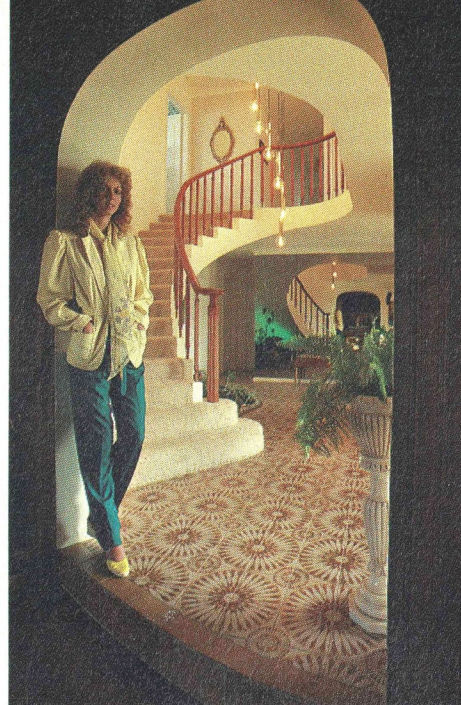




Our 35-24-35 beauty who has just had her 21st birthday, recently ended a two-year relationship. "I'm really too young to settle down," says Debbie. "There's a lot more world and a lot of people for me to experience before I find my piece of bushland and a man to share it."

Footwear, Accent; clothing, Merivale; grooming, John Coffeur; air transport, Channel 10 Sydney.





Relationships take honesty, dedication, passion and concentration.

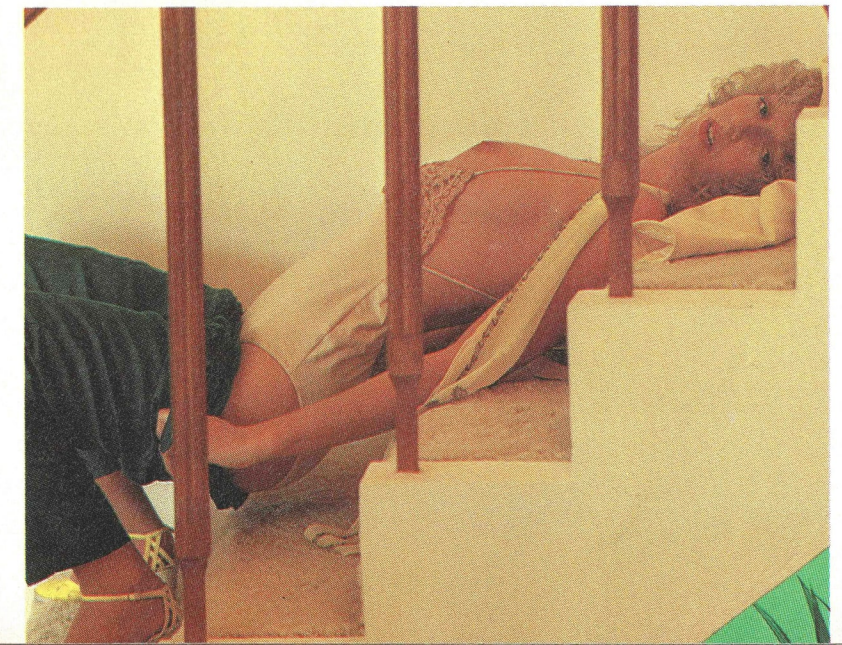
Debbie likes to spend her time listening to music and reading English history. "I was born in England and I've always been fascinated by its history. I'm building quite a collection of historical biographies. I'm a real romantic. Relationships, like anything in life worth doing, take honesty, dedication, passion and concentration, and I can only handle that sort of commitment with the right man at the right time."





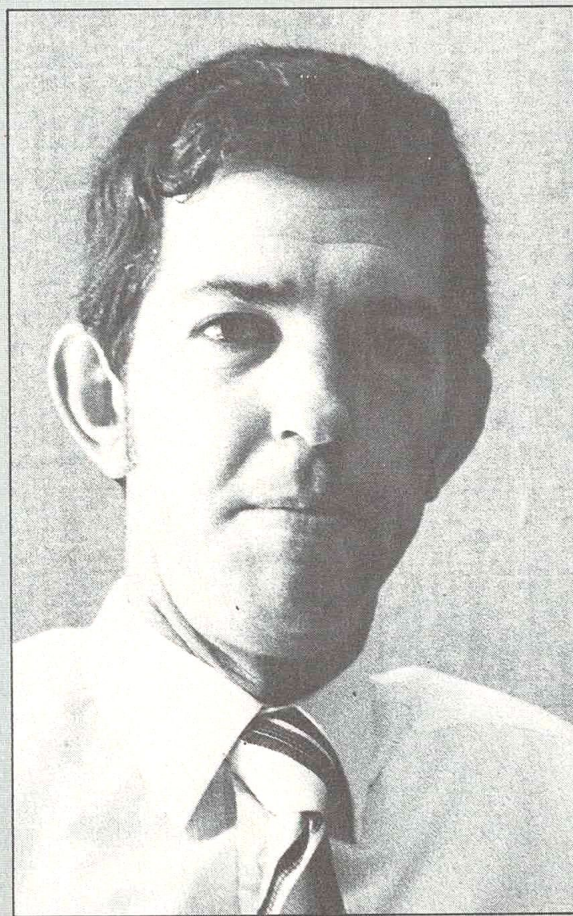
Our Pet seems to have a weakness for tall, athletic men. "Maybe it's because they tend to be strong enough to let themselves be gentle," she says. "I definitely don't have a weakness for men who assume they can seduce me just by buying me presents. I can't be bought. I'd run off with a man I cared about, but if I didn't care, no huge bank account would lure me into bed!"

❧ *I can't be bought. No huge bank account would lure me into bed.* ❧





MISS DEBBIE MEADS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



BY BRUCE T. SWAIN

Bruce Swain, who graduated from the RAN College in 1963, served on Royal Navy and many RAN vessels as well as in the Navy Office, Canberra, as a specialist Tactics officer. He resigned last year as a lieutenant-commander with more than 20 years service, disillusioned and sceptical about the ability of our under-capitalised armed forces to meet the defence challenge of the future.

OUR UNARMED FORCES

Job satisfaction is important in any career, but more so in the services. When a man has to put up with days, weeks and sometimes many months away from his loved ones, he *must* have job satisfaction and a sense of achievement, or what is the point?

It is difficult to get job satisfaction without the right tools. For years we have had to get along with too little and usually obsolescent equipment, while our civilian counterparts and our uniformed counterparts in other countries enjoy the full benefits of modern technology.

Successive Federal Governments, of both major political factions, have all found defence is the easiest expenditure to cut when the financial climate dictates a reduction in Government spending. Servicemen cannot protest with stop-work meetings, overtime bans or strikes. They cannot air their views publicly without fear of disciplinary action.

Chief of Defence Force Staff, Admiral Sir Anthony Synnot, stated that with the increased defence expenditure announced in February last year: "In 15 years' time we will have a good defence force." Provided, therefore, that our area of interest remains politically, strategically and tactically stable until 1995, we have nothing to worry about. *Melbourne Herald* writer Denis Warner allowed us a slightly shorter breathing space in an article on September 22, 1980: "Within the predictable future, that is perhaps the next 10 years, no regional threat to Australia can conceivably develop unless there is a major change in the strategic balance."

That's a big, "unless". On his return from a visit to Iran in 1978, President Carter made grandiose (and later much-regretted) statements on the solidarity and reliability of the Peacock Throne; within a few months the Shah had fled into exile in the face of the Moslem revolutions.

In Canberra, the Joint Services Staff College conducts two courses a year for commanders, lieutenant-colonels and wing-commanders as a pre-requisite for higher command. A regular assignment for each course is for syndicates to prepare a strategic analysis of the world in political and military terms, and to predict changes in those situations for 10 years hence. Available to them are the full resources of information and intelligence gathering Government agencies.

Neither the Vietnamese "insurgence" into Kampuchea nor the overthrow of the Shah of Iran were envisaged by the course that completed its studies at the end of 1978.

There is nothing, therefore, as constant as change. All that can be said with any degree of certainty is that as long as differences in religion and ideology exist, the threat of conflict is ever present.

While our Navy re-equips with a replacement for *HMAS Melbourne*, with guided missile frigates and long-range patrol boats, while the Air Force acquires its new tactical fighter force and hopefully modern weapons for its F-111s, and while the Army updates its artillery and equips with the Rapier anti-aircraft missile, we must hope and pray that those gifted gentlemen

who predict "no regional threat" for at least a decade are correct.

Meanwhile, during the 15-year-period of limbo that Admiral Synnot says will elapse before we have a "good" defence force, with what are we left?

- An ageing aircraft carrier (who last year celebrated her Silver Jubilee), the continuing operational status of which is a tribute to the dedicated efforts of those who man and maintain her; three guided missile destroyers which will need extensive — and expensive — modernisation before the end of this decade if they are to remain viable units for another 15 or 20 years; five destroyer escorts which are being updated (although some of the "new" equipment is 1960s vintage) to see them through to the 1990s; six non-nuclear submarines, which are fortunately the best of their type in the world.

- 20 F-111s, the principal armament of which is World War II "iron bombs"; 88 Mirages that are literally cracking under the strain; 20 P-3 Orions, the latest of which — the P-3Cs — have yet to be equipped with their primary anti-submarine sensor, the Barra sonobuoy system.

- 104 Leopard tanks, many of which are in reserve because there are not the men to man them; 40-year-old artillery and a shortage of 7.6mm ammunition.

What is incredible, and a credit to them, is what our servicemen do achieve with what they have. Much of our defence equipment is becoming so difficult to support and maintain that its "down-time" is almost equal to its "up-time". Some items are the only ones of their kind in service in the world, having been phased out of the defence inventories of other countries years ago. Weapon expenditure allowances are not sufficient for an adequate number of live firings to be conducted, and fuel allowances — or, rather, restrictions — do not permit sufficient steaming, flying or motorised time for our men and their equipment to reach and maintain the highest levels of efficiency.

During my two years in a guided missile destroyer, we conducted only three firings of the Tartar surface-to-air missile. A missile is an expensive piece of weaponry, and once fired — even with a practice warhead — cannot be recovered. But many more than three firings in two years are necessary to fully assess the performance of the weapon system and the personnel who operate it, and to maintain the state of the art.

When it came to power, the Whitlam Government cut the live ammunition allowance by 25 percent; the new Fraser Government in 1975 promised to restore the allowance to the original level. It did not.

But still our sailors, soldiers and airmen attain high levels of efficiency. During a recent exercise with the Americans off Hawaii, the admiral commanding the US carrier group paid a visit to the *Melbourne*. In the air direction room (ADR), he saw sweating sailors hunched over antiquated radar displays, diligently plotting and tracking air contacts, while fighter direction officers used the same displays to control the ship's Skyhawks on to "hostile" aircraft. There were perhaps 20 tracks on

Indications are that the Government's great boost to the Defence Forces may be little more than a political smokescreen.

the two displays, standing out clearly under ultra-violet light. Toteboards showed the status of all the contacts.

The US admiral expressed amazement at such a "clear and easy to appreciate picture of the situation" — something, he said, he found difficult to obtain in the computerised combat information centre of his flagship. The story has it that on his return to his carrier, backsides were kicked and their owners exhorted to get their picture up to the *Melbourne's* standard.

The *Melbourne's* picture indeed was clear and easy to appreciate. But what the American admiral did not know — and we in the *Melbourne* were certainly not going to tell him — was that we had only about a quarter of the picture.

The Fraser Government reneged on its original five-year plan to spend \$12 billion on defence during the period 1976-81. The prevailing financial climate saw many defence proposals shelved through lack of funds — or, more accurately, because of other priorities for Government spending.

Of course, this was eloquently justified by that great orator, Defence Minister Jim Killen. In his statement on the 1977 Budget, in which the outlay for defence reached one of the lowest levels since World War II, Mr Killen announced that the spending of \$300 million on replacement trainer aircraft for the RAAF had been postponed. In October 1978, Mr Killen effectively declared that the Government had scrapped its 1976-81 Defence Program. Defending this, he said the Government had taken a "conscious decision" that by cutting back on proposed defence spending it would benefit the nation through curbing inflation, boosting recovery and engendering national confidence.

Presently, the Federal Government has allocated 2.8 percent of the Gross Domestic Product (GDP) to defence, and in the *next* five-year plan intends increasing this to a "high" of 3 percent by 1984-85. During the Vietnam War, the highest figure reached on defence spending amounted to 5.5 percent of the GDP.

In our own region, compared with our 2.8 percent, China spends 10 percent of its GDP on defence, the Philippines 3.4 percent and Indonesia 3.5 percent.

The 2.8 percent represents 9.8 percent of the Federal Government's funds — the US and West Germany allocate 22 percent to defence.

Indications are that the Government's great boost to the Defence Force may be little more than a political smokescreen. There have not been any announcements of increased weapon allowances, or increases in steaming and flying time.

One area to which increased funds must be allocated is that of service pay and allowances, so that we can retain many of those well-trained, highly skilled and experienced men who are leaving the Services in droves to take up more lucrative positions in civilian life. Two-thirds of our Servicemen are paid less than the national average wage, and senior flag officers — admirals, generals and air-marshals — are on salaries lower than many civilian public servants, both Federal and State. ○✚



Between murders, Uganda's
number one meathead liked nothing
better than a good laugh.

Memories of Idi

BY CHRIS PRITCHARD

M

y best friend belly-flopped into the pool a couple of yards from me. A few words of clarification are in order here. First, it wasn't meant to be a belly-flop: painstaking effort at the pool's edge had gone into posing for a proper dive, but things went wrong and the splash was almost as big as those he made in other aspects of his bizarre life. Second, he was self-appointed to the position of best friend, in the same way as he also styled himself best friend of Queen Elizabeth II, all Scotsmen and whoever he happened to be talking to at any particular time (it was the latter category into which I fell).

This was my second meeting with General (later to be self-promoted to Field Marshal) Idi Amin Dada, President of the Second Republic of Uganda and ace international meathead. In Uganda as co-editor, for a British publisher, of a proposed comprehensive handbook on the East African nation, I found the encounter only slightly less vaudevillian than our introduction. There was to be considerably more contact with Idi. He was to become an interest over and above the call of duty. When there was nothing new on at the movies in Kampala, the capital, I would check to see if the President was making a speech anywhere close by. I was to learn plenty about his beliefs on a wide variety of topics: how to do laundry, when to beat or leave your wife, what to do if you contracted "a sickness". (Idi often talked about "a sickness", and occasionally clarified this to indicate that what he was on about — repeatedly — was gonorrhoea.) A man who dressed a black African police band in Scots kilts and diverted some of the government's meagre resources (a fraction of which hadn't yet been diverted for the personal use of Idi and his cronies) to buy bras for a tribe of naked ladies should not be taken altogether lightly.

But back to our first meeting. I was sitting in Idi's outer office, next to an Englishman who was sweating in a heavy navy-blue serge suit as he waited to see the President. He whispered that the shirt-sleeved Africans, Indians and Europeans in the room wouldn't have much luck with whatever it was they wanted to see Idi about. Nor would I. "We English understand these chaps," Colonel Blimp explained. "You've got to wear a dark suit to show them who's boss." The Englishman continued to perspire and wait. Next day I saw him in the hotel lobby, headed for the airport. He confided that his mission, some kind of rip-off to do with supplying expensive school textbooks to Uganda, had failed — but he was still wearing the same suit and perspiring profusely. It was my turn to meet Idi. He shook hands and thought I was British because I'd come from London. "British are my best friends," he boomed. Somehow, after telling me the government thought a handbook on the country was a good idea (it would fit in with his love of publicity, I realised), he sidetracked himself and started talking about his days in the British Army, more particularly about a colonial sergeant-major with a funny walk. Idi went "Heh! Heh! Heh!" as he marched up and down his office, swaggerstick under his arm, telling me about the parade-ground tyrant ("he was my best friend") who wiggled his bum as he walked. I laughed politely, nervous in case he thought I found the episode too amusing. Most of all, I was thinking how

crazy this was, to be sitting in a room with a Head of State who was a giant tub of lard imitating the walk of an apparently gay sergeant-major.

Two or three weeks later, in the poolside heat at the Kampala International Hotel with friends, I decided I needed a swim. I did a couple of sluggish lengths and, halfway through the second, spied a singularly unusual human form: the buffalo-build of Big Idi, tightly tucked into tiny swimming briefs. He was poised to dive — then, SPLAT! The President became a thrashing mass as he tried to regain his composure in the water. It was enough time for me to realise that everyone else had seen his arrival and cleared out of the water. Instead of chatter at the poolside, there was an uneasy silence. No one knew what mood he'd be in today. I was trapped in the water with him. He advanced, grinning and moon-faced. My swimming lesson was about to start.

"I remember you," he beamed. "This swimming takes much practice. Me, I am a very good swimmer. I swim every day. This way you keep fit. Me, I am very, very fit. You must do plenty swimming every day." He looked to the edge of the pool where a group of senior officers sat dangling their feet in the water. "This one, he is my best friend," he yelled at them, slapping me hard on the back. I promised to swim every day — and left the pool as Idi ordered his officers in. One of them, who I was later told was a colonel, was ordered up the high diving board — which Idi, himself, had not dared use. The colonel protested that he couldn't swim. Idi's face clouded and he pointed to the top of the board. The colonel, like a man mounting steps to a scaffold, climbed to the top. He was terrified. Idi shouted "Jump!" Without a moment's delay, the colonel leapt off the board, his legs moving up and down in mid air and a sound that was more of a whimper than a scream coming from his lips. As he hit the water, Idi roared with laughter before ordering a couple of officers to "go and rescue this brave man from the pool."

(Idi's own swimming abilities were captured on film when a French film team visited Kampala a few months later. Flattered by their attentions — and beautifully conned — he raced several officers across the pool, finishing second. Not to be put off, he quickly pushed the winner's head underwater and, believing the camera had missed all the unorthodox action, gleefully exclaimed: "I won!" He was not pleased that the film portrayed him as a buffoon.)

One of the more memorable scenes at the pool occurred when he sent a servant to the nearby Uganda Coffee Shop to buy three dozen *samosas* (Indian meat or vegetable-filled pastries). *Samosas* for everyone? No, Idi ate the lot — 36 of the cookie-sized delicacies journeyed

toward his cavernous belly in 30 minutes. An average order at the Uganda Coffee Shop would be two or three. Afterwards, the President rose, slapped his stomach and lumbered off to the changing rooms.

Some of the world's leading agricultural experts sat in the main hall of the palatial, new, Yugoslav-built Uganda Conference Centre, with headsets linking them to the multi-lingual translation service. They waited expectantly for the highlight of their conference, the Presidential address. Idi, wearing his uniform, began to read laboriously from a speech prepared for him. It was about cows, ploughs or some such forgettable topic of rural industry. Clearly he comprehended few of its technicalities and it bored him. After about 10 minutes, he suddenly put it aside. It was time for one of his little off-the-cuff speeches, one that left the conference delegates speech-

I was with a
Head of State who
was a giant tub of lard
imitating the walk
of an apparently gay
sergeant-major.

less as they wondered whether, perhaps, the translators had made a terrible mistake. Later, I filed notes on the speech in my "Idi-ot" folder, which was packed with similar gems. This one I labelled "What to do if your girlfriend tells the cops you're a robber."

According to Idi, "many men get shot by the army and the police, who have the legal power to shoot suspected *kondos* (the Ugandan term for robbers) on sight. But they are not really robbers. It is because their girlfriends telephone the police and say they are bad men, just to get rid of them. I say to you, if your girlfriend is tired of you, get another girl. Then you will not lose your life."

(The conference delegates thought he was crazy — but Idi was, in fact, trying a crafty explanation for the unexplained disappearances of many Ugandans who he'd imagined were plotting against him and who the soldiers had killed.)

A few weeks later I picked up a copy of *The People*, one of the local dailies, and saw the front-page banner: "President Is Disturbed". Did this mean someone had discovered that Idi Amin was, to put it

politely, out to lunch? But no, the story was just a routine report of his claimed displeasure at the wave of violent killings which he blamed on criminals but which, in reality, were most often the premeditated work of soldiers carrying out his orders. Mercifully, for the likeable editor of *The People*, Idi and his aides didn't recognise any double meaning in the headline.

The Great Crab-Lice Controversy started because of an article in a United States newsmagazine, quoting an American study saying that people who adopted alternative lifestyles were more likely than other people to carry crab-lice. A backlash against long-haired foreign travellers followed in Kenya, Uganda's well-governed, prosperous neighbor. It was soon dropped, as the authorities realised that forced haircuts could frighten tourists away. But the theme was taken up in Uganda, where Idi advised officials to be vigilant against "these bad foreign hippies" and not allow them in the country.

I hadn't kept abreast of the controversy during several weeks' travelling through remote parts of the country. But, dusty and thirsty — as well as bearded and long-haired — when I strolled through the hotel lobby just after my return, I was buttonholed by one of Idi Amin's doctors, a Ugandan surgeon at Kampala's large Mulago Hospital. He was a close friend of the President.

"You," he shrieked. "You have crab-lice. You are infested with disease. You are bad for this country."

"I don't understand," I replied, adopting the caution of not causing offence to a person I did not know personally but who was a powerful friend of Idi.

"You have long hair," he bellowed. "You are dirty hippie. You must leave Uganda. The President is very angry about people like you."

His attention was deflected as my co-editor walked in, his long grey locks matted from the dust and heat of our journey. "My God," the surgeon shouted, "there's an old hippie as well!" We calmed him with the news that we had met the President who hadn't objected to our long hair — and drove the point home with the offer of a drink.

I discovered to my loss that the good doctor had an insatiable appetite for *waragi* (a Ugandan alcoholic drink made from bananas which tastes somewhat like gin) and Coke. Many a night he would latch on to me and apologise for "our little misunderstanding," drink his way through my Ugandan shillings and keep repeating that he was a little strapped for cash. He would regularly collapse on the couch in the hotel bar — except for one Saturday when he managed to dribble out the information that "I have surgery to perform. Take me to the hospital."

I drove him to Mulago and helped him to the emergency department where the victims of the night's knife fights were awaiting repairs. "I have operated on the President," he slurred boastfully. He left, weaving down the corridor towards the operating room. I never inquired about the night's mortality rate.

Nobody could say Idi wasn't a generous man. A butcher, sure. But not mean. The Big Bra Bungle proves it:

I was working at my desk when a friend burst in with the paper, which trumpeted the latest Presidential decree. Idi had been lashing out on lingerie, spending a bundle on bras. From then on, Karamajong ladies would wear government-issue underwear to cover what an official delicately called their "upper private parts".

The Karamajong are a proud, rural tribe, whose members are a little light on clothes. They're herdsmen with a reputation for rustling and are not much liked by other Ugandans. In contrast to members of other tribes, urban life and Western ways have never attracted them. They want nothing more than to pursue their lifestyle — and bureaucrats find this irksome.

Idi's plan, said the paper, was for government representatives to distribute the bras. (Like most government programs it fell apart after a week or two — but the arid ground of the Karamoja region was littered with numerous discarded, uncomfortable bras. Others were retained as handy hold-alls for the carrying of fruit and vegetables. Being shouted a free bra by the President didn't impress the women of Karamoja.)

Idi didn't mess with Karamajong men after losing out to the women but it is worth noting that a famous, vintage picture that reappears from time to time (it was featured a couple of years ago in the outrageous *Screw* magazine in the United States) features a Karamajong tribesman.

It was probably taken before World War II by some pioneering tourist: the original photo of a man who took somebody's advice to tie a knot in it.

One author of a book on Uganda remarked on the commonplace nakedness of Karamajong men and noted that they were described with envy by men who belong to different Ugandan tribes and with giggling apprehension by non-Karamajong Ugandan women. The book's author discussed this with an anthropologist at Makerere University in Kampala, who replied: "If you were as well-hung as the Karamajong, would you wear clothes?" Conversations with Ugandans about the Karamajong do not infrequently drift toward the matter of penis size.

Miss Uganda Contest night. The President, the left side of his chest covered in

medals, was already at the function. Backstage, the nervous beauties were complaining that they had travelled by bus from different parts of the country, had been put up at a sleazy hotel which rented rooms by the hour and had not been fed for two days. Still, it was a small price to pay for potential fame.

Outside the hall, a man called Harry was collecting ticket money from late-comers. He was not the sort of man to leave so important a task to hirelings, even though he was organiser of the contest.

He had already collected many thousands of Ugandan shillings through advance bookings but was anxious to ensure he was not ripped off by employees.

A fast-talking 40-ish Rwandan who was in Uganda to make money, Harry was a strongly self-promoted promoter. Harry's the name, showbiz the game. Big smile and pointed shoes imported from the 1950s.

The British and
Israelis backed army
chief Idi — their choice
to be a tame president
who would do
their bidding.

Harry had a big heart. He sold tickets until the last of the eager late arrivals had been admitted. Then he told his staff in the foyer to go inside and enjoy the show, which would, he said, be starting any minutes. Harry was on his own with all that dough. Everything was going according to plan. He ran out to his car with several bagfuls of money — and was well on his way to the border before, almost an hour later, the fleshfeast crowd started to accept the curtain wouldn't be going up. The President went home without being able to view prize local talent — and this was a year when no Miss Uganda was chosen.

A call from the President's office. A message that an interview had been arranged. This time he was in a pale blue leisure suit, with a cravat. "As you can see, this is a very peaceful country," he said. "Go anywhere. See what you like." He was trying hard to convince me there was nothing sinister happening — and he knew that the rural population were too cowed to speak against him.

By this time, whispers were starting to reach the cities about the killings in the countryside. The regime, now little more than six months old, was beginning to lose its gloss. The truth about how Idi came to power has been soft-pedalled, no doubt to protect the sensitivities of the two governments who put him in power and who later tried, with considerable success, to claim that they were not the mad scientists who created the monster, that they were somewhere else when the crime was committed. The nations behind the *coup d'état* that brought Idi Amin to power in January 1971 were Britain and Israel. The lawful, elected government of President Milton Obote was managing reasonably well in governing a nation of diverse tribal groupings — but it was extremely vocal in calling on the British government of Edward Heath to take more effective action against Ian Smith's racist Rhodesian rebels. Obote was marshalling African opinion on the issue. The British decided Obote had to go. The Israelis wanted access to the southern Sudan from the northern Ugandan border to provide aid to Anya Nya rebels who were fighting the Sudanese government. (That war ended in a peace treaty, and national reconciliation, which holds to this day.) The idea was to tie up as much of the Sudanese army, fighting rebels in the south, to prevent Sudan aiding its northern neighbor, Egypt, in the event of hostilities with Israel, Egypt's arch-enemy at the time.

The British and Israelis backed Uganda's army chief, Idi Amin, in his coup. An Israeli trained paratrooper and British-trained soldier, Idi Amin was their choice to be a tame president who would do their bidding.

At first, things went well and the new President was effusive in his praise of both countries. My own evidence bears out the Israeli link. An anti-Amin Ugandan friend of mine worked at the Israeli Embassy and reported to me the almost daily visits there by Idi and several of his Ministers. The British, meanwhile, called Idi the Gentle Giant.

What both nations didn't realise, when Idi jumped out of their pockets, was that their choice for the top job, the former amateur heavyweight boxing champion of Uganda — had apparently fought a few bouts too many. The first countries he turned against were Britain and Israel, embarrassed creators of his regime. He threw the 28,000 Asian residents of Uganda out to be absorbed in a hurry by Britain. He gave the Israeli Embassy building to the Palestine Liberation Organisation.

He'd play in the pool at the Kampala International with the little sons and daughters of local Asian merchants, who would clamber over him and climb on his back, treating him like some kind of playful whale. There was no doubting the

genuine pleasure he experienced on these occasions.

But a few weeks after one of these fun-filled sessions he booted the hapless Asians (people of Indian descent) out of the country. The world began to realise he was a madman. The Gentle Giant, by moving his carnage from the countryside to the cities, by offering unsolicited advice to world leaders, by saying Hitler was a good guy and by sending a telegram to Richard Milhouse Nixon that wished him "a speedy recovery from Watergate" was regularly demonstrating his mental instability.

The Incredible Laundry Speech was an unannounced performance.

A warm afternoon under the trees at Makerere University. Graduation Day. Proud parents mingle with black-gowned academics and students. The highlight of the occasion: an address by the chancellor of the university, President Idi Amin Dada. Idi plodded through another bureaucrat's flowery composition, stumbling over a hypocritical tribute to academic freedom which, in fact, he was in the process of snuffing out. Then he put the speech aside and fixed his piggy-eyes on the crowd.

"And another thing," he said. "It is laundry."

There was a murmur of quickly stifled mirth to which Idi remained oblivious.

"These students don't do their own laundry," he complained. "They get other poor Ugandans to do their laundry. When I am in the field with my soldiers I do my own laundry and cooking. (A *lie*.) From now on students will do their own laundry. This is very important."

He picked up his boring speech and droned on towards its distant end. But the audience, had its mind on laundry which, after all, was "very important".

One of Idi's great talents was his ability to turn the most terrible atrocity into a joke.

The people of the Sese Islands, on Lake Victoria, were the butt of one of these. According to Idi's announcement, swallowed by many foreigners in Uganda because the incident happened before his worst excesses were known, "the soldiers have gone to the Sese Islands to help the people there because of the monkeys. The people were losing crops because there are too many monkeys. I told the soldiers to shoot all these monkeys."

End of story? Not quite. I visited the Sese Islands soon afterwards and some of the braver locals told me people, rather than monkeys, had been killed.

Wigs were as much a part of black women's fashion in Uganda as anywhere else. Idi woke up one day and decided wigs had to go (along with miniskirts,

which survived long after their passing in Western countries).

"Wigs are very dirty," Idi declared, "and short skirts are not Ugandan. From now on, women who wear these fashions will be arrested."

Overnight, the face — and legs — of Kampala changed. Instead of Afros and other wigs, the girls went natural, often with beautifully braided hair. Long cotton dresses, in African prints, became the norm. Friends on the street went unrecognised and ungreeted, following great changes in their appearance (make-up was taboo, too).

It was a lesson in the lengths some women will go to in order to feel and look good. In Uganda they often risked death. Women were beaten, stripped, raped or were whisked away to presumed slaughter by Idi's soldiers. But fashion never totally disappeared, except from the main streets.

"Wigs are very dirty," Idi declared, "and short skirts are not Ugandan. Women who wear these fashions will be arrested."

You could walk into the Leopard's Lair, Susanah's, the Bristol or other nightspots in the capital after midnight and see shapely girls on the dance floor in wigs and minis. But a tip that soldiers were coming in would send the women shrieking to the toilets. They'd have a change of clothing in a tote bag — where they would quickly stuff their wigs.

Idi's relations with Julius Nyerere, President of Tanzania, were never good. Nyerere, Africa's greatest statesman and a humane respected leader, bore the brunt of Idi's crude insults. In Nyerere's company, Idi felt justifiably inferior. He didn't like it. Nyerere harbored Idi's enemies, including ex-President Milton Obote, and Idi harbored grandiose dreams of conquering Tanzania to obtain for Uganda an outlet to the sea. (Finally, Nyerere unleashed his army and the exiled Ugandan Liberation Movement. The crazed dictator was, in 1979, driven from his country.)

Many amateur psychiatrists gave up on Idi the day he said, of Julius Nyerere: "If he were a woman I'd marry him." (This

was Idi's kiss-of-death technique — he would quite happily describe his greatest enemy as "my best friend".)

For a while Idi was hooked on a particular invasion scheme, having grown tired of bombing peaceful Tanzanian villages near the border. But he needed a detailed battle plan. He commissioned an Englishman, who formerly had a close British Intelligence relationship, to find out about conditions across the border. The Englishman would drive across the poorly-guarded frontier, travel through populated areas in his battered Land Rover without being challenged, and then head back to Kampala to report to Idi on the extent of defences in Tanzania.

He told me later in London, having stopped working for Amin, that "the Tanzanians all assumed I was in their country legally. Then I'd return to Uganda and report to Idi. He'd stand there in his office like Napoleon and say 'I am most powerful soldier in Africa. I am going to crush Nyerere'. But two weeks later he was bored with the whole plan."

The most astonishing project in his war of words with Tanzania involved the so-called "Red Chinese officer" captured from the Tanzanian Army and killed.

The corpse was put on display in Kampala. It was clearly that of a mulatto, a man who was part-Negroid and part-Caucasian. The throat had been slit and sewn up. The disfigured face looked grotesque and obscene. Only a person who had never seen an Oriental could believe the corpse was Chinese. But even after the Tanzanians identified the innocuous victim of a Uganda border violation, Idi kept up the charade and refused to acknowledge that the scheme he'd dreamed up was a fraud. There were, in any case, no Chinese in Tanzania's army. Idi's ludicrous accusation was total fantasy.

Among the President's fixations was a beautiful and very unusual young woman. Princess Elizabeth of Toro (a Ugandan tribal kingdom) — sometimes called Elizabeth Bagaya, her family name — graduated from university in Britain, practised as a barrister, worked as a top London fashion model (and made the cover of a leading fashion magazine) and acted in a couple of low-budget movies.

She backed a wrong horse. She accepted an invitation from Idi to return from London, where she was living, to Kampala, to take up the appointment of Roving Ambassador — a kind of jet-setting apologist for the government. At the time, the actions of Idi and his troops were being concealed even from some of his civilian Ministers. The job seemed innocent enough. When the truth became known, a few months before he threw the Asians out, some of the innocent aides found themselves deeply enmeshed in the web of barbarity. Some escaped in

time. Others didn't and were killed. One who finally got away was Princess Elizabeth, now 36.

It was widely known in Uganda that Idi had had his eye on the Princess — but there was never any suggestion that the attraction was mutual. At first, Idi's generosity was boundless — a luxurious office, chauffeured Mercedes and frequent but not too demanding trips overseas to attend conferences and, on one occasion, to address the United Nations. But the lady was growing uneasy. She came to know Idi's regime was not what it had appeared to be from her residence in London. Though the bestiality of the regime had not yet emerged, with her extensive availability of contacts the Princess was growing familiar with what was happening. The Princess grew sullen, withdrawn. She wanted out. There was the added difficulty of spurning the romantic advances of the mad dictator.

A bony beauty with classic fashion-model features, her desk-top was bare when I first met her. It was obvious that she had little to do. People were saying Idi had moodily refused to delegate any work to her.

The Princess, starved of contact with the world she used to know, hungrily listened to gossip and speculation from overseas about her relationship with Idi. She mentioned to me that the British satirical magazine *Private Eye*, which she read avidly when in London, had suggested there was a romance. I had an air-mailed subscription to *Private Eye* and, by dropping in with each issue after I finished with it, had regular access to what was becoming a rather sad tale.

One day, since conversation had by this time become super-casual, I asked her whether there had been any truth in the rumors about her and Idi. "Oh God, no!" she blurted out. "How awful!" Then, realising that her observation — and the accompanying expression of disgust — might have been too candid a response, she said softly: "I can't help it if people say things like that. I just do what I can, do my job as well as I can."

Idi's anger with the Princess grew. He felt humiliated that his love, if that is what it was, was not returned. Finally, after a trip overseas on which she was well chaperoned by the regime's heavies, Idi accused her of "making love to an unknown European in a toilet at Orly Airport in Paris". The smear was patently false. The Princess had been so carefully guarded that no such encounter would have been possible.

But, a few days after stripping her of her job, Idi stripped her of her clothing — by having published in a Kampala newspaper a bare-breasted picture of her, an old photo from her modelling days. This was intended to indicate she was unsuitable to be Roving Ambassador.

The Princess had resisted the tempta-

tion to flee because she feared reprisals against family members still in the country. Her friends overseas believed she would, inevitably be killed. Luckily, she finally escaped to Kenya.

Idi, as President, replaced his lack of understanding of matters of State (money, for example, could be obtained simply by calling the Minister of Finance and ordering it up or else by having bank vaults emptied) by dwelling at length on trivia. His blue-and-white helicopter would deposit him for speeches in as many as seven or eight remote villages in a day. The speeches were, generally, simple homilies. If he hadn't visited the village previously, he would inevitably promise to build a multi-storey hotel there to attract hordes of free-spending tourists. (In reality, no hotels were built and those that existed quickly emptied of tourists.)

The Princess' friends believed she would be killed. Luckily, she finally escaped to Kenya.

Among his most frequently mentioned topics in his out-of-town speeches was venereal disease. Gonorrhoea seemed to be an obsession. Before a speech, a group of Ugandans and foreigners, of whom I was one, regularly took bets on whether we'd get the "gonorrhoea pep talk" — which, on one occasion, took this form:

"This is very important (*Idi regularly used this phrase*). If you have gonorrhoea you must get it treated at the hospital. You must send your girlfriend or wife also for treatment. And if you catch it from her again you must beat her because it is a very, very bad thing to do. Or you can leave her and find another girlfriend." The crowd applauded the advice and Idi, after joining the locals in a few tribal dances to prove he was a loveable Big Daddy, left in his helicopter. Before night-fall, a few more anti-clap messages had to be delivered.

Idi's over-developed level of interest in sexually transmitted diseases inevitably led to intense speculation in Uganda and overseas. Was he, for instance, suffering from advanced syphilis? As with Adolf

Hitler or Pol Pot there will probably never be a definite answer to the question.

The shortest information-gathering interview I did in Uganda was at the office of the State Research Bureau. At the time it wasn't known that the bureau existed to do Idi Amin's dirty work. Its "research" involved the development of horrifyingly unsophisticated methods of killing. A favored method: a line of naked men, each forced to bludgeon to death the one in front of him with a hammer. The man at the end of the line gets his, too — the soldiers hammer him to death. A drive into the countryside to be fed to the crocodiles was a common alternative.

Not knowing what the State Research Bureau was about, I wandered in — believing that it might be a reasonable source of statistics and other data about Uganda. It was puzzling that the official I saw was able only to say that the bureau did "political and economic research" but couldn't provide any results of its work. The officials there looked too unsophisticated to be statisticians and researchers. But, putting it down to shortage of properly trained personnel, I left. Only later did I realise I had nonchalantly strolled into Idi's "chamber of horrors", the place where the worst tortures took place, where beatings and killings were part of the daily schedule. It was no wonder the staff had seemed surprised to see me. Voluntary visitors were rare. But Idi sometimes turned up to watch the slaughter.

Idi now lives in luxury in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, where the authorities evidently believe his stated religion, Islam, entitles him to asylum.

The people of Karamoja now starve: drought and famine make them regular guests on our TV screens. The destruction, through Amin's neglect, of much of Uganda's rural infrastructure ensures that aiding them is more difficult. But a valiant attempt is being made.

Kampala's potholed main street is wider now than it was before Idi came to power — the result of a visit he made to Paris. He wanted to duplicate the Champs Elysees back home. So he ordered the street widened. After roaring along his ersatz Champs Elysees in his Citroen one Saturday, he declared: "Everybody is very happy about what I have done."

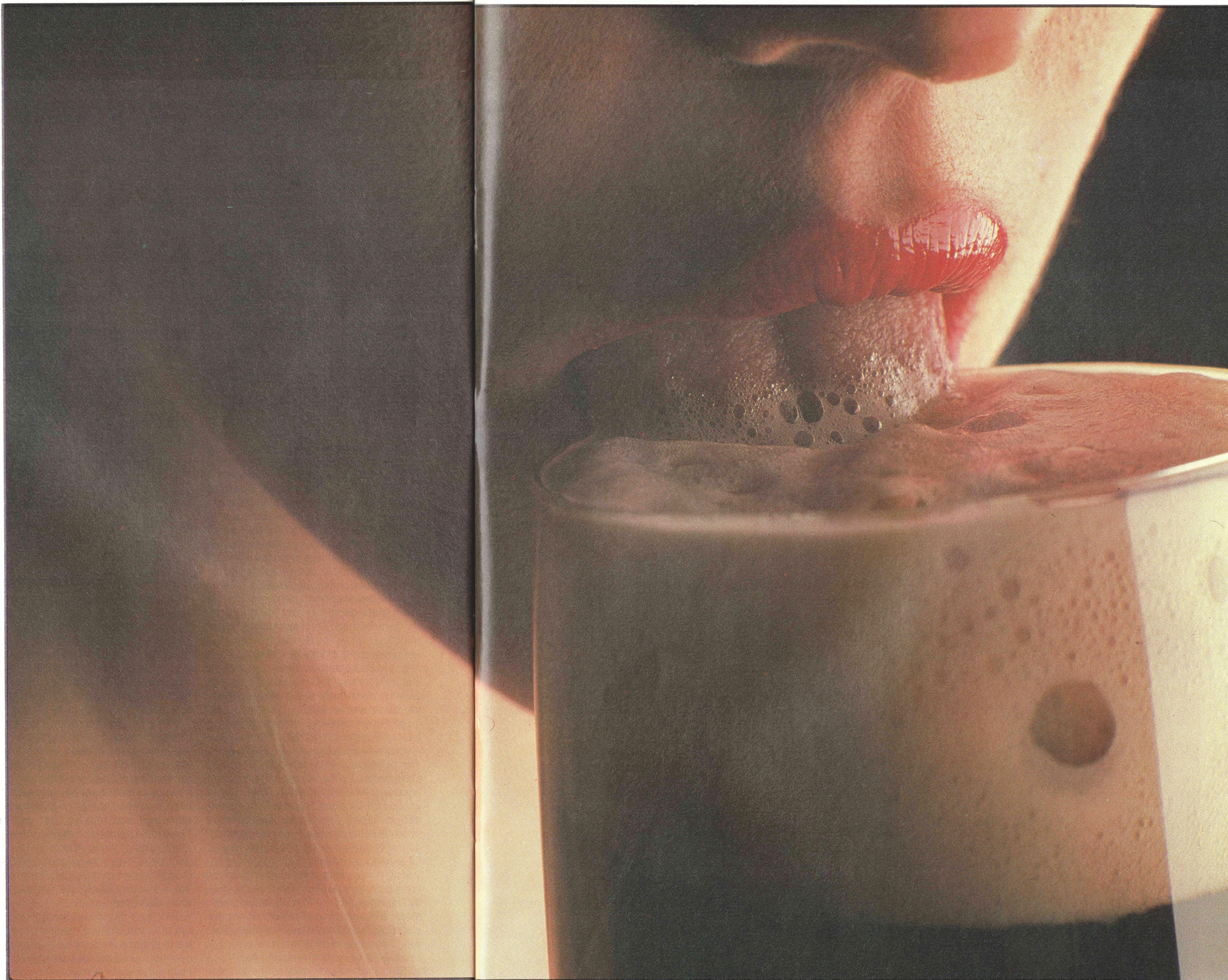
Then, soon afterwards, he had the Uganda Police Band march down the street — wearing kilts. Though Ugandans realised by then that he was almost certainly insane, his regime tottered on. Even after its collapse, a beautiful but bankrupt country faces years of suffering as a result.

Idi loved making people laugh. Often he did so minutes after consigning fellow Ugandans to terrible deaths. ☐

Wine tasting should be an enjoyable moment or two of anticipation before the main event; the kiss before coitus. Instead, it is all too often either a faintly embarrassing ritual for people who are honest enough to admit that they're amateurs, or the excuse for an even more embarrassing pantomime conducted by self-styled connoisseurs. You must have seen them. They're the people who like to keep the waiter in suspense while they're mauling the first mouthful of the house red. At last, with a flick of the eyebrow, they condescend to approve of what's in the glass, and everyone can breathe again. This is not to say you should just slosh the wine out before trying it; tasting is important, and, as we've said, it should be enjoyable. The most vital item of equipment in tasting is your nose. One sniff will tell you if the wine is corked — the smell is obvious and pretty nasty. If the wine passes the nose test, a mouthful will let you check the temperature, and then you're off.

VIN RUDE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID THORPE
WORDS BY PIERRE LE POSTE



Not to be confused with alcoholic strength, body is more a mixture of sensations than a precise measurement. One of our more lyrical and lecherous friends describes it as the oral equivalent of cupping a perfectly formed pair of bare buttocks in your two hands. The only trouble with perfectly formed buttocks, as he readily admits, is that you can't drink them. Connoisseurs often go overboard when describing a full-bodied wine — chewy, weighty, profound, orotund, etc. — but we much prefer bare buttocks.



From *Vin Rude* by David Thorpe. Published by Macmillan Company of Australia Limited. Recommended retail price, \$9.95.



The grape was probably the first fruit ever cultivated by man. Noah is said to have planted a vineyard when he disembarked from the ark, and subsequently enjoyed one of history's first recorded binges. He passed out, stark naked, after sampling his wine. Unfortunately, history doesn't relate why he was stark naked in the first place, but he sounds like a man after our own heart.





Photograph by David B. Simmonds

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

CLYDE CAMERON

It's all very well having a strong Prime Minister, but if you have one who becomes quite insensitive to public opinion you've got a dictator, a tyrant.

Clyde Cameron is a man of individual style and that style is very Australian. It is probably true that Australia did more to shape him than he did to shape Australia, but his influence has been felt over a long period and he has always been persistent in pushing what he sees as the way of life most Australians need.

While he has been sharp witted and describes himself as one of the country's great insulters, he has never been a larrikin in the tradition of Australian larrikins. There has been something of the latent academic about everything he does. He attacks the heart of a thing, not the externals.

When Cameron retired from Federal Parliament late last year he had served it for 31 years, making him the longest serving Labor member. He left Parliament a different man to the one who entered it. He recalls that in his teens he dreamed of making ringing speeches to Parliament that would alter the course of the world. He soon realised the impotence of the back bencher and grew increasingly bitter about what he saw as the rubber stamp role of members. In the end he believed that the Parliament was the tool of the executive and the executive the tool of his long standing enemies, the public servants.

Before entering Parliament, Cameron had worked as a shearer and became secretary of the Australian Workers Union and, at least in public utterances, did not believe anybody should be the tool of anybody else. Cameron says that for any member entering Parliament today he can only feel despair. Most of his time in Parliament was spent in Opposition. Nobody could oppose more bitterly, and his speeches and off-the-cuff remarks were feared by the Government.

Cameron got his chance when Labor was elected in

1972. Whitlam appointed him Minister for Labor and he began bringing in the reforms he had dreamed of for 20 years. He immediately showed his contempt for the public service by sacking the permanent head of the department. Today he believes his greatest achievements were his amendments to the Arbitration Act, his trade union training schools and his sponsorship of equal pay for women.

His triumphs were short lived. In June 1975, Whitlam sacked him after he refused to resign. Cameron claims Treasury got to the Prime Minister because Cameron was regarded as a nuisance by the forces of conservatism, particularly in the union movement which did not like a lot of what Cameron was doing. Cameron still blames Whitlam for being indifferent to his fate, and they have hardly been the best of pals since.

There have been others within the Labor movement Cameron has not agreed with or backed 100 percent. While he was Minister, Cameron had a difficult relationship with Bob Hawke, but now refuses to be drawn on any possible Labor leadership battle beyond saying Hayden is the best leader around and has an excellent grasp on economics. A lot of Labor people feel Cameron has been a determined behind the scenes stirrer and numbers organiser in the past, and could be again. They say he is not quite the balanced exponent of sweetness and light he appears on the surface and could use his undoubted powers of character assassination again.

Cameron, whose book *China, Communism and Coca-Cola* has recently been published, smiles sweetly at this and says nothing. He was, however, more forthcoming on other issues when *Penthouse* Senior Editor Owen Thomson interviewed him at his home near Adelaide.

Penthouse: Were you glad Bob Hawke went into politics?

Cameron: Yes. I said many months before the election that I believed Hawke would do electorally what Doctor Evatt did for the Labor Party when he stepped down from the High Court to enter politics. Bob Hawke brought Labor as much support in the electoral sense as Evatt brought it in 1940.

Penthouse: Would Hawke make a good Prime Minister?

Cameron: He has some strengths that would be an advantage as a Prime Minister. He's got a quick, nimble mind, if that's what people look for in a Prime Minister. He has weaknesses, too, like all of us, and I'm not quite certain whether the weaknesses outnumber the strengths, or vice versa. I don't know. Personally, I would not like to say.

Penthouse: Would you compare him to Gorton as a man with well known human failings?

Cameron: I don't think Hawke's reputed human failings will go against him at all. If what they say about him is true, I think most people will just smile about it and say, well, isn't he a character. Women might say, "I wish he were my husband" and men might say, "well half his luck" and leave it at that. I don't think anybody would hold it against him. I find these endearing characteristics of Hawke. I

find him quite amusing; his behavior patterns are what tend to make me like him.

Penthouse: Would you welcome Neville Wran to Federal politics?

Cameron: Yes. I think Neville Wran would be very good as a Federal parliamentarian. He's better able to read the public mind than anybody I know; better able to count the pulse beats of public opinion. What we need always is a Prime Minister who's receptive to public opinion. It's all very well having a strong Prime Minister, but if you have one who becomes quite insensitive to public opinion you've got a dictator, a tyrant.

Penthouse: Do you think there's been a decline in public morals in your time in politics?

Cameron: It depends what you mean by morals. I don't think there's any more sexual activity than there was before, but people are more honest about it now, not so secret about it. Young people live together quite openly, they're not so surreptitious as they used to be, and that's good.

Penthouse: Do you regret never leading the Labor Party?

Cameron: I believe I could have won the deputy leadership in 1968 when Barnard won it. If I had, then I would have beaten Gough Whitlam when he resigned his leadership over the Harradine affair. It was conceded by everybody that Bar-

nard could have beaten Whitlam had he run against him. Whoever was his deputy then could have beaten him. Had I been in that position I would have won the election in 1969. Then I would have beaten McMahon had I run against him in 1972.

Penthouse: Do you regret not being in that position?

Cameron: Not greatly. It's not something I lay awake thinking about.

Penthouse: Do you welcome women to politics?

Cameron: Yes. Women are more sensitive to human needs; things like poverty. They also have more loyalty and are better workers. They are more dedicated than men.

Penthouse: Who do you consider the media boss most destructive to Labor?

Cameron: At the moment the Murdoch Press, but it's pretty hard to distinguish between them. It seems to vary with the mood of the different editorial boards or proprietors, but at various times they're all equally destructive. What makes them more destructive is that between elections they're able to give the impression of being impartial. When the election is on and what they say is really important, this impartiality fades away and because they have built up this base of impartiality they still carry clout. People say that what they read must be true because this or that paper has always been very fair.

I don't know whether this is accidental or that they are just being diabolically clever. But whatever the motive, the result is the same.

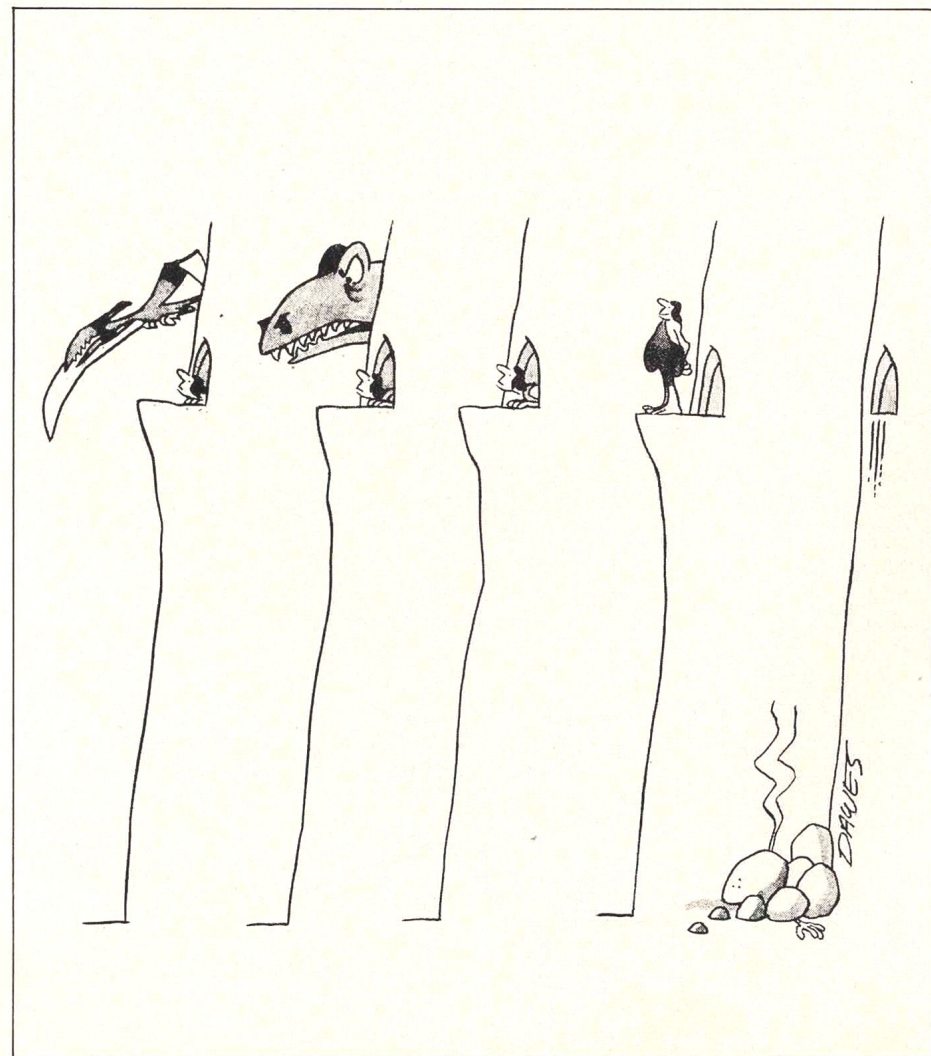
Penthouse: What did you mean by describing Harold Holt as the nicest Prime Minister you've known?

Cameron: He was the most courteous. One of the newly-appointed Liberal ministers once told me that Holt had told him it didn't matter how stupid or inane a question in Parliament was, he was always to treat it as a serious inquiry and give a serious answer. He was not to try to score off the person asking the question. If it proved to be other than a serious request for information it would backfire on the person who asked.

It was good advice, and some of the ministers, Ian McPhee for one, always follow it. McPhee will always answer a question soberly and in a serious vein. That sort of advice just about paints the general picture of the kind of man Holt was. He was a very nice person who used to be hurt very easily, and I think it was because he was so hurt during the VIP plane controversy that he eventually, I think, took his own life. I have no way to prove it, but I believe that he committed suicide. He would worry about the VIP affair, Fraser wouldn't. Fraser wouldn't give a damn what you said about him he's so tough.

Penthouse: You say Chifley was the most respected Prime Minister, why?

Cameron: Chifley had warmth. He was



not only respected by Labor followers, but Menzies had an enormous respect for him. Menzies would never fail to come in and listen to Chifley whenever he spoke. No matter what other commitment Menzies had, he would always do Chifley the honor of coming back into the House. Menzies confided in Chifley. The night Chifley died there was a ball in Canberra celebrating the 50th anniversary of federation. The ball was well under way when the message came to Parliament House that Chifley was dead. Kent Hughes, the then Minister for the Interior, was nominally the ball host, and when he was asked whether the celebration would go on, he said we couldn't worry about somebody dying, and that we had Jim Gussey's band from Sydney and the Air Force band, and people had come from all over Australia.

A few minutes later Menzies heard about it and said that that was the end of the ball. He called Kent Hughes over and told him to send the band home. Kent Hughes said he couldn't. Menzies said that Ben Chifley, a Prime Minister, has died. Then Menzies said to forget about him being a Prime Minister, that Ben Chifley had died and anybody who wanted to dance and drink and sing songs and listen to music with Ben

Chifley slowly going cold just shouldn't be at the function. The thing stopped dead in its tracks. Menzies loved Chifley so much that his reaction was elementary to him. Everywhere tough Labor men were weeping, Liberals too. I was standing close to Menzies, that's how I know what was said, and when he got over the shock and realised the truth he shed a tear.

Penthouse: Was Menzies both a great parliamentarian and a great politician?

Cameron: He was a great parliamentarian in that he was able to make great speeches, with tremendous finesse. His diction, the inflection of his voice, the drama, everything about Menzies when he spoke in Parliament made him a great parliamentarian. His speeches had to be heard to be believed, they were so impressive.

The greatest speech Menzies ever made while I was in Parliament was his speech on the introduction of the Communist Party Dissolution Bill in 1951. It was absolutely spellbinding. The great tragedy was that the ABC had recorded the speech, and when Archie Cameron, the then speaker, found out they had done so without his permission, he treated it as contempt of Parliament and ordered the ABC to destroy the tape in his presence. Menzies also had a great re-

spect for the institution of Parliament, and if he did someone an injustice he would come back, even though he hadn't been asked to, and apologise to put the record straight.

In that Communist Party dissolution speech he named some union officials as being communist, and when he found later that they weren't he came back and voluntarily corrected the record and apologised. As a politician out on the hustings, saying the things that would win votes, he had few equals. He kicked the Communist can because, during the cold war, that was the way to get people's nettles up.

The way he handled the Petrov conspiracy was a superb bit of politics. He would never rub the electors' faces in the dirt. Gough Whitlam had a tendency to say, this is what I believe, you can all go to hell and say what you like. The proposed Galston Airport in Sydney was an example of that. He was almost gloating over the fact that he was giving them something they hated.

Penthouse: Were you friendly with Bob Menzies?

Cameron: Not particularly, although he did once tell me I would have been leader of the Labor Party but for my being so heavily involved in an Australian Workers Union faction fight at the time. Billy McMahon told me the same.

Penthouse: Do you share Bill Hayden's respect for the present Treasurer, John Howard?

Cameron: I have a lot of respect for Howard. His great strength is being able to pick up a brief very quickly and to assimilate detail. He's a lawyer, not an economist, but he's got a very good brain and a good turn of phrase. He is easily the most competent Liberal Treasurer I've ever seen.

Penthouse: You say Eddy Ward was the most competent parliamentarian this country has produced. Why?

Cameron: He wasn't as polished as Menzies, but he was more fluent. He was more destructive on his feet than Menzies. In a debate, he could also use the standing orders better than Menzies. Ward's timing was superb and his interjections tremendous. He used the rules of Parliament all the time. If he didn't want an interjection to go into Hansard he would ignore it. He knew that Hansard would only record interjections that were answered. If he could score off an interjection he would answer it and have his answer recorded, and the interjector would be left with some silly impetuous remark hanging around his neck for the rest of his life.

Ward's most cutting remark was made against Menzies, something to do with Menzies' failure to fight in the war, I can't remember exactly. It was not the one about Menzies' brilliant military career being unfortunately terminated by the

outbreak of war, that was Sir Earl Page, but Ward was always reminding Menzies Page had said that.

Penthouse: You list yourself among the great insulters. What was your most cutting insult?

Cameron: I'm too ashamed to remember. They weren't thought out in advance but came straight from the heart rather than the head.

Penthouse: Are you still bitter about Whitlam sacking you from the ministry.

Cameron: I don't think bitter is the word I'd use. I was hurt by what he did, deeply wounded. It was unfair and he gave me no reason for what he did. Even Sir John Kerr, in his biography, said he questioned Whitlam on the letter I had written to Whitlam about the sacking. I had said that before Kerr exercised his royal prerogative against me, he should allow me natural justice. When Kerr was on the bench he had always insisted that even the common unionist be given the right of natural justice. According to Kerr, Whitlam told him that that was not true and I had no such entitlement.

Penthouse: Do you see members of parliament as an elite? You say they should get \$50,000 a year.

Cameron: You would regard a brilliant brain surgeon as elite. If I was having surgery on my brain and someone told me I could have one man whose failure rate was one in 1000 but he charged \$6000, or another who charged only \$50 but only 40 percent of his patients survived, I would go for the one who charged \$6000.

I see members of parliament in much the same way. The Australian people have a choice. You can get 120 brilliant men in there, extremely competent, well qualified, proven experts in running an economy at \$50,000 each, or you can go on with the people you've got at \$30,000. The \$30,000 men might bugger up the economy and pass laws that will make your living standards fall to hell, but think of the money you're going to save! Faced with that proposition, people wouldn't see \$50,000 as being outrageous. Evatt came from the High Court, but Menzies and Lionel Murphy both left lucrative practices to come into Parliament. They lost a lot of money. To get more of these people you have to pay for them.

Penthouse: What about Andrew Jones?

Cameron: You wouldn't get an Andrew Jones if the sort of salaries that are now paid to company directors were paid to members of Parliament. There would always be somebody better who would say they were willing to take the risk of losing their seat after one or two terms at that sort of salary. American senators get \$250,000. They just can't believe the sort of salaries we're paying members or that ministers get less than public servants.

Penthouse: You had a run in with Foreign Affairs public servants in

Caracas. Do you regard all public servants as being like them?

Cameron: What they did was typical of public servants attached to the Foreign Office. They've no respect for the Parliament or for parliamentarians. They look on them as being a nuisance and as a humbug, they just can't be bothered with them. If the Minister for Foreign Affairs tells them they've got to do it they do it, but in very poor grace.

Penthouse: You've said Gorton was the most earthy Prime Minister. Did you respect him at all?

Cameron: I respected and admired him and liked him. Had he remained as Prime Minister we would not have won the 1972 election. The thing that people overlook about the 1972 election is not that we won it, but that we nearly lost it. We didn't win by a landslide. If you look at the number of seats we won and the aggregate majorities, we won those seats by only two or three thousand votes. We wouldn't have beaten Gorton. Towards the end of Gorton's office, just before the Liberals knocked him, I found people in factories were coming up to me and saying, almost as though they were ashamed to mention the fact, that they liked Gorton. They'd say, not that I'm going to vote for him, don't get me wrong, but this

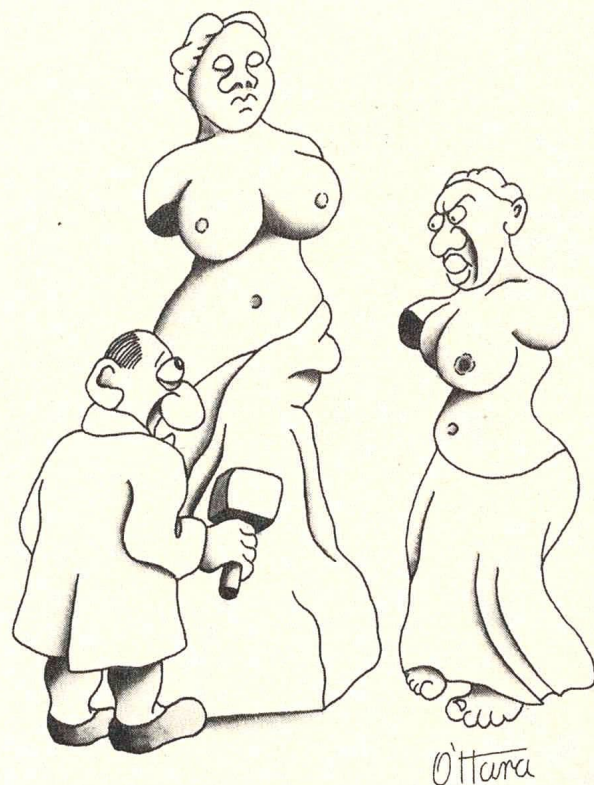
Gorton's not a bad bloke, don't you think? This sort of thing was coming from the factory floor everywhere and it worried me. I told my colleagues we were going to get slaughtered at the election because Gorton was beginning to identify with the ordinary man in the street. The wage plug liked his style, liked the look of him, his ruggedness. He talked their language.

Penthouse: Why does Labor spend so much time in opposition?

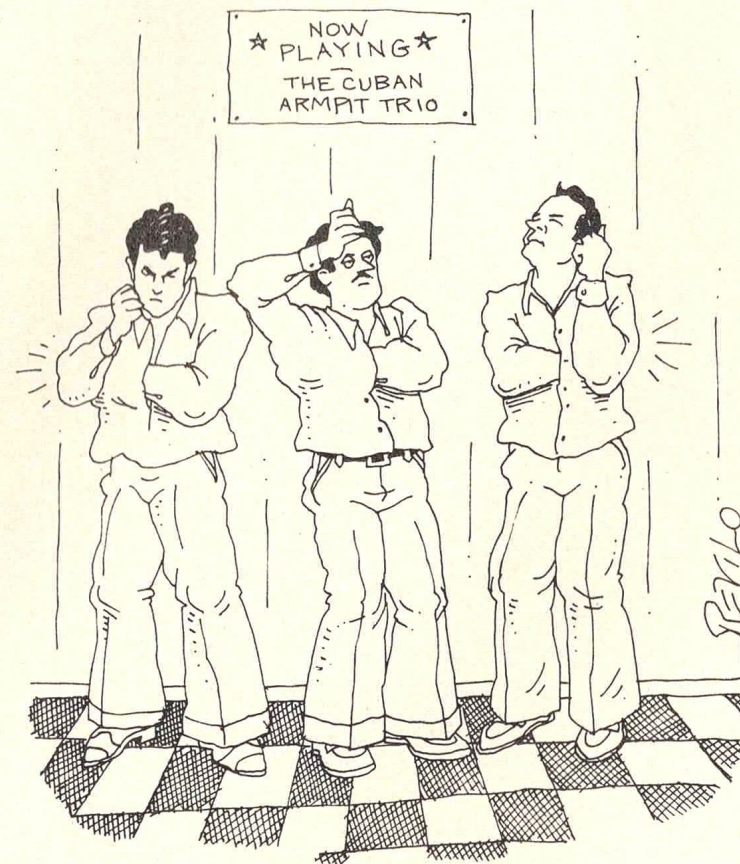
Cameron: The media is opposed to us. If we had the kind of media the Liberals have running for them we'd never be out of office. The thing I find amazing is that the Liberals are ever out of office. It is bad with the media slanted the way it is in their favor that they ever do lose office. If the Chinese or the Russians or a dictator in South America had a so-called democratic election, the present rulers in all those countries would be re-elected because all the media, television, printed media, everything, is so strongly in favor of the incumbents.

Penthouse: Sir Keith Murdoch claimed that the media could not win elections.

Cameron: That's nonsense, they always tend to write down their own influence. The closer you get to a thing the less it amazes you and you tend to write it down. People who have power sometimes just



"Are you trying to make fun of me?"



don't understand how much power they have. Things happen and they don't realise it's happening just because of their power. If an Australian Prime Minister asks for something to be done he thinks it's being done because it's a bloody good idea. He thinks everybody agrees with him. It never occurs to him that those who are doing it for him might think it is a terrible idea. They're doing it because of his power, and because they dare not question him.

Penthouse: What do you see as Malcolm Fraser's place in Australian politics?

Cameron: Fraser is the toughest leader the Liberals have ever had. Tougher than Menzies. He's just as much in command of the Liberal machine as Menzies used to be, and that's saying a lot. People who talk about palace revolutions in the Liberal Party while Fraser's there are just pulling their own legs. It won't ever happen. Fraser's got presence, a very strong personality, and he's quite ruthless when it comes to opposition.

Penthouse: Has he anything to give?

Cameron: He's a peculiar man. When I was Minister for Labor he was shadow Minister for Labor, and I found that he was quite honorable about his dealings with me. If I gave him off-the-record information he would never use it against me.

He actually supported some things I advocated, such as government funding of trade union training. Fraser was also one of the few Liberals in favor of equal pay for the sexes, which I found pretty surprising. In a debate on television licensing, he said he was in favor of putting people like Jack Egerton on government boards.

Penthouse: Would you say he was more destructive than constructive?

Cameron: I wouldn't say that, though he shares a failing that Whitlam had, a tendency to go it alone. A kind of one-man band. Fraser is not quite as much a one-man band as Whitlam was on matters of foreign policy. Whitlam would not take any foreign policy matter before Cabinet, but Fraser often does. Also, like Whitlam, Fraser tends to give directions outside of his own department for things he wants done. No minister, whether he is the Prime Minister or someone lesser, has the right in law to interfere with a department he does not have a commission to administer.

Penthouse: What do you think of Jack Egerton?

Cameron: He had a certain natural ability. He could define issues very quickly in a way few men I have known could do. He has a good personality. His

mistake was that when he took the knighthood he thought he could jolly the thing through, people would just say "good old Jack" and get some fun out of calling him Sir John. But the whole thing backfired on him. Those who did not dare challenge him previously found that by using this weapon against him they were able to beat him.

Penthouse: He's probably a wealthy man now.

Cameron: I don't think Jack's got a great deal of money. He didn't strike me as a man who worried much about money, as long as he had enough to live on.

Penthouse: What about a man like Lionel Murphy?

Cameron: Murphy has the most brilliant brain of anybody I have ever known. He's an extremely good lawyer, a man of very firm principles who doesn't go hot and cold on issues. He is very consistent in his thinking. If anyone was to ask me to make a political wish, it would be that Murphy followed the lead of Dr Evatt and left the High Court to go back into Parliament. I know he won't but that would be my wish. He is badly needed by the Labor Party.

It is a tragedy for the Party that he has severed his connection with it altogether. He speaks with hardly any of his old colleagues and has cut himself off completely from politics. He should have retained the same closeness to the Labor Party as Barwick has been able to maintain with the Liberals. I don't mean the Liberal Party organisation or the Labor Party organisation, but philosophically. Barwick has been able to maintain a very close tie, whereas Murphy has been more judicial about things. Murphy has all of the weaknesses that people love and the strengths that people admire. His elevation to the High Court has not affected him one iota. He's still what he was and it's unusual to see that.

Penthouse: Do you ever feel you could have had a better career outside politics?

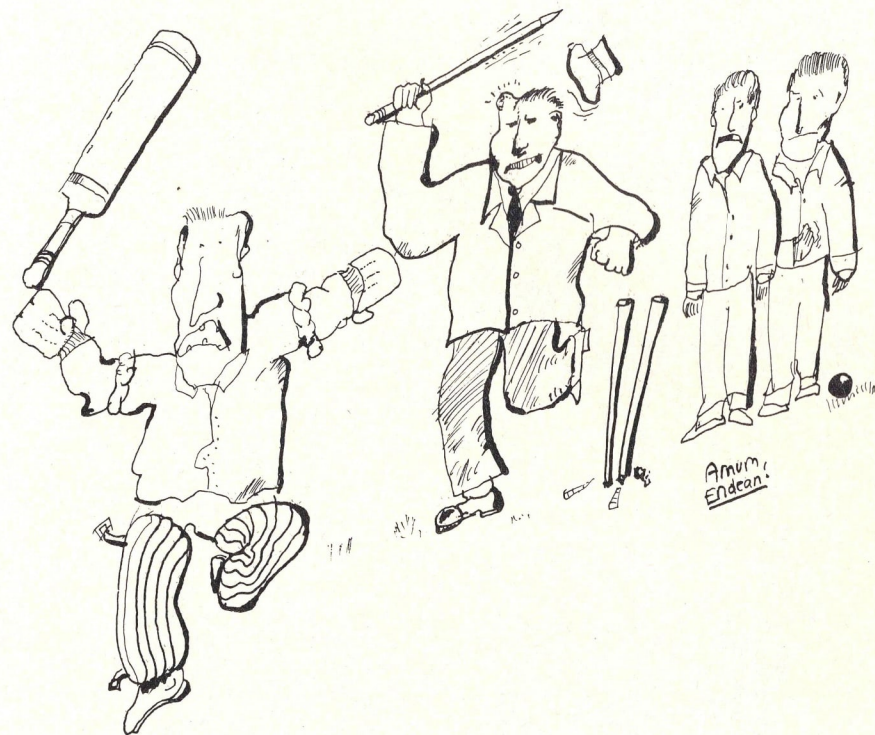
Cameron: I feel I could have made three or four times as much money, if money's a yardstick of success, as a barrister. My worst enemies will make that concession. They will admit that I'm blessed with an analytical mind, a well ordered one, and I am capable of preparing a pretty powerful case to support a particular viewpoint. I say without any embarrassment whatever that I've never been paid in Parliament what I've been worth.

Penthouse: What are you going to do with that ability now?

Cameron: Write books and set out in a much more permanent way than I could in Parliament the things I believe in.

Penthouse: Beyond your present book, what books have you planned?

Cameron: I have five books planned. I have done some work on some of them. I'll probably be publishing two or three books a year. 



"The umpire strikes back, eh?"



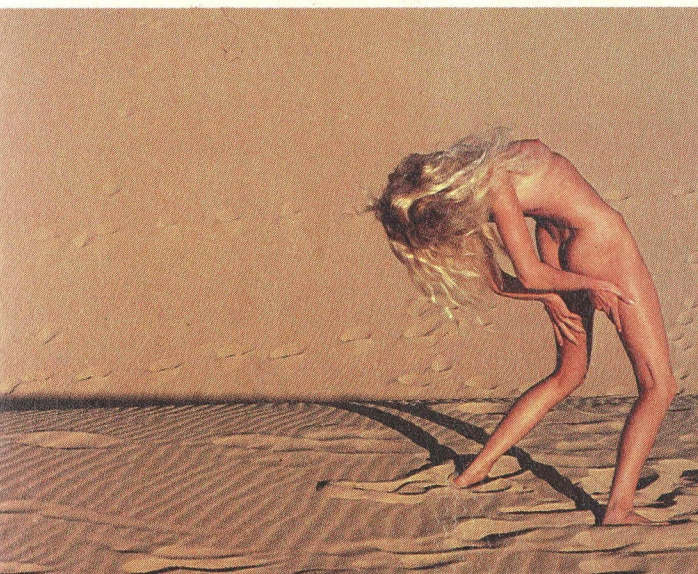
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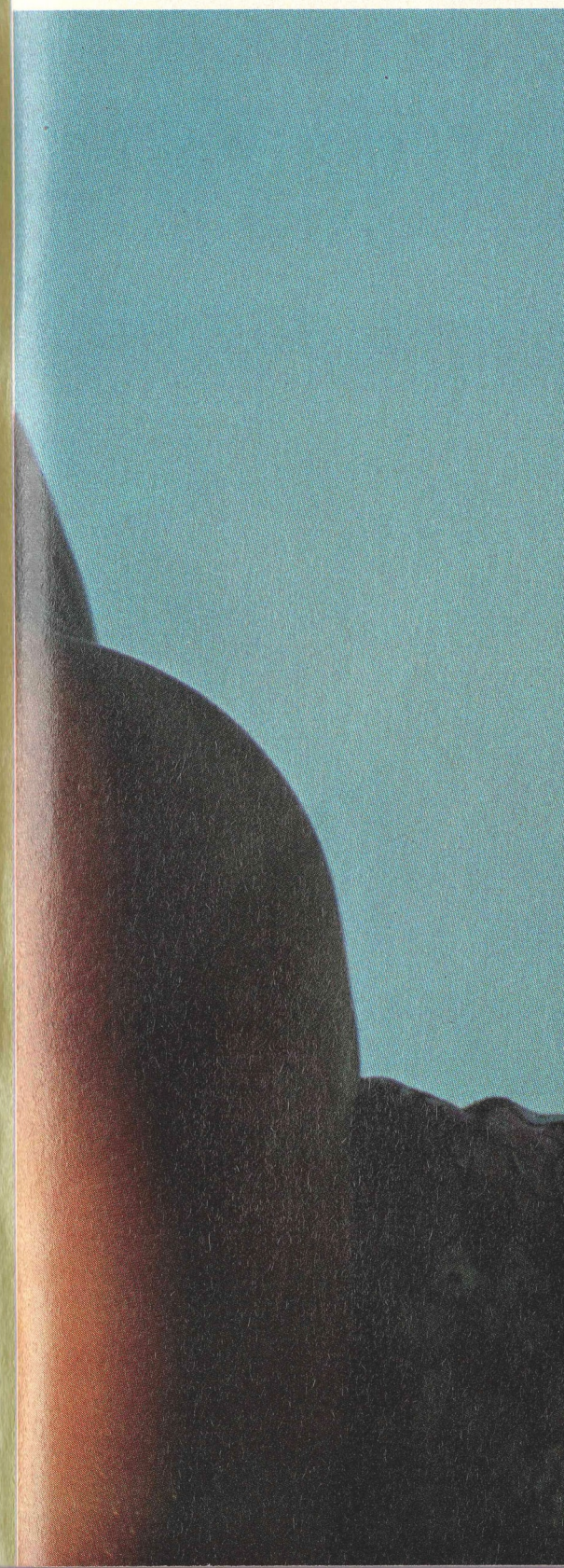
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN REID

Talent and beauty in one diminutive package — that's Xochitl Quetzal, our New York-born Pet who now lives in Sydney and makes original, contemporary stained glass by commission. "And I'm looking for some interesting, challenging work," says 25-year old Xochitl, (pronounced So-ji), who was given her name ("It's Aztec") when she was running an art centre in Mexico, where she lived for three years.





"My art is a gift," says our 32-19-32 Pet, "and my art can bring joy. If I can give joy through myself, I'm happy. I believe that anyone who gets my stained glass is getting some of my joy to take home with them. I'm an artist, and for me to be attracted to a man he must be very creative — and hopefully rich," Xochitl says with a mischievous grin. "But at the moment I'm free from romantic attachments, and I'm enjoying a carefree life."





Xochitl is a bit of an adventurer. She worked as helmsman on a tramp steamer on the Panama-New Orleans run, and then her travels took her to Bali and Australia. Our Pet is a vegetarian who loves rainbows, butterflies and the beach, and she chose the seaside for her photo sessions. "When the pictures were being taken it felt like I was being caressed by the camera," she confesses. "It was exciting." ○





The result of the Castrol Six Hour Race — and the fate of large-capacity bike racing in Australia — is still up in the air.

BIG BIKES EQUAL BIG FIGHTS

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

Japanese motorcycles aren't usually thought of as a means of doubling one's investment overnight, but rather more the opposite. Therefore it comes as quite a surprise that the going price for a Honda CB 1100 R is \$10,000, or roughly twice the recommended retail release figure set in October last year. If you are lucky enough to own one of the pride of Honda's fleet, your original investment, if made at strictly over the counter prices, is making a mockery of inflation. Should you be without such a bike and feeling in need, nay, gripped by compulsion to own one, then you are almost a unique individual. It takes a rare combination of big heart and matching bank book to come into a second-hand motorbike knowing you're parting with \$5000 for the metal work and a similar slab on top of that for the exclusivity of gaining the deeds to one of the 1050 (give or take a write off) such machines created by the world's largest manufacturer of two and three wheeled transportation. Of the original batch run off by Honda Research and Development department, 120 were allocated for Australia, though mysteriously only 110 reached pre-selected owners here. Basically the machine is derived from the fabulously successful CB 900 four cylinder, four carburettor Honda which is the largest selling "big" bike in Australia. With a top speed

of 275 km/h it is the fastest motorcycle not made exclusively for racing available in the world today.

Apart from a four cylinder engine and lights, the CB 1100 R bears little resemblance to its forebear, which is a polished alloy and chrome sports tourer typical in looks and performance of Japanese design and engineering savvy. Not so the CB 1100 R — a bare knuckle street legal racer which already has knocked out all opposition in the race track arena.

It drew first blood in the big daddy of production races, the Castrol Six Hour Race at Amaroo Park on October 19, when it stopped the all-conquering Suzuki GSX 1100 in its tracks.

Coming to that contest, the four cylinder Suzuki had never had its colors lowered in any racetrack confrontation in the previous year, and that included the bulk of the major production races on the Australasian calendar but, because of its later release, not the Castrol Six Hour of 1979.

Early last year Suzuki got wind that Honda was planning a knock-out bike and they tried their utmost to stymie the entry into the prestigious Six Hour many months before the confrontation — they are still disputing the results on a lap scoring technicality.

Suzuki believe their second placed GSX 1100, ridden by Johnny Pace and Neil Chivas, won fairly and squarely on laps recorded in the six hours of racing.

Racing officials placed the winner's garland on the Mentor Motorcycles CB 1100 R and gave 19 year-old Wollongong rider Wayne Gardner and his Victorian team mate, Andrew Johnson, the trophy.

The following week's motorcycle papers carried stories of the win and also cigarette pack-size display advertisements from owners wishing to part with their CB 1100 Rs. No names, just numbers — one to contact the vendor and the other usually 10,000 preceded by a \$ sign.

Despite being beaten by a "privateer" team, the official Honda response was one of total excitement as it had been back in 1971, the second year of the Castrol Six Hour, when they posted their lone outright victory in the race. Since then, Kawasaki, Yamaha and Suzuki have drunk all the champagne.

Relief also formed a major part of their post race feelings.

Through determined efforts of Honda Australia, the Castrol Six Hour Race was given preference over the Cologne and Earl's Court motorcycle shows as a stage debut for the new, limited edition bike.

And to make a bird of the race, the 1979 world Formula 1 champion, Ron Haslam, was despatched from England to handle the riding chores of one bike, co-ridden by the most successful man in the history of the event, three-times

winner Ken Blake of Victoria. It did not matter who won in the Honda camp so long as it was one of their radical new models.

Understandably, Honda executives were thrilled when, shortly after 4pm on race day, they were able to release to the world the news they so dearly had hoped for. Pleasing also was the fact that after months of personal wrangling over regulations and petty details they had triumphed over Suzuki.

Production racing was pioneered 20 years ago by a group of enthusiasts from the Willoughby District Motor Cycle Club who met weekly in halls on Sydney's north shore to talk bikes and share the experiences of a common love.

They pressed the Auto Cycle Union of NSW tenaciously to include a production race on the hallowed ground of Mount Panorama during the Easter grand prix carnival at Bathurst.

It did not
matter who won
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so long as it was
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new models.

Although quite simple in theory, the Willoughby Club formula for shoe-string racing lacked unified interpretation of the basic commandment: "Thou shalt not touch".

What the maker has created let no man tamper with. In other words, the bike must be raced as it was the day it came from the factory — the only concession to this being made in the name of safety.

But in 20 years, the biggest single out-going at the Castrol Six Hour each year involved some \$10,000 spent in man hours ensuring the eligibility of each machine according to the basic commandment.

This is because Willoughby Club has set itself up as consumer guardian and, after being badly burnt around the fingers by massive cheating exploits in the early years, learned the hard way that rule breakers must be discovered before the flag drops and the television cameras record what is supposedly fair competition between standard motorcycles.

Over the years the Club has developed a team of specialists headed by Chris Peckham, who annually battle with ex-

perts from the race teams in a catch-me-if-you-can, hair-tearing week of banter that sometimes goes off the rails and turns nasty.

The machine scrutineers literally sleep with the race bikes in the impound area for the week prior to the race and access to a machine by rider or mechanic is only gained after strict security measures are followed.

In order to gain a start, each bike must be stripped to the smallest part, pass examination and then be reassembled under the watchful eye of officials. This is the only way organisers can be sure that each competing machine is within the regulations.

Their pleas were not well received by the organising committee of the time — a bunch of old-time racers who were set in their ways — and they did not include racing street bikes on the most famous track in Australia.

Youthful enthusiasm carried the day for the Willoughby group who succeeded by applying continual pressure despite the jibes and set backs.

Their reward was a four-lap production race on the 1962 race weekend, and so the most popular form of racing today was founded.

Annually, the tab to ensure no one cheats is absorbed by the budget of each competing team and by the club. Split 41 ways it's a cheap way of ensuring the fare presented to the public on race day is in no way misleading due to inaccurate machine performances.

Credibility is the hinge on which the Castrol Six Hour has swung to the apex of popularity and everyone involved in the event, irrespective of brand allegiances, respects that rule as a basic necessity.

About the only taboo other than the "no fiddle" rule concerns the eligibility per se of a machine.

Although you wouldn't think so, racing is a dirty word, and therefore anything associated with racing as opposed to touring is black-balled. No racing tyres, no racing fuel and no racers.

A racer in the olde days of a decade ago was pretty easy to define — high raised exhaust pipes, skimpy fibre glass fairings and plastic screens, rear set foot pegs, clip-on handlebars and a name that could suggest, with fair argument, a racy character.

This was, of course, open to interpretation and argument ensued as to which category several bikes belonged.

One that never looked like getting its wheel into the Castrol Six Hour was the Norton Commando Production Racer, a pretty tame steed by today's standards, but self condemned by name if not by nature. Another was the 650cc BSA twin which fell foul of the regulations because it was a "street scrambler" an obnoxious combination of words designed to appeal to the American market and no different



"Has anyone ever told you that you give great head?"

from the norm except for high rise exhaust pipes.

Still, high rise exhaust pipes were considered an advantage and, when compared with normal routing of the pipes, definitely aid performance at the twisty Amaroo Park.

There were not too many more abnormalities banished from the early races and towards the middle of the decade fairings, if fitted as standard equipment as is the case with BMW and the Ducati, became acceptable.

This was only done after consideration was given to running such bikes without fairings — but there goes the old basic commandment if you do, and that one has to survive intact, so fairings stayed.

About this time the race was making a name for itself overseas — through novelty value more than anything.

So-called production racing existed round the world, but elsewhere the race bikes are what is known as factory specials today — full house Formula 1 and super bikes.

The first of the international riders — Englishman Mick Grant and Percy Tait — arrived to lift the prestige of the event and they set a pattern followed by other internationals to this day — they cannot cut it with local specialists who grew up on production bikes.

Organisers then became worried that "specials" would be created and brought

into the country in limited numbers only to attempt to win our biggest race and not as a bona fide offering to the consumer.

Regulations calling for the importation of a minimum of 100 lots of a particular model were framed, and this was thought to be sufficient to deter any one-off specials.

Any motorcycle released in Australia must meet the requirements of Australian Design Regulation 27, and a distributor must submit a specimen for each model before a compliance plate is issued and the green light given to bulk import.

This expensive procedure, in conjunction with a minimum number of 100 landed bikes, has prevented any short production run model from contesting the Six Hour. That is until Honda landed their 110 units a few days before last year's race.

There was a scramble to get the pre-sold shipment registered in time to prove to the race organisers the bikes' compliance with regulations.

Suzuki hearts sank when they first spotted the CB 1100 R. Single seat, large capacity fuel tank, high mounted foot pegs, chamfered engine cases, clip on handlebars added to standard accoutrements created a formidable sight and, above all, a race winner.

Honda and Suzuki camps battled all the week previous to the race, broke off

hostilities for six hours while the race was run and resumed the conflict with Suzuki disputing the result.

An appeal by Suzuki to the Auto Cycle Union of NSW on the grounds that the official lap scorer erred has been dismissed and they carried the grievance to a hearing presided over by the national governing body of motorcycling, the Auto Cycle Council.

Firm in their belief that their bike did more laps than the Honda, Suzuki have briefed counsel and will take the race into the court room if necessary to prove their point.

The winner's cheque has not yet been paid and a Gold Coast bookie has \$7500 resting on the outcome of the event.

Honda may have achieved their goal by winning the race, but there is a back wash of discontent within their camp as well as from outsiders incensed for various reasons.

Top priority for dispersal of the CB 1100 Rs was given to retail dealers intending to race. Some Honda dealers who deem it unnecessary to support an expensive race team each year missed out on the plums, yet distributing company executives and employees were able to secure purchases.

Some race fans say the bike destroyed the "spirit" of the Castrol Six Hour and that the race will never be the same in their eyes.

Controversy has always been a part of the production racing scene and always will be as long as importers see it as a means of helping brand advertising and image.

Race organisers, worried by the intensity of the Suzuki-Honda power struggle with 1100cc bikes, could hold the key to quenching the situation this year.

In announcing details of its first major production race, Oran Park has set a ceiling limitation of 750cc on engines for the August 2 race, which will be the longest and richest of its kind.

It is strongly rumored that the Organising Committee for the Castrol Six Hour in October could follow the lead by imposing a 750cc limitation.

All four Japanese makers have competitive machines in this class, plus old die hards see it as a way to coax entries from the forgotten marques of Triumph, Ducati, Laverda and possibly BMW.

If that's the case, then there will be very little racetrack activity for the CB 1100 R and maybe those old race bikes which made such a splash in the latter part of 1980 will find themselves out on the street.

And according to distributor Bennett Honda's General Manager Mr Jim Richardson, in June they could be joined by more of their kind as he is hopeful that Honda will press the button and order another batch of what is the most talked about motorcycle of the decade. 

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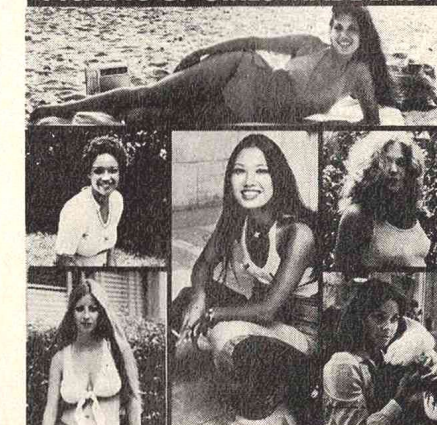
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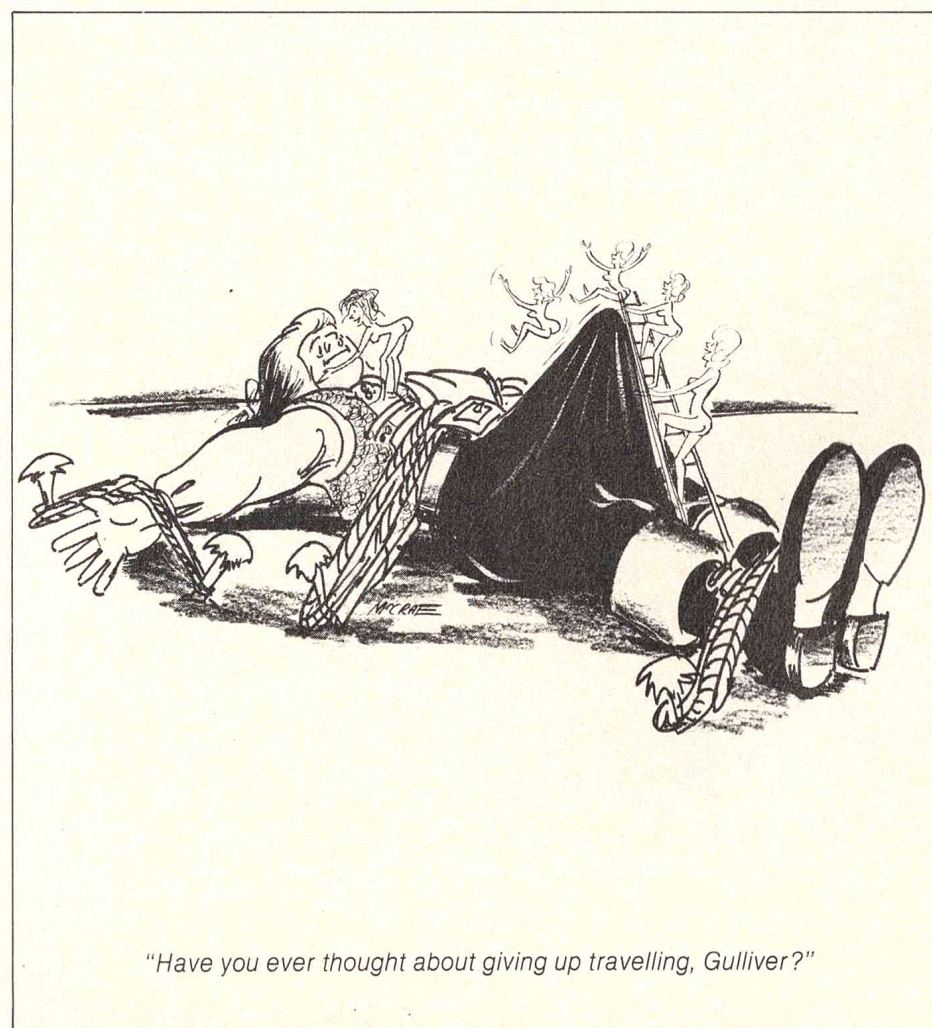
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PINBALL PERC AND OTHER BLUDGERS

BY PAUL LESLEY

Illustration by Time Winds

Pinball Perc was lamenting but not entirely downcast as he gazed ceilingward through the bottom of his beer glass and bade farewell to his beloved and bountiful betting system. "The bastards," he muttered before clearing his throat for a more coherent blast at the silicon chip brigade which had done him wrong. "The interfering bastards. Technology and all that computer stuff'll make zombies out of us. They talk about private enterprise, but when the working man uses it they put him down."

Perc was some working man. Apart from ping-pong off Space Invaders, wielding a billiard cue, and elevating schooners from bar level to lip level, he hadn't struck a

blow in five years. Now it seemed that the game had run its course, but if nobody wept for him, neither did they snigger. After years of sterile speculation we were about to be enlightened as to how Perc had contrived to stave off the demon work for so long.

"Dogs," he used to tell us. "The answer to my affluence is in dogs. Never bet on anything that can talk. The gallops and red-hots have riders and drivers that can listen and talk. Dogs can only listen. You tell a dog not to win and he thinks you're saying your prayers or something."

Of course none of us believed a word of it. Perc was too rapt in what he rated the good things of life, namely birds,

pinball, mini-pool, sports cars and booze, to apply the discipline demanded by a successful betting system. We knew he wasn't into narcotics, and if he was growing grass we never saw any of it. The favorite theory was that he was finding things that fell off trucks. One man's guess was as good as his neighbor's, because the only evident certainty was that we were working and he was not.

But Perc was right all along. Dogs were indeed the answer. Last year he outlaid \$250,000 on greyhounds and made a profit of \$78,000. A taxpayer would have to earn close to a quarter of a million to net 78 grand.

Just on five years ago he lost his week's wages on a dog which was a good thing beaten after being hampered in a scrimmage. Realising that the favorites were just as vulnerable in mix-ups as were the outsiders, and that in a graded field there was only a fraction of a second between the best and the worst dog, he figured that with interference abundant in almost every race, any dog had a chance of running into a place.

He then began betting with the TAB on every provincial and interstate race with sufficient starters for place dividends. First he eliminated all runners from the rails box because the advantage conferred by that box usually resulted in depressed dividends. He then eliminated all other dogs which were tipped to run a place by any of the morning or afternoon dailies. This left him with an average of 25 dogs per ten-race meeting, dogs which were likely to pay a disproportionately high dividend because a market was being made for them by system punters following rails box or newspaper tips.

He won from the outset. Though he did not win at every meeting he did not have a losing week. He began with \$1 units, investing a mere \$25 a meeting, and gradually he increased his stake to a maximum of \$20, or about \$500 per meeting. He chose this maximum because the place pool on some races was so small, and the dogs he supported were so unfancied, that by investing more than \$20 he would have been reducing his own dividends by a significant amount.

While investing an average of \$50 per race, he would receive a return of \$120 if one of his dogs paid \$3 on the NSW TAB. At one interstate meeting at Sandown in Victoria, two of his dogs were placed in one race, one paying \$6.20 in NSW and the other \$2.90, giving him a race profit of \$324, since he backed only two in the race. The interesting feature was that the aggregate on-course dividends for the two dogs was only \$5.30, which indicates the kind of percentage he was getting over the true odds.

In his last full year of operations he was investing near enough to \$5000 a week in \$20 units. His profits were so steady and

so spectacular that he dared not open a telephone betting account. A person who was accruing something like \$80,000 a year without ever putting money into the account would certainly draw attention to himself, so he was obliged to work for a living to the extent of investing in and collecting from suburban agencies.

But this wasn't all that onerous. It simply involved detaching himself from the pinball machine, the pool table or the pub for an hour or so each day to jump into his TR7, collect from the TAB at, say, Balmain, and place his bets at Drummoyn or Gladesville. He could go for months without revisiting any one agency, so that never was he recognised as a regular winner.

It all came unstuck towards the end of last year. For some inexplicable reason he began losing. He wasn't losing much, because he was maintaining his percentage of collects, but the decrease in the

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”

size of his dividends was rendering the operation a line ball or worse. The cash flow had cut out, and it took Perc almost a month to identify the force that had blown down his money tree.

"I didn't listen to a dog race for years," he said. "I gave up punting five years ago, and a dog race broadcast was just noise to me. Besides, they had that Italian program between the races, and that female's gabbling gave me the shits."

The mystery was solved when by chance Perc happened to hear a dog race in the pub. The Italian program had disappeared from the airwaves, and radio station 2KY was giving TAB markets on all country and interstate dog races. No longer were punters betting in the dark. If a move came for an untipped dog, the sit-at-home punters knew about it at least five minutes before the race.

"Every bastard got on to it," Perc lamented. "Fleagle Boy isn't tipped at Sandown so nobody knows anything about it, and nobody wants to back it except me and a few like me. It's backed in from twenties to sevens, but it still pays \$3.50 a place in New South Wales.

"At least that's how it was. Now if a dog's backed in at Sandown or Dapto it comes over the radio, and every bastard picks up his phone, rings the TAB, and my system doesn't work any more because I've got to take the true odds."

As I said, Perc was disconsolate but not entirely downcast. For this there was a simple reason, which surfaced when somebody suggested that his unpalatable choices were the dole or the workforce. He remained calm and, as ever, full of surprises.

"Aw. I dunno about that," he said, as though the mentioned alternatives were too terrible to contemplate. "My own pad and the three terrace houses are paid for, and the tenants are more than paying off the units."

"Christ," I said at the end of the silence. "How many units have you got?"

"Five. Three at Bondi and two in Paddo," he said.

Since property speculation can be seen as legitimate work, and since this feature is about people who live without working, Pinball Perc's progress in real estate has no legitimate place here. But it's too hilarious to resist a brief telling.

After he'd amassed his first \$15,000 he decided to acquire some assets against the evil day, when some calamity, such as an outbreak of foot and mouth disease wiping out the greyhound population, halted his shower of golden apples. In fact he showed good sense, though he could never have foreseen the circumstances that brought his system undone.

The bank manager was quite happy to discuss matters when he arrived with \$10,000 in a suitcase and expressed a wish to put a deposit on a house.

All went smoothly until the manager raised the delicate matter of how Perc might service such a loan, since he had no collateral and hadn't worked for the best part of a year. The man had the poor grace to chortle loudly when Perc informed him, quite seriously, that he'd meet the monthly instalments from the proceeds of his betting system.

"What are you laughing at, you ignorant prick?" Perc retorted. "A year ago you were bouncing my cheques, and now I've got this ten grand and plenty more at home. I'll make more money in the next year than you'll make in the next five."

Perc didn't take his business to another bank. Instead he rented a safety deposit box and kept stashing away his loot until mid 1977, when he paid \$75,000 in cash for a row of three terrace houses sold at auction. In the next two years he bought a house in Darlinghurst for his own use, and put substantial deposits on five new home units. Unwittingly he came in on the rising tide of the property boom, and his bewildered bank manager is holding title deeds to prove it. Now he knows why, when he was moved to another branch, Perc followed him.

"You better knock me back if I ask for a loan because my system's gone bad," he advised the unfortunate fellow. "But if you've finished counting my money I'll take you up the corner and buy you a few schooners."

A week after Perc's bubble burst, *The Sydney Morning Herald* began a week-long series on how a female reporter coped with living on the unemployment benefit of about \$52 a week. It was this that prompted me to consider how many people of my acquaintance manage to live well without working, without accepting the dole, and without breaking any laws other than, perhaps, those administered by the Taxation Commissioner. And for every one I know, there are thousands more I have never met.

There are many astute racing form students and well-informed punters who survive well without having to work, yet I cannot concede that gambling, successful or otherwise, meets my definition of living the good life without the necessity for toil.

However there are several racecourse characters, operating in all major racing centres whose punting activities are transformed by a mathematical edge from the realms of gambling into the certainty of guaranteed income. Fothergill, whom I encountered while pencilling for a bookmaker on the Riverina circuit, was just such a man.

When Fothergill hit the ring, particularly in centres like Wagga and Albury, he and his followers would stack it on with those fielding on Sydney and Melbourne events for as long as one bookmaker would set them at the price they wanted.

Say, for the purposes of the exercise, Dogsbody came through on the teleprinter quote for the last in Melbourne at fours, or maybe 7/2. On the second call he might be steady at that quote, then Fothergill and his boys might place nod bets of a thousand each way with, say, eight bookmakers. The money would go on at different prices between four to one and twos, below which Fothergill wouldn't bet.

On the final teleprinter call, after the course money had gone on, Dogsbody would come through at twos or 7/4 against. And, like everything else Fothergill backed, he would give the race an almighty shake.

"He gets top mail," I said to my boss. "He'd have to be a commission agent, wouldn't he?"

"A lot of people think that, but he doesn't get commission on winning bets. He's trusted absolutely by some of the biggest stables in Sydney and Melbourne, and they give him a licence to steal from people like me," he replied.

He explained that when a stable had a horse ready to win, they spread the money around Australia, in all capital cities between Hobart and Darwin and in

strong betting centres like Wagga and Broken Hill. At a prearranged time, the operators swoop, so obtaining a far better average price than if the whole commission had been placed on course.

Fothergill might have \$5000 to place straight out for the stable. To this he adds \$5000 of his own, and backs the horse each way. He knows the horse is fit to win, he knows the horse is trying to win, and he knows he will be getting on at the top of the market. Now supposing the horse was showing at 4/1 in the ring and Fothergill could get on for \$20,000 to \$5000 each way with one bookmaker, he would in fact have an even \$5000 a place for himself.

No bookmaker in his right mind would let him on for an even \$5000 a place, even though they'd bet a quarter of the odds for a place in each-way betting. Fothergill is privileged to get his \$5000 on for a place at even money simply

“
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team won.
”

because at the same time he is putting \$5000 on straight out for the stable.

Now if the horse starts at 2/1 and is beaten into second place, the stable loses and Fothergill wins. Not only does he win. He wins twice the amount he should have, because he had even money for a place on a horse that started at 2/1 for a win. He has obtained half the starting price odds when the going rate for place betting is a quarter the odds. On the place tote the same horse might pay 60 or 70 cents for a 50 cent outlay, while Fothergill reaps a return of \$1 for each 50 cents invested.

There were occasions when mammoth plunges have sent a horse's quote from say, 8/1 to 2/1, whereby Fothergill was able to get the full starting price whether the horse finished first, second or third. He and his kind need never work again because, as my boss put it, they have a licence to steal.

Another with a licence to steal is an operator widely respected in Rugby League circles as one of Sydney's biggest bookmakers in the code. In granting him this status they fail to realise that he

is not a bookmaker at all. He is simply a hustler who drives around collecting his winnings, for there is no chance of his ever losing.

Around Bondi Junction in the week preceding last season's grand final he took all the 5/4 Canterbury he could get, and since several bets were of \$1000 or more, some say he got \$25,000 to \$20,000 about Canterbury. The Junction is the heartland of Easts territory, and since the Roosters had wiped the grass with Wests in the preliminary final, no Easts supporter would hear of Canterbury winning.

Easts regard themselves as the trendies of Rugby League, so much so that their players had tried to unsettle Wests by telling them to get back to their fibro houses. Bookie Joe knew the depth of the feeling, and while many hardheads refused to lay odds on their team, there were plenty who were happy to do so.

Over in Canterbury territory, Bookie Joe let it be known that his book was so full of Canterbury that he'd be skint if they won, and that he'd take all the 5/4 Easts he could get. The fanatical Bulldog fans laid him the price because Canterbury had outclassed Easts in a semi-final and they saw no way it could be turned around. The big-betting Greeks weighed in heavily in support of Canterbury, skippered by the Greek-speaking George Peponis, who was also Australia's captain.

Observers figured that Joe was able to make a perfect book, which would see him winning something over \$5000 whichever team won. Certainly he took advantage of the proposition that football supporters bet with their hearts and not their heads, and that they bet most unwisely while in their cups.

Throughout the season he ran his book on that premise. Simple arithmetic assures him that if in a Balmain-St George clash he can get \$12,000 to \$10,000 about Balmain from St George supporters, and an even \$11,000 on St George from Balmain supporters, he wins \$1500 if Balmain wins and \$1000 if St George is successful.

Since there are six first grade fixtures each weekend, with at least four of them likely to provide spirited betting mediums, Bookie Joe is able to clean up big every weekend without fear of losing.

In the technical sense Joe is a bookmaker because he makes a perfect book, but the football public hasn't grasped that he differs greatly from racecourse bookmakers, who must stand up and bet until the horses jump. When Joe makes a book such as that described for a Balmain-St George match, he shuts up shop and accepts no more bets on that game.

"Sorry. I've overlaid Balmain for heaps, and I think they'll win anyway," he would say to a Balmain supporter trying

to get on. To a St George supporter he would say the opposite.

While it might be said that Bookie Joe works by running his books, he still qualifies for my list because he gets money for nothing. He spends his summers in complete idleness, thanks to the contributions of football fanatics.

Furniture Phil and Diamond Lil are two smarties who graduated to the work-less force by sheer chance, Phil by his wife's folly and Lil by her own.

While Phil was doing nicely as the retail manager with a major chain store group, his domestic life was complicated by his wife's sheer inability to resist a bargain. He tried telling her that nothing was a bargain if she had no use for it, but that didn't halt her compulsive buying at auctions and garage sales.

Whatever her shortcomings, he had to admit she had an unerring eye for quality, and when the stage was reached when neither of the family cars could compete with bargains for space in the double garage, he decided that since he couldn't beat her, he might as well join her.

Phil hasn't worked in almost three years. He sails in the Hobart race each year, he never misses a football or cricket Test, and is a regular at midweek racing. He exists happily merely by letting his wife indulge her mania for bargain hunting because he was able to produce order out of chaos. His fellow yachties and other friends assume he has a private income, and they're not wrong.

Whenever his garage is choc-a-bloc with fine furniture, furnishings and household utensils, all bought at rock-bottom prices, he makes two phone calls. The first is to a tame estate agent who always has a stately house or luxury apartment empty between sales. The second is to a truck-owner.

The carrier transports the furniture and other goodies to the empty premises, where he sets everything up in utter disarray. Dust covers are strewn over the furniture, the carpets are littered with debris, and vacuum cleaner waste and other dust-making material is scattered about to convey the impression that the place hasn't been lived in for months.

At the club or in the pub he drops the word that his wife has bought all the furniture from a deceased estate, and that the executors have given her a fortnight to get it all out.

"Some of that stuff must be a hundred years old," is a variation on his spiel. "I prefer modern furniture myself, but I've got to admit they don't make things like they used to."

His associates take the story home to their wives, and the stampede is on to capture the items which, overnight as it were, have become genuine antiques. There's always a piece of Chippendale or something of equal stature to add value to the rest of the treasures, but every-

thing is of high quality and attracts a ready sale.

Phil and his wife must have netted close to \$60,000 with the eight sales they had last year. Phil thrives as the classical sleeping partner, and he hasn't lost a single friend by the deception. In fact he's antagonised some of them by leaving them out.

"Nancy blew the shitter out of me when she heard your wife had another sale," one guy told him. "Especially after that sister-in-law of mine gloated over what she'd scored. Don't forget to tell me next time it's on, old buddy."

Strangely enough Phil's wife has given it some legitimacy by actually purchasing the household effects of three or four deceased estates, yet they've only been window dressing. The real money has come from the mark-ups she's made on individually purchased items.

Diamond Lil's problem was that she

All Lil's escorts
are big spenders.
She gets kick-backs
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rental companies.

had champagne tastes on a beer income. She couldn't resist fine clothes, expensive restaurants, gambling casinos, hard-to-get theatre tickets and all the sundry trimmings. While it seemed the only way she could have those things was by tucking her knees behind her ears, Lil was no whore. Her other chief extravagance was her insistence on choosing her own bed-mates, regardless of any money or gifts showered upon her.

Her big break came when her boss told her the company's vice-president was flying in from the States to spend two weeks in Sydney.

"You know the night scene like nobody I know. You're also as attractive as anybody I know. I've half told him that you'll show him around while he's here, and he sounded delighted. I think you'll find he's not a mean man," her boss suggested.

"It's okay by me. I don't mind being squired around by a man who isn't mean, but there's no way I'll go to bed with him," replied Lil, who'd seen photos of the sixty-ish vice-president.

The boss was appropriately appalled by her suggestion that there might be

something improper intended, and Lil accepted the assignment.

The fortnight was a perambulating ball for both Lil and the vice-president. They did the town as only an American tycoon on expense account can rage, and since Lil was granted special leave from work on full pay, she revelled in going. The vice-president's laughter was unfeigned when he lost at the gaming tables, but at the end of the first week he confessed there was something he was missing.

"I figured you were," Lil replied knowingly. "I'm not into it myself, but I know a lady who'll screw you till your nose bleeds. She knows how to charge, but you won't be able to question her class or her discretion."

Diamond Lil capitalised fully on her experience. Since mid-1978 she has entertained dozens of wealthy overseas visitors and she hasn't laid one of them. She is listed with leading American and Japanese companies, and her services are booked for months ahead.

Her rules are well-known and respected. There is no sex involved. She sets up the itinerary and selects the restaurants, the casinos, the theatres and, where necessary, she arranges the whore or the fetish fulfilment.

Diamond Lil is well known around night-time Sydney. All her escorts are big spenders. She gets kick-backs from restaurants, night clubs, and car rental companies. When she takes a client to an illegal casino she gets a percentage of his losses. Should he win, he usually slings her a cut. When he leaves town he pays her a fee and gives her an expensive gift. Last Christmas she received eight or nine gifts from clients who chose to remember her. Next Christmas will be bigger yet.

At 23 Lil is a beautiful and accomplished young woman. At 33 she will still be beautiful and infinitely more accomplished. Her private sex life is a happy one. She is investing her money wisely, so that she need never work again.

"This is work?" she simpers. "I call the shots and I live it high. I find nothing degrading in what I do. Work? From what I remember of it, it was boring, and I try to forget the things that bore me."

Oh yes. Lil's newly-found materialism has banished much of what might once have been her demureness. Sometimes she can be positively horrid, and even deceitful. She never mentions, for instance, that she demands a hefty kick-back from the privateer call girls she procures for her clients.

The Fixer and Mick The Knife, though fully accredited members of the non-workforce, are two of the most reprehensible graduates in the bludging game. The Fixer is a former journalist who haunts the Magistrate's Courts in Sydney's suburbia, preying on first offenders, particularly migrants, who fear

that tidings of their misdemeanours will be spread by the media.

Operating in cahoots with a person who could be described as a public servant, The Fixer "arranges" for details of any particular conviction to be kept out of the dailies. He qualifies as being workless because he lives by accepting money for services he never performs.

When, say, a Lebanese migrant is convicted of drunk driving and read a stern lecture by a magistrate who disqualifies him from driving and imposes a hefty fine, the "public servant" slips him the word that for \$200 he can arrange for the matter to be kept out of the newspapers.

Lebanese people, like many other ethnic groups, are fiercely proud in protecting their family's good name, and the reputation of their countrymen at large. The disqualification and the fine are trifling matters against the necessity for stifling the disgrace he has already brought upon his house. So the public servant introduces the convicted man to The Fixer, who flashes his old police press card as evidence of his powers.

"It's hard to tell. The beak hit you with some heavy flak, and you saw those reporters scribbling away," The Fixer says sympathetically. "Just let's say I'll do what I can, but if it does hit the papers, of course you'll get your money back. Editors can't always be bought off, you must realise."

The grateful Lebanese parts with his two hundred clams and heaps thanks on The Fixer, whose newspaper experience tells him there is no way the dailies would carry such a minor story. He knows the reporters are there to cover committal proceedings in something like a heavy assault case listed for later in the morning, and that even if they did file copy on the traffic charge, it would be spiked long before edition time.

Mick The Knife is probably the most callous vulture of them all. He is an abortion agent, with a pupil contact in a score of Sydney high schools and some near-metropolitan schools. Pregnant girls, or the mothers of pregnant girls, contact him for referral to an abortion clinic which does the job discreetly under expert medical supervision.

The girls and their mothers might or might not know that their own general practitioner would refer them to a reliable clinic at the cost of a single consultation fee, a sum much less than the \$50 Mick The Knife pockets for a single telephone call. Schoolgirl pregnancy is still a problem that can bring great shame on a family and, accordingly, it must be solved in the most surreptitious manner possible. Mick must process between a dozen and 20 girls a week, and in many cases the secret avenues are exploited to conceal both the pregnancy and its termination from the girl's own father.

Unlike The Fixer and Mick The Knife,

The Fence and The Go-Between cannot be called parasites on society because they perform a useful service without the necessity for personal exertion. However both are colorless individuals, who rate mention here simply because they hold valid diplomas in non-workmanship.

The Fence buys seconds in bulk from clothing manufacturers and has a team of 20 or so dole recipients who flog them around pubs as "hot" goodies. At least he finances the operation. He employs a married woman who does everything from contacting the wholesalers to stocking and supervising the peddlers, to banking the proceeds, or as much of the proceeds as The Fence doesn't receive in folding money.

The unemployed make good pocket money, the woman receives a high wage to deter her from branching out on her own, and The Fence is free to big-note himself around the pubs and clubs.

Go-Between's
stock-in-trade is
a mental list of
where various goods
can be obtained at
less than cost.

Nobody is hurt, for there is no rip-off. The \$3 pair of socks or jocks you buy in a pub for 40 or 50 cents might not last as long as a perfectly manufactured pair, but they're still excellent value.

Likewise, The Go-Between's easy money routine is so obvious and unexciting that it scarcely engenders admiration or envy, though these factors render it no less lucrative.

He steals nothing and he receives no stolen goods. His stock-in-trade is a mental listing of where various goods can be obtained at considerably less than cost. If I wanted a color television set, a sewing machine, a portable typewriter or some quality sound equipment I could secure a remarkable bargain in any or all of these commodities by obtaining a phone number from the Go-Between and setting up a meeting with the vendor, who takes none of the risks and lives well from his referral percentages.

I've never asked The Go-Between whether the goods available are the proceeds of household robberies, for there's no way he'd tell me. However when preparing this feature I sounded him out on

the prospect of getting a good family-size fridge on the cheap.

"Sorry mate. I haven't heard of any big fridges for ages, but if you want a bar fridge you couldn't do better than see a mate of mine," he said.

It figured. If I was robbing houses while the occupant was on holidays I'd concentrate on readily portable items and leave the family fridge alone. I imagine I'd have received the same head-shake had I asked for a cheap piano.

Somebody, probably a sweat-shop proprietor, once said a man's dignity is in his work, and I must concede I detected a certain brittleness and lack of dignity in most of the money-tree orchardists I observed. Yet one of the workless, who has remained unspoiled, almost restored my faith in my fellow man.

The saddest case of them all is Stirling Mess who, as his nickname might suggest, is an alky who used to be in the used car business. Stirling lost a flourishing used car yard to the spirits and the vino after his wife and only two children were killed in a road accident from which he emerged with minor injuries.

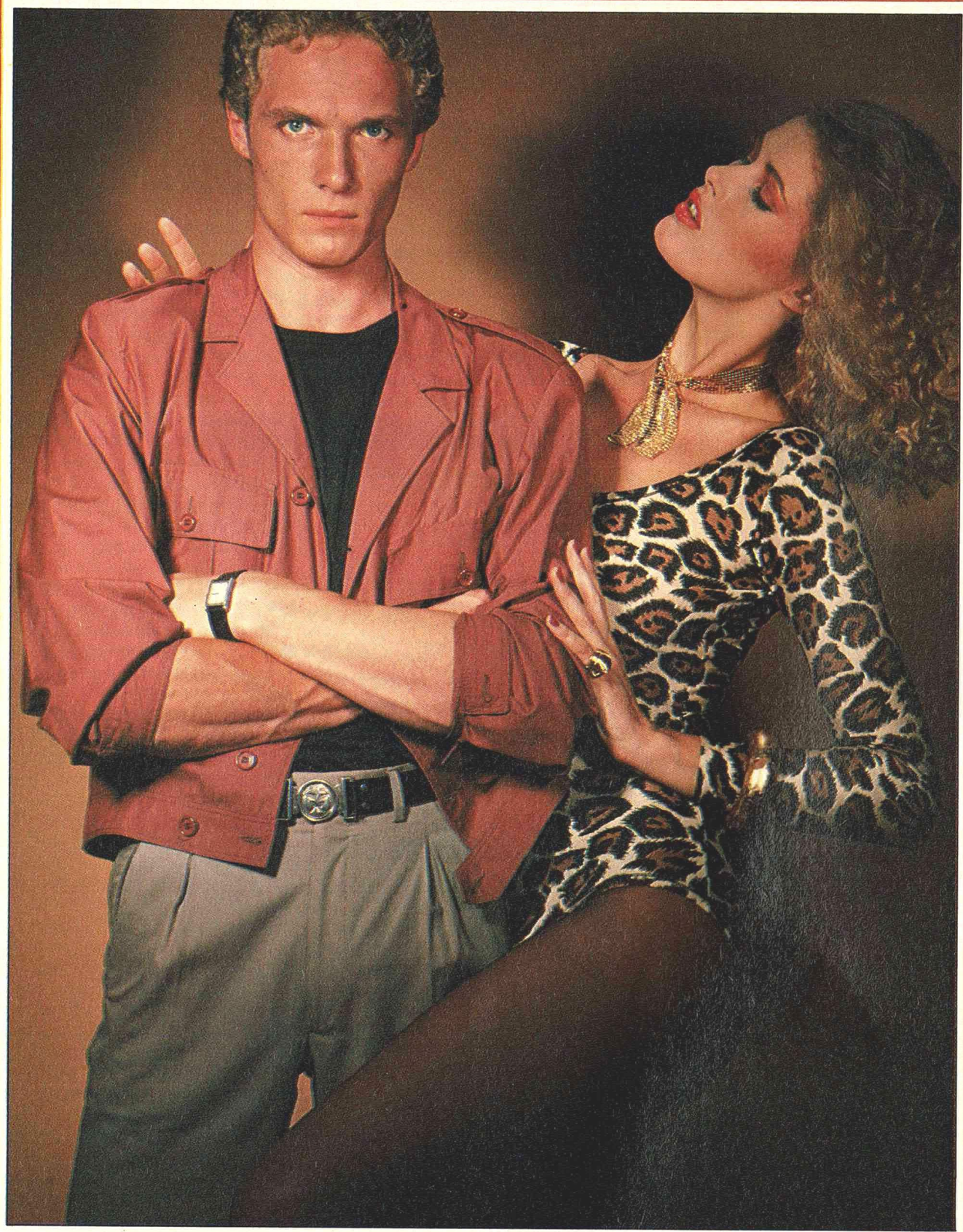
Despite his four years on the bottle, Stirling retains a loose connection with the car industry which returns him something in the vicinity of \$300 to \$400 in a week. If you want a reliable car at a very reasonable price, Stirling can arrange for you to attend auctions which are generally restricted to the trade. The big advantage is that the mechanical reports are most reliable, and a buyers' ring operates to depress prices.

Half a dozen of Stirling's former colleagues, who realise it is his only means of income, co-operate at a going rate of \$100 per car, half of which is put back Stirling's way. His main customers are the mates of satisfied clients, or the clients themselves who have flogged their auction purchases at a pleasing profit, and are lining up for another bargain.

The problem is that Stirling's only reasonably coherent consulting times are shortly after 10am and shortly after 6pm. At 10 each morning he transfers, still reasonably sober, from the early opener to a pub with conventional trading hours. By noon he is just about flakers, and staggers away to sleep it off. He re-emerges at six and drinks on until stumps, then again crashes to dream of breakfast from a shaky glass at 6.30 next morning.

Although Stirling Mess is going downhill, he is doing it with distinction. When Stirling drinks, his cronies drink. And never, while he has money in his pocket, will he see a fellow derro go without a feed, even though he himself could be hospitalised any day for malnutrition.

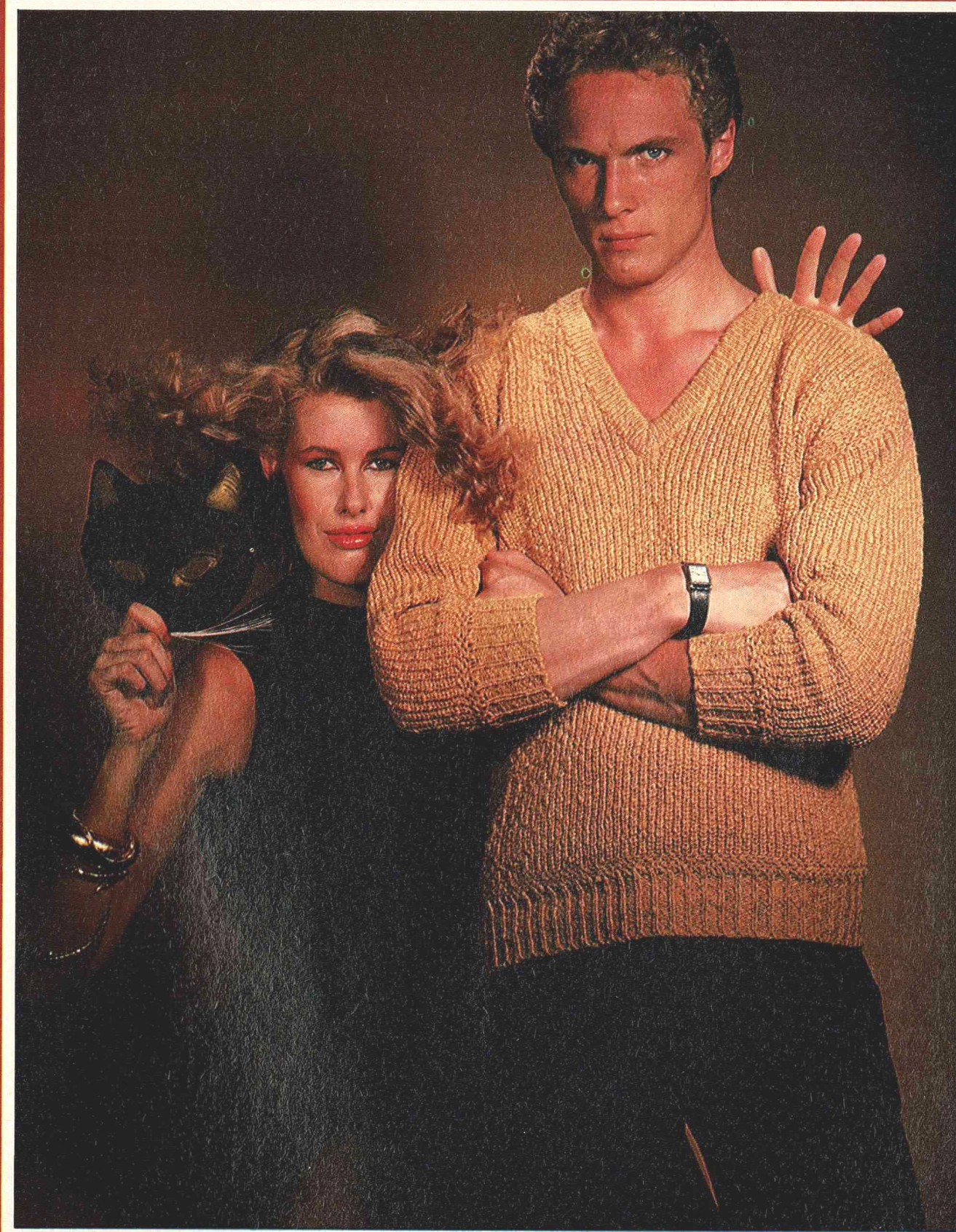
There is nothing phony about Stirling. He is a self-confessed drunk who shares his worldly wealth with his peers. And in my book, he is easily the most noble non-worker of them all. ☐



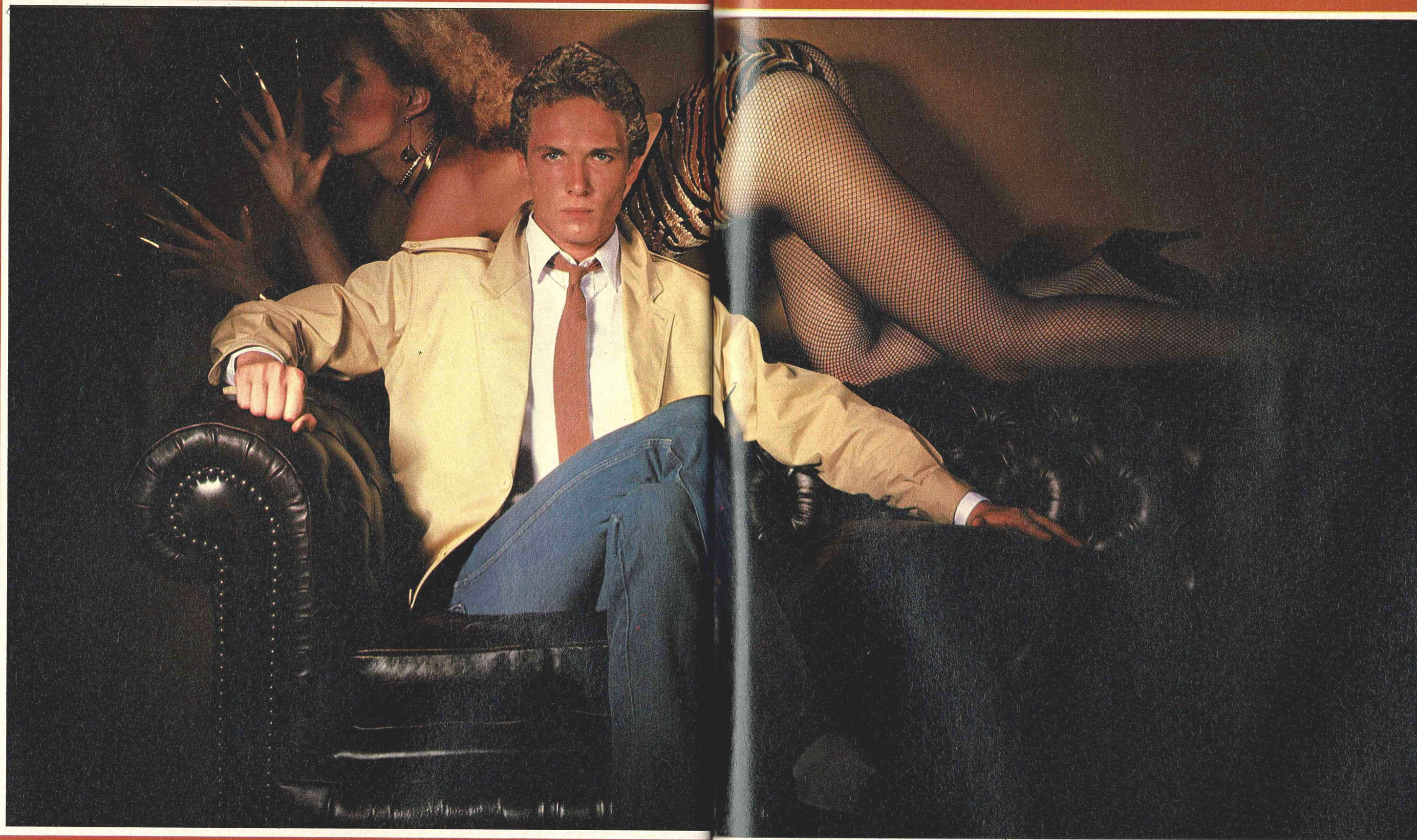
How to look sheik this
autumn in natural desert colors.

DESERT SONG

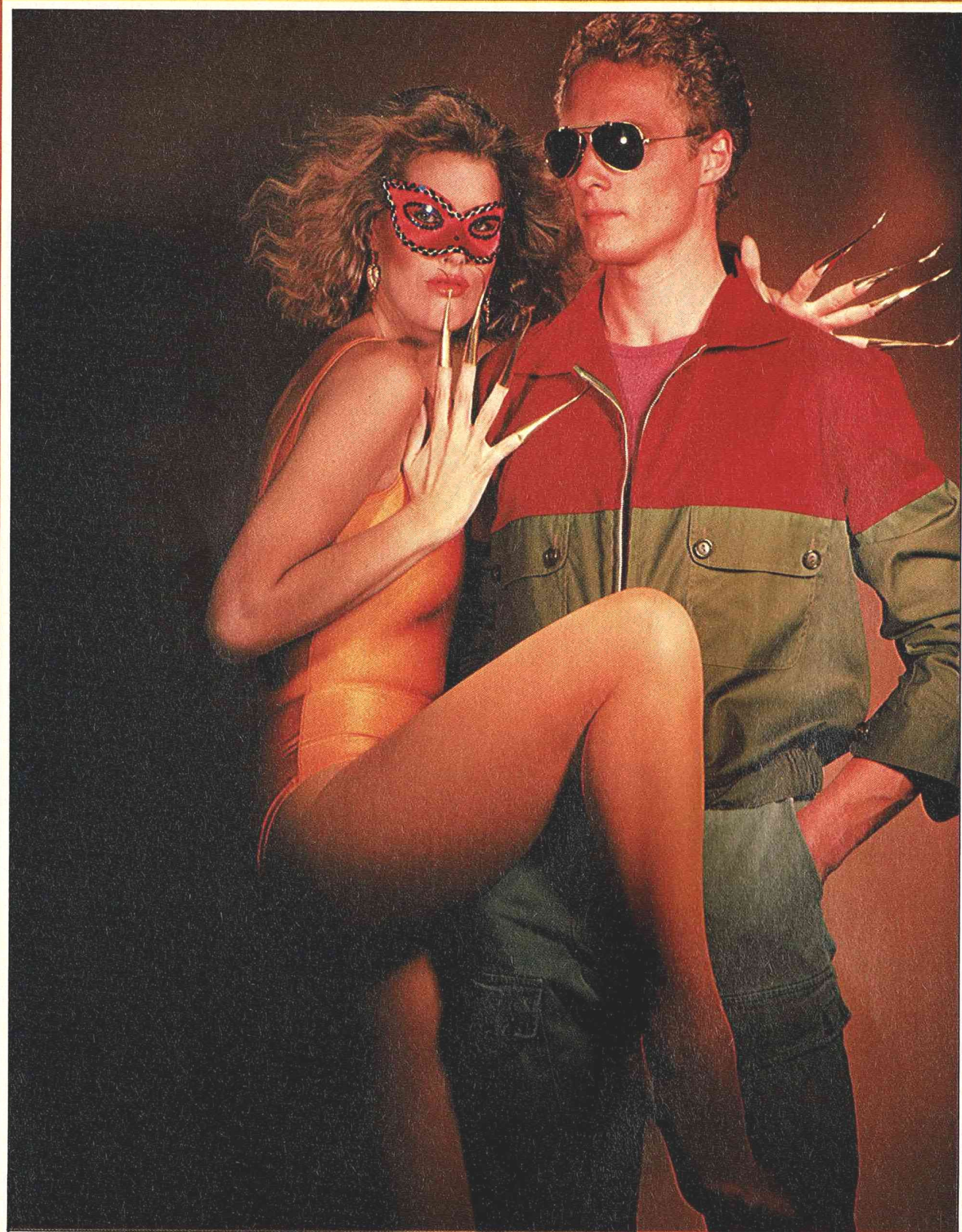
PHOTOGRAPHY BY WENDY ADNAM



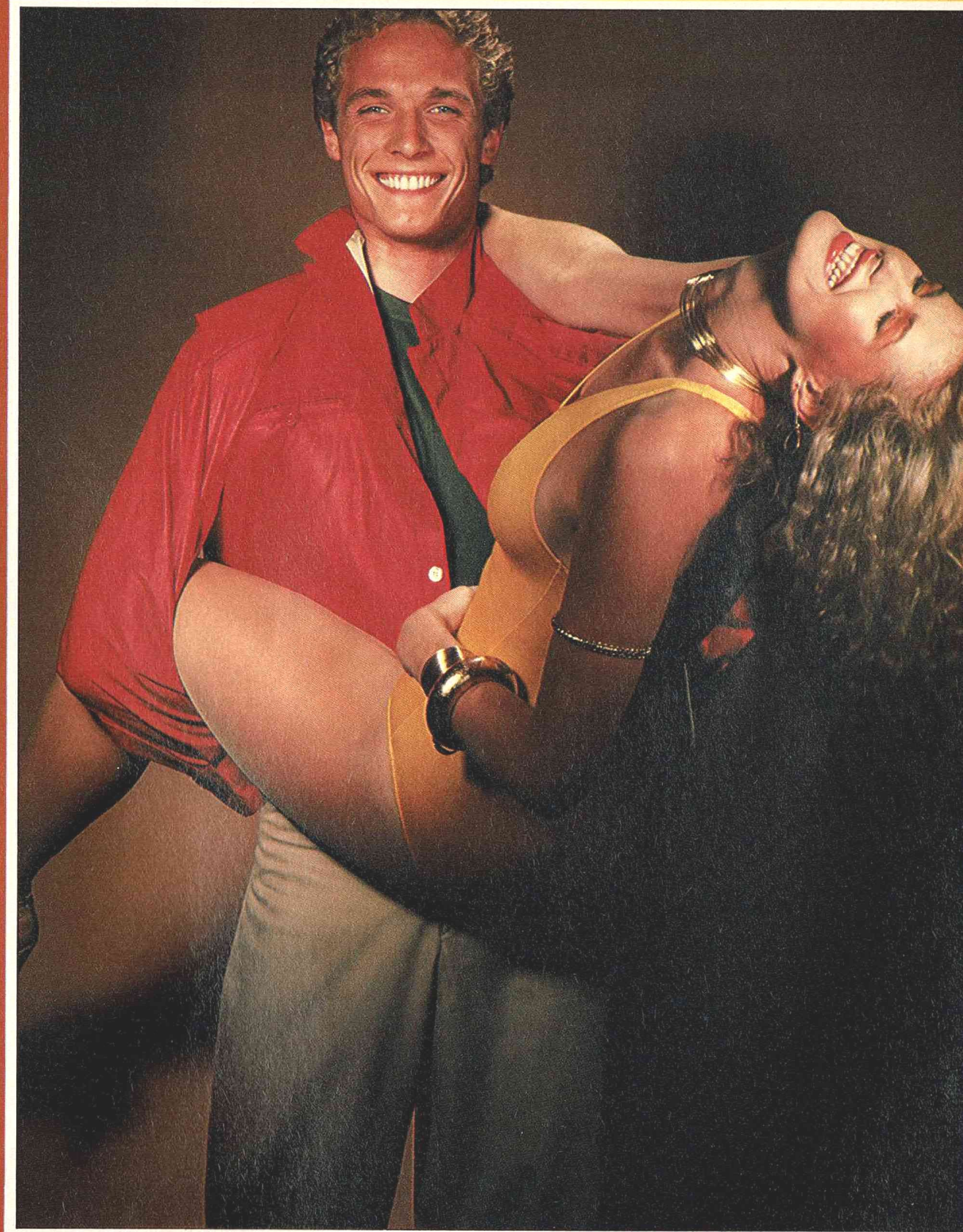
Left: His tan cotton bomber jacket by Christian Aujard, \$295; black cotton T-shirt by Sabre, \$22; grey cotton trousers by Redaelli, \$120. All available from Five Way Fusion, Sydney. Her leopard print body suit, \$50, from Joan Barrie, Sydney. Above: His handloom linen and cotton knit sweater by Carbery, \$120; Christian Aujard trousers in pure cotton, \$125. Both from Five Way Fusion. Her black lycra body suit, \$50, cat mask, \$6.50, from Joan Barrie, Sydney, and gold accessories by Rosie Nice, Sydney.



His bomber jacket in pure cotton styled by Jonothon Shelley, \$196; pure cotton shirt by Carel, \$49; silk and linen mix tie, \$15. All available from Shelley Les Modes, Sydney. Her zebra body stocking, about \$50, from Joan Barrie.



His army-style jacket in pure cotton, \$75; burgundy cotton T-shirt, \$22; fatigue trousers, \$48.50. This outfit is available from L'Uomo, Sydney. Her red cat's eye mask, \$4.50, and gold body suit, \$30, from Joan Barrie, Sydney.



His green pure cotton T-shirt by Bonds, \$6; cotton workman trousers by Yakka, \$35. Both are available from department stores and most men's stores. Her outfit by Joan Barrie and accessories by Rosie Nice. Prices are approximate. 

Stylist, Elizabeth Hearn; hair, Stephen Gould; make-up, Alan Diekmann.

Some business class fares are more businesslike than others.

Airline	Class	One-way Fare to London		
		SYDNEY/MELBOURNE	BRISBANE	PERTH
British Airways	Club	\$1121	\$1121	\$1066
Lufthansa	Business	\$1505	No flight.	No flight.
Singapore Airlines	Executive Zone	\$1505	No flight.	\$1391
Pan Am	Clipper	\$1557	No flight.	No flight.
Qantas	Business	\$1806	\$1778	\$1670

FARES APPLICABLE AS OF NOVEMBER 1, 1980



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BAA89 FCB

Illustration by Tony Edwards

VERONICA
AND
THE CROCODILES
SCENE 22 TAKE 11

Every business has its back door, and in Hollywood that means B movies.

BAD GIRLS

BY MICHAEL GOODWIN

Exploitation movies — the back door to Hollywood. Low budgets, lurid titles, unknown actors, all the tits, arse, and violence an R rating will allow. Major studios don't take them seriously, critics make fun of them, agents think exploitation credits are worse than no credits at all, they're shot fast, cheap and sloppy. But they're also where the action is, the closest thing to an "underground" in

Hollywood, a secret cinema where young writer/directors work with imagination instead of money. They are today's B movies, the last bastion of vitality in the American film industry. Movies like *The She Gods of Shark Reef*, *Sister of Satan*, *Werewolves on Wheels*, *Women in Cages*, *Truck Stop Women*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Death Race 2000*, *Grand Theft Auto* and

Frankencar. The titles promise sex, violence, novelty, action. Hollywood movies have always promised these things, and audiences have always paid for them. The difference between big-time, big-budget Hollywood films and exploitation pictures is that exploitation pictures deliver.

They are not hard-core pornography. Exploitation pictures are aimed at a mass audience, and an X rating limits the market. Sex is still the hook, but audiences (mostly young and working class) don't want fuck shots. So the films are shot "hard R"—allowing lots of nudity and sexy newspaper ads but still permitting showings in family theatres and drive-ins.

One thing that makes exploitation films of special interest is that the best of them are based on shared fantasies. Crafted like dreams, they overflow with perverse sexuality, surreal violence, absurd comedy, and wave after wave of emotion. They spring, in large part, from the collective unconscious, and they reflect true American mythology.

Women catch the worst of it; most exploitation films resemble a sexual *Perils of Pauline*. Rape is ambient, sex is common coin, and hitchhiking women get hands up their skirts every time. Cops sit in their squad cars, reading *Beaver* magazine, and their response to female speeders is "I'm gonna get me some poontang!" Women's blouses, dresses, and underwear are ripped off at the slightest provocation.

Perhaps in direct response, the women in exploitation films frequently kick right back. Sexual assault on men, by women, is not unheard of; in fact, there's a scene in *The Big Bird Cage* in which a female prisoner pulls a knife on a guard and orders, "Get it up, or I'll cut it off!" Before a fight a black woman hides a double-edge razor in her natural. Another woman delays a man who's about to kill her by offering him a fast screw and then stabs him in the eye with a hairpin.

Most of the women who play in exploitation films are bad actresses with big tits, but once in a very long time another kind of woman appears. Not only is she beautiful, not only is she a decent actress, but she has the power to enter into the dream and bend it to her own measure. Sometimes she can do it only once. Now and then she walks into street mythology. Very rarely she becomes a B Queen.

These women who can transform dreams and give them back are high priestesses of a sort, holy temple prostitutes, whose intricate masks reflect sex as we truly see it, power as we fear and desire it; terror, passion, death forever. And also love. They work

closer to witchcraft than they know, and they pay a high price for their art. It's tricky living other people's dreams. Ask Marilyn.

I wanted to write about four high priestesses, but one of them, Pam Grier, wouldn't talk to me—or so her agent said. Word has it that she's moving uptown. A shame. She's Kali, the dark Indian goddess of death, if only she knew it. Also, I think she holds the record for getting her clothes torn off the most times in a single movie.

Here are three Queens of the B's, three American dreams.

MARTINE BESWICKE: QUEEN OF EVIL

In a hot tub, back-lit with red spots under a cold, black sky, a nude couple are kissing passionately. But the water is very hot, and the girl (long, blonde hair, lovely breasts) keeps pop-

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ping out of the water to sit on the edge of the tub, steam rising from her skin into the night air. Inspired, her partner tongues in between her steaming thighs, his fingers teasing her nipples. She moans happily, arching her back.

"This is getting better," notes the second unit director, waving his cameraman in for a close-up. "Let's bring in some more couples."

Around the poolside, gorgeous young women dressed variously in high heels, ankle chains, skintight pants, and pyjama tops start taking off all their clothes. One of them, a cool blonde, shrugs reluctantly out of a fur jacket, revealing stiff nipples. "How is it?" she asks anyone.

"I'm freezing my tits off," answers a naked girl swimmer from mid-pool, but nude couples slide into the blue, back-lit water anyway.

Meanwhile, back in the hot tub, the guy is on the edge of the tub, and his lady friend has her head between his legs. The guy glances sideways at the camera crew, busily reloading the hand-held camera. "If all you people

would go away, I could be having fun," he says with a grin.

Inside the house Martine Beswicke keeps her back to the aquatic orgy just outside the large picture window. Her raven-black hair is cut in a shaggy mane that just kisses her shoulders. Her face is exquisite, with big, brown eyes, an upturned nose and a smile as dazzling as direct sunlight. She's between scenes, dressed in fur coat, striped socks, and silver sandals—and she's 10 times sexier, fully dressed and in her late thirties, than the naughtiest nymphet in the pool.

Finally she has to look. Not 10 feet from the window, two busty young women are going at it, all tongues and thighs and heavy breathing. "Oh, God, I don't believe this," mutters Martine in a low-pitched, Bette Davis drawl, heavy on the italics, and with a hint of a British accent. "This isn't our movie. They're running numbers on me again. We're supposed to be making a light, sexy comedy, and they're trying to turn it into a *porno* flick! They keep asking for more sex. I even gave them a climax that wasn't in the script. At one point they wanted me to go up to some guy and grab his balls! That's *crass*!"

Sure, this is the *The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood*, and yes, Martine signed up to star as Xaviera Hollander, and no, it's not as if she never did a sexy movie before or never took off her clothes in front of a camera. But she signed up for an R, not an X, and even though she doesn't mind playing a hooker, she's beginning to think that some people are treating her like one. She's no starlet; she's a Bond Girl, a Hammer Woman, the Queen of Evil in a whip and a fur bikini. She's a star.

Do you remember two under-dressed gypsy girls who threw a wrestling match in *From Russia with Love*? One of them was Martine, a 22-year-old model, fresh out of Jamaica, in her first film role. She went on to play a lusty Bahamian agent in *Thunderball*, and Raquel Welch's rival cavegirl in Hammer Films' *One Million Years B.C.* But it wasn't until 1967, when she starred in *Prehistoric Women*, that her true screen persona emerged.

Originally titled "Slave Girls of the White Rhinoceros", *Prehistoric Women* is, by Martine's own admission, probably the silliest film ever made. ("We giggled a lot on the set," she recalls.) At the time Hammer's stock in trade was tits, arse, and subliminal S&M—plus Christopher Lee for the Dracula flicks—but they pulled out all the stops for *Prehistoric Women*.

"A Kingdom of Women Where Men Are Chained and Tortured as Slaves!" sniggered the catchline on the

posters, and that's pretty close. The film involves a white hunter who finds himself in a mysterious jungle populated by tough, decorative brunettes who keep men and beautiful blonde girls in sexual slavery; it's completely terrible, except for Martine. She plays the luscious brunette queen, vamping her way through the film in a fur bikini and a bone head-dress, snapping her whip, and fondling every phallic object in sight.

She has the hots for the hunter, of course, but he turns her down because she's been mean to his blonde sweetie; so she locks him in a cave. But when Blondie begs him to play along with Martine so he can spy for the revolution, he returns meekly to the queen's chamber, where he finds her in a prehistoric bubble bath, heaping suds over her breasts.

"On my terms?" she demands.

"Yes," he murmurs.

"You will run my household? Look after my clothing? Mix my perfume?"

"Yes."

"Fetch me my robe!" she orders. He turns slowly. "Why do you hesitate?" she snarls. "Every command must be obeyed at once." He gets the robe, and she slips it on. "Come!" she snaps and pulls him. He falls on to the bed. Fadeout.

It's just a silly S&M scene, but on one level Martine is dead serious, and the scene crackles with sexual energy. "Being evil was fun," she recalls. "There was a lot of anger inside me, especially toward men. I was living out some of my deepest-rooted fantasies about love, sex, power—and I loved it. People reacted ... differently to me after that film."

If she had never made another movie, Martine's legend could probably stand on that scene alone—but it doesn't have to. In 1972 she made *Dr Jekyll and Sister Hyde* for Hammer, a stylish, sexually ambiguous horror film that secured her place in the B-queen pantheon forever. It's a good gimmick: instead of turning into the brutish Mr Hyde, nice Dr Jekyll finds himself transformed into a lovely, sexually demanding woman—Martine. The film's sexual electricity springs from the fact that Jekyll (who doesn't care that much about the ladies anyway) adores being a girl and will do anything, even kill, to keep from changing back.

There are several sizzling transformation scenes in which Martine dances before a mirror, gazing raptly at her bare breasts and hugging herself in ecstasy, but the best scene comes late on, when Professor Robertson invites Sister Hyde to his chambers to impart grave suspicions.

"Your brother—" he begins.

"Forget him," breathes Sis over a glass of brandy.

"I can't. You've heard of the Whitechapel murders?" Behind him, Sis unbuttons her bodice and lets her dress slip to the floor. "I am convinced that your brother is the man who—"

He turns and discovers Martine, looking delectable in corset and complicated underwear. She dips her finger into the brandy and licks it. "We can talk later ... Professor."

Helplessly, Robertson sweeps her into his arms. Eyes closed in ecstasy, she pulls a knife and kills him.

She went on to appear in Oliver Stone's *Seizure* as the Queen of Evil, a terrifying seductress who, by the mere act of sleeping with the hero, scares him into a fatal heart attack. She could have gone on to better roles in bigger pictures. Instead she ran away; she spent the next two years in Italy.

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Something was going wrong, something to do, perhaps, with the inner forces she had been fooling with; screen magic has a price. "It's almost as if the sexuality I used as a power weapon kept coming back and smacking me in the face like a dead fish," she admits. "I was making films in Italy, but the situation was terrible. I'd go out to buy a loaf of bread, and men would grab me. Boys would throw peas at my tits, at my arse. I had terrible dreams—sexuality, chauvinism, degradation. The only people I could trust were my lovers, and I couldn't really trust them."

Desperate and scared, she returned to the States in the late 1970s to pull her career together. She scored a few television guest star roles, but the parts got smaller and smaller, there were fights over her hair and her accent, and suddenly it wasn't fun any more. Then *The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood* came along.

Does it bother Martine to be doing cheap sex comedies at this stage of her career? "Look, I'll probably keep

making B films for the rest of my life," she says, "but somewhere I'm going to cut through all the bullshit and touch people. I know my fans are out there, and they really appreciate me. There's something about horror fans—some kind of innocent reverence. So, no, I don't feel weirded out by it all."

"Martine on set!" calls the assistant director, and she gives a little wiggle.

"Shake that money-maker," a tech says, smiling.

"Which one?" she grins, grabbing her arse and rocking her hips lewdly. She falls silent for a moment, looking at nothing in particular. Then she murmurs, "Everyt'ing all right," in lilting Jamaican dialect, to herself and glides toward the camera.

MARY WORONOV: BACK DOOR WOMAN

There's a fairytale by Hans Christian Andersen about a little mermaid who fell in love with a sailor. She loved him so much, in fact, that she decided to go ashore, find him and live with him as a human being for the rest of her life. Naturally, she would need feet for such a project. She searched high and low, and finally she found a deep sea magician with a potion. But there was a price. There usually is. Every step on her new feet would feel like walking on sharp knives.

She meets me at the door, smiling, and there's no whip, no leather. I hadn't really expected a whip, but one never knows. She's six feet tall, she moves with a dancer's grace and she's very beautiful. She has clear blue eyes, and brown hair cascades down her shoulders.

In 1965 she was Andy Warhol's imperious, walking wet-dream in tight black leather and a wicked snarl—the stunning sadist of *Chelsea Girls*, the dominating dyke of the New York's legendary Theatre of the Ridiculous. These days she makes exploitation pictures in Hollywood—not so big a change as you might think. She's married, she lives in an elegant house in the Hollywood suburbs, and she wipes her feet on the doormat before entering her house. I think she walks on knives every second, like the mermaid.

"I've never been a dyke," says Mary Woronov. "Being a dyke is a one-way street, and I've got much more to offer than that. Basically, though, I don't think people should worry about that sort of stuff. Masculine and feminine games are weird, but since I got married, I'm beginning to get used to them. There's something about playing a traditional sexual role that's like participating in a cultural event—it's comforting, it's reassuring."

She wasn't comforting in 1965. She

was Mary Might (nickname courtesy of Andy), queen of the underground. "Gerard Malanga, Warhol's 'assistant,' bought me a pair of skintight black leather pants, and three whips—two of which are now with my mother in Florida." (One hesitates to ask about whip number three.) "I never hurt anyone with the whips. They were just things to dance with, like boas."

She played a merciless department store detective in Warhol's *Hedy*, and she was mean Hanoi Hannah in the classic *Chelsea Girls*, sharing the screen with superstar Ondine. "Ondine and I made a perfect team," she recalls, smiling fondly. "He was crashingly gay and yet masculine; I was very masculine and yet a woman." She played the seductively dominating mother in Ronald Tavel's *Kitchenette* at the Theatre of the Ridiculous; she appeared as the Amphetamine Queen in *Vinyl*; and she was the Empress of the Universe, no less in *Conquest of the Universe*.

She was an archetypal fantasy, playing sexual hide-and-seek inside her sadistic dykey persona—flirting with the role, contradicting it. Cruelty was her stock in trade, but despite her sharp tongue and sarcastic delivery, she had a secret—a soft vulnerability at the centre of that glorious form.

Then it was over. Warhol got himself shot, went commercial, and the underground went up for sale. So Mary made *Sugar Cookies* for Ted Gershuny—90 minutes of luscious lesbian seduction, thinly disguised as a thriller. Mary was breathtaking as a dominant casting director, drawing a lovely actress into a sexual liaison with delicious, tantalising slowness. And with plenty of scenes like the one where Mary undresses her actress, caresses her intimately with a pistol, and whispers, "The more you submit, the more you show your love," it was pure Woronov, perverse and exciting.

After a disappointing run on the porno circuit, *Sugar Cookies* disappeared without a trace, and Mary moved to Hollywood. If she couldn't be queen of the underground any more, she would be queen of the B movies. "I never minded slums, I never minded fags, I never minded the back door. It looked like the front door to me, and I'll tell you something: it still does."

Exploitation movies—the back door to Hollywood indeed. Many of the best exploitation filmmakers had been "underground" themselves once, and Mary found herself in some of the most important B pictures of the past five years. She was Calamity Jane Kelly, a ruthless race driver in *Death Race 2000*, Paul Bartel's marvellous tongue-in-cheek science-fiction thriller in which drivers score points by killing

pedestrians. She was the leader of (what else?) the All Girl Team in *Can-Nonball*, sort of a sequel.

And she was reigning exploitation star Mary McQueen in *Hollywood Boulevard*, directed by Joe Dante and Alan Arkush, an ultrahip satire on the exploitation business itself. Mary played it flat-out camp: half Norma Desmond (from *Sunset Boulevard*), half Edie Williams. Whether she was screaming, "Blow it out your arse!" at a silly director who questions her "dedication" or taunting a starlet she's about to kill, she was delicious. Still the purest moment was wordless: Mary, legs apart, wearing just a thigh-high safari jacket, shooting twin pistols into the camera, smiling like a little girl at a picnic. That's my Mary.

She wore a translucent white blouse with the top three buttons open and

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big, funky brown pants. She caught me looking and said, "They're, uh, three dollar used pants. Aren't they horrible? I love these pants. They're tough, man. They're the tits. My husband hates 'em." We didn't mention her husband after that. She opened a bottle of wine, and we talked about art, theatre, ritual cruelty, Warhol, temple prostitutes. I was in heaven.

Whips: "I never played anything that wasn't sexual, but a lot of what I did was theatre."

Fags: "I was never a fag-hag, which is a woman who pretends to be a fag's wife. I did a brother-sister act with fags, which is different. All the people who have *done* stuff in my life have been gay."

Sadomasochism: "The master is the servant. It's a ritualisation of this stuff that's inside everyone, and it's a lot better than the Vietnam War. Vietnam happened because we wouldn't admit the truth about the blackness in us."

Art history: "When I did *Chelsea Girls*, I was a stone queen—I had no sex whatsoever. Which was probably

just as well; the Factory was very big on victim-predator relationships, and people died."

Mary Woronov: "I have a goddess tendency. Give me a small rock, and I'll stand on it and be a small goddess."

Another bottle added itself to the afternoon, and as we talked, she began to seem sad, conflicted. She felt her career was at a standstill, and in a sense it's true; there aren't many parts for six-foot-tall goddesses in Hollywood. She showed me her paintings ("I was always an artist; the rest of my life is a joke") and toward the end of bottle two we looked at photographs of her, in some of which she appeared without clothes.

On the spur of the moment she decided to call Ondine in New York. Maybe talking about the underground days had made her nostalgic. She waited a moment for the call to go through, and then she screamed: "Ondine, oh, my Lord, Ondine, it's you! Michael, get on the other extension, it's Ondine!" Her eyes were ecstatic; she was standing on one foot with the other bent up behind at the knee.

"Is Billy Linick still alive?" she asked. "What book did you hand to him when he was locked up in the wall? *Esoteric Astrology*? What is Jack Smith doing? Redecorating his apartment? That's all he ever does. Oh, I love you, Ondine! Me? I'm married. I go downtown and paint. No, there's nothing for me to do, Ondine. I'm stuck here. I'll be here a long time. I married a businessman, and he likes the house. I ended up in the suburbs, Ondine. Listen, if you came out, maybe we could do *Kitchenette* together. I'm so alone, Ondine..."

BARBARA STEELE: MAKING LOVE TO DEATH

"Tonight you won't be so lonely," she whispers to a young journalist spending the night in an abandoned castle—and late that night she comes to him, and they make love. Afterward, he puts his head lovingly against her breast. "Funny," he says, "I can't hear your heart." "That's right, Allen," she replies. "My heart isn't beating. I'm dead, Allen, dead!"

The Mask of Satan, a heavy metal mask with great sharp spikes on the inside, is placed against her face. Guttering torches smoke into the midnight wind as the villagers draw back a giant wooden hammer. She screams in terror, and the hammer swings, smashing the mask on to her face.

She reaches behind her neck and opens the catch on her gold cross, slipping it off with dreamlike slowness as if undressing before her lover. She turns her face down demurely, but her eyes flash up with sullen sexuality.

Her coffin explodes. Half-naked, she looks around and spots the man who accidentally brought her back to life. "Oh, you're here again," she whispers. "I need you again." She stretches her arms luxuriously. "Embrace me: You will die, but I will give you pleasure mortals can never know."

"I'm sorry I was so cold and nasty on the phone," she said. "I thought you were this fan. I have creepy fans. They track me down somehow and call up and want pictures. People who are into horror movies are tremendously loyal, and I'm grateful, but it's scary and... It's spooked me, actually. I started out playing this woman from the deep, this predatory woman of death, and I went on doing it... forever. It's become a self-fulfilling prophecy."

It was a neat, white apartment house on a wide, tree-lined street in Beverly Hills. Barbara Steele wore a white silk dress with skimpy shoulder straps, and the ends of her long, black hair curled in the summer heat. She had beautiful green eyes like a cat, eloquent eyebrows, and a sensuous mouth with a hint of cruelty. She seemed tremendously sophisticated and a little scared. She poured wine into large glasses.

"We screened *Pit and the Pendulum* last night," I said.

"Oh, no," she groaned.

"You were great."

"I had such a small part," she said. "I was just a tiny grain of sand in those days. Now, I'm a tiny piece of rock." She saw me writing. "That's an awful quote; don't you dare use it!" Her voice was cool, British, full of amusement.

In 1961, Louella Parsons tagged her "Girl of the Thrillers". Somewhat later *Cinema* magazine spoke of her "elegance", "eroticism", and "voluptuous sadism". British critic Raymond Durgnat described her as "bland on top and very, very kinky below," adding, "She is the only girl in films whose eyelids can snarl."

Born in Ireland, brought up in England (where she attended Summerhill, the famous experimental school), Barbara has been making films since 1958—including featured performances in "serious" films like Fellini's *8½* and Volker Schlöndorff's *Young Torless*. But the Cult of Barbara Steele is based on a series of cheap (mostly Italian) horror films made during the 1960s—*Black Sunday*, *Castle of Blood*, *The She Beast* (AKA *Sister of Satan*), *The Horrible Secret of Dr Hitchcock*, *Pit and the Pendulum*, and many more.

She didn't care for them very much. "A lot of the Italian B movies... one isn't proud of. They're terribly simplistic, the directors usually want

an excessive performance, and it's too easy to fall into *Grand Guignol*. But they were enjoyable—six fabulous weeks in some peculiar castle. Actually, I should say three weeks, because nothing ever had a schedule as long as six..."

If the films were simplistic (and the point is arguable), Barbara was not; her screen presence was complicated and disturbingly sexual. She seemed to have found a place inside herself where death, sex, and terror informed one another, and there was energy there for the camera. Her witches and vampires were both attractive and intelligent—which made them utterly frightening. Most important, the camera loved her. Directors learned to light her face from below, turning her eyes and cheekbones magical. Her dark beauty transformed potboilers into cult classics. She was legendary,

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"This wine is awful," she said. "You hate this wine, don't you?"

"Uh, it's not great wine but it's okay."

"You're lying," she said firmly. "You hate it; it tastes like vinegar. I've just drunk half a glass of vinegar. It's cheap wine. I picked it up at the supermarket this morning. Come on in my kitchen. I'll make us gin and tonics."

While she mixed the drinks, I asked her how she felt about horror films. "I can't look at them," she replied. "I'm too superstitious. People always expect me to understand all about the genre, and I don't know anything. It's such a dark area that I can't bear it. When I do those films, I feel like I'm committing something against myself."

Did she think there was a connection between sex and death? Her eyes widened. "Do you know I had a dream, once, when I was very young, that I seduced Death?" she says. "I was 16, in Corsica, and Death was chasing me.

I was terrified, but I knew that the only way I could survive was to make love to Death."

She sipped her gin and tonic. "This gin is horrible!" she exclaimed. "I just bought it—"

"I know, at the supermarket. Look, it's fine—"

"No," she said, her eyes laughing at some inner joke. "You're lying. I wonder what this stuff will do to us."

"Probably make us drunk."

"No," she said, "because I'm not drinking it." But she did drink it, and so did I, and it made us drunk.

"It's very difficult for me to get work here," she said. "I don't know if people are threatened by me or whether there just aren't that many parts suited for me or what. In Europe you know the directors and you get parts. Here you have to do interviews and readings, and you're always on the defensive. I mean 14 other people are up for the same role. It's horrible."

"But you just did *Pretty Baby*..."

"A tiny part!"

"And *Piranha*..."

"I don't think I socialise enough. I don't know what I don't do enough. It's very difficult living in Los Angeles, because you hear all this Werner Erhardt filter-down nonsense about, 'Your life is what you make it.' And you think, 'Oh, am I really responsible for this state of affairs?' I worry a lot about not making films, but it's just as important for me to spend half a year in Greece, wandering around some odd village with five goats, as it is to make a movie."

It was one in the morning. Barbara was reclining luxuriously on a white couch, playing with her black cat. It was an image from a classic horror film—directed by Franju or Feuillade. "I'd like to put gold earrings in this cat's ears," she said, flashing a wicked smile. "No good in fights, but they would be beautiful. Little gold earrings..."

"Why do you always groan when people say they've seen one of your films? I'd think you would be proud."

The night was cooling off, and she looked enchanting, but her eyes held something odd. Anguish? "You don't understand," she said. "I'm always playing these stylised roles, full of tension, and I *am* very intense, and I understand why I get cast in them. But most of these roles are very negative, destructive and negative. I've had to force myself to play them and people see me as... I'm not just this predatory woman, this dark seductress. I can sit down and have a cup of tea on Tuesday and pick a bunch of wild flowers like anyone else..."

Driving home, I felt I'd abandoned her to the night, the demons. 

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Twenty-five questions to
test your bargaining powers.

Life is one long negotiation. We start out as mewling, puking babes (to borrow Mr Shakespeare's words) and quickly learn that we can barter gurgles and giggles for attention and affection. From then on — day and night, year in and year out — we engage in numberless bargaining sessions. We try to get teachers to give us better grades, bosses to give us more money, clients to give us their business, women to give us their love.

We negotiate for everything from used cars to ego reinforcements. Some of these negotiations are clear-cut, with relatively firm ground rules. Other negotiations are so amorphous they often pass unnoticed.

This psychograph will measure how well you're doing at the bargaining table of life. Your answers can suggest whether you're more likely to win or lose the daily negotiations that have such profound effects on our lives.

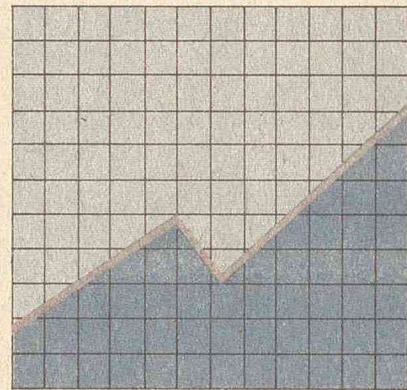
To come up with questions that will distinguish the good negotiator from the bad, we reviewed the work of both the academic researchers in this field and the professional negotiators who spend their working days at bargaining tables in smoke-filled rooms.

If you're like most of us, you've probably never been involved in formal business negotiations. Don't let that intimidate you. You're as likely to score high on this psychograph as the professionals are. In fact, you may do better. In studying one long, drawn-out industrial negotiation, for example, the researchers found that, even after seven months of wrangling, neither side had the vaguest idea which issues its opponent considered most important. And in another experiment, researchers found that unskilled negotiators with very high aspirations consistently beat highly trained negotiators with lower aspiration levels. So much for the value of professional experience.

Answer the questions quickly and honestly. Some of them require that you make objective assessments of yourself. Try to see yourself as others see you. That's the first step to being a successful negotiator.

1. Do you have trouble keeping secrets?
(a) yes
(b) no
2. Do you find that you often have

ARE YOU A GOOD NEGOTIATOR?



aches and tiredness in your shoulders and neck?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

3. With which of these statements would you be more likely to agree?

- (a) people should keep their problems to themselves; I hate listening to people talk about their troubles
- (b) I don't mind listening to people's problems; it may be tedious or boring at times, but you usually learn something

4. Think back to times when you've been listening carefully to what someone has been telling you. At such times in what position is your head most likely to be?

- (a) cocked to one side
- (b) straight, looking directly at the person speaking
- (c) bent slightly forward, looking at something other than the person speaking (your hands, notes in front of you, etc.)

5. Someone says to you, "I saw the new Woody Allen (Jane Fonda, Robert Redford, whatever) movie last night." You've been planning to see the same film. What would be your initial response to that statement?

- (a) "How did you like it? Was it any good?"

- (b) "I've been planning to see it myself."

6. An important negotiating meeting is coming up. It will take place in the afternoon. What kind of food should you have at lunch?

- (a) light food; food tends to dull the senses, and you don't want anything to drain your alertness
- (b) hearty food; you should go into a bargaining session with a full stomach since you'll need all the stamina you can get

7. Do you have a tendency to interrupt people?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

8. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "The business world is a jungle, and to succeed in it, you have to follow the law of the jungle: get the other guy before he gets you"?

- (a) agree
- (b) disagree

9. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this characterization: "I dislike considering alternatives — to me it's like settling for second best; If I can't get what I really want, I'd just as soon get nothing"?

- (a) I agree; that's like me
- (b) I disagree; I'm not like that

10. If someone informs you that something is "non negotiable," he most likely means:

- (a) precisely what he says; he won't compromise on that subject
- (b) the opposite of what he says; "non negotiable" demands are usually just smokescreens, and the guy is just trying to act tough to get a better deal out of you
- (c) that this is a very tender issue with him; you may get him to compromise on the issue, but you'd better approach it very carefully

11. Do you have a strong need to be right all the time?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

12. Which of the following statements more accurately reflects your view?

- (a) if we were more careful about dividing up life's resources (everything from money to happiness), everyone could be satisfied; there's enough of everything to go around; theoretically, at least, everybody can "win"
- (b) life is a "zero-sum" game — if one person wins, someone else has to lose; there just isn't enough of everything to go around

13. If you had to give an honest appraisal of yourself, would you say you're basically flexible or rigid?

- (a) flexible
- (b) rigid

14. When you're with people you know extremely well (lovers, spouses, children, parents, etc.), are you generally patient or impatient in your dealings with them?

- (a) patient
- (b) impatient

15. How do you feel about this statement: "The best time to win a negotiation is when your adrenalin is really pumping; that's when you're most alert and ready to go in for the kill"?

- (a) it's true
- (b) It's false

16. The best way to achieve success at negotiating is

- (a) to focus very closely on the task at hand and not worry about what your opponent's hidden motives may be
- (b) to figure out your opponent's motives before you do anything else

17. You'll usually come out better at the end of a negotiation if you

- (a) made high, hard demands at the beginning of it
- (b) made reasonable, not extravagant, demands right from the beginning

18. Which of these statements do you thing is more accurate?

- (a) it's important to make the first concession during a negotia-

tion; it gives you the upper hand and shows you're a reasonable person

- (b) it's not always important who makes the first concession, although often the "loser" of a negotiation is the one who made the first concession

19. Which of these approaches will give you a better chance of making a favorable deal?

- (a) you drag the negotiation out
- (b) you try to push the negotiation to a quick conclusion
- (c) neither of the above; the length of a negotiation has nothing to do with its eventual outcome

20. The best way to get the upper hand in a negotiation is to make the other person feel inferior.

- (a) true
- (b) false

21. Logic is the key to successful negotiation; if you can show the other person the logic of your position, you're more likely to win.

- (a) true
- (b) false

22. Having "facts" on your side is crucial to winning a negotiation. The person who can produce the most facts usually wins.

- (a) true
- (b) false

23. You've just started negotiating a big contract. You sense that you're going to achieve your objectives more easily than you thought. There isn't the resistance you expected. You should:

- (a) be happy and settle for your original objectives
- (b) raise your sights and go for a bigger payoff

24. The best negotiators tend to be

- (a) unpredictable; you never know what they're going to come up with next
- (b) regular and predictable

25. You've decided you're going to make a concession during a negotiation. You'll get most in return if you make the compromise

- (a) as conflict is about to erupt

- (b) at the height of conflict, when tempers are really flaring

- (c) after the conflict and impasse have dragged on a bit and the fires have begun to die down

SCORING

Here are the answers likely to be chosen by successful negotiators:

- | | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. b | 6. a | 11. b | 16. a | 21. b |
| 2. b | 7. b | 12. a | 17. a | 22. b |
| 3. b | 8. b | 13. a | 18. b | 23. a |
| 4. a | 9. b | 14. a | 19. a | 24. a |
| 5. a | 10. c | 15. b | 20. b | 25. c |

Score four points for each of your answers that agree with those above.

If you scored 80-100 points:

You are extremely sensitive to the world around you. You know when the time is ripe to push for what you want, and you usually get it. You know when to apply pressure and when to back off. You're the guy who keeps his head when all those around him are losing theirs. You see opportunities that others don't even realise exist.

52-76 points:

You're an above-average negotiator, winning more than your share of the daily bargaining sessions that life confronts you with. However, you have a tendency to blow the more subtle negotiations. You're the type of guy, for instance, who may be a shrewd bargainer in the business world where the rules of the game are clear, but you may have trouble in the more nebulous area of interpersonal relations.

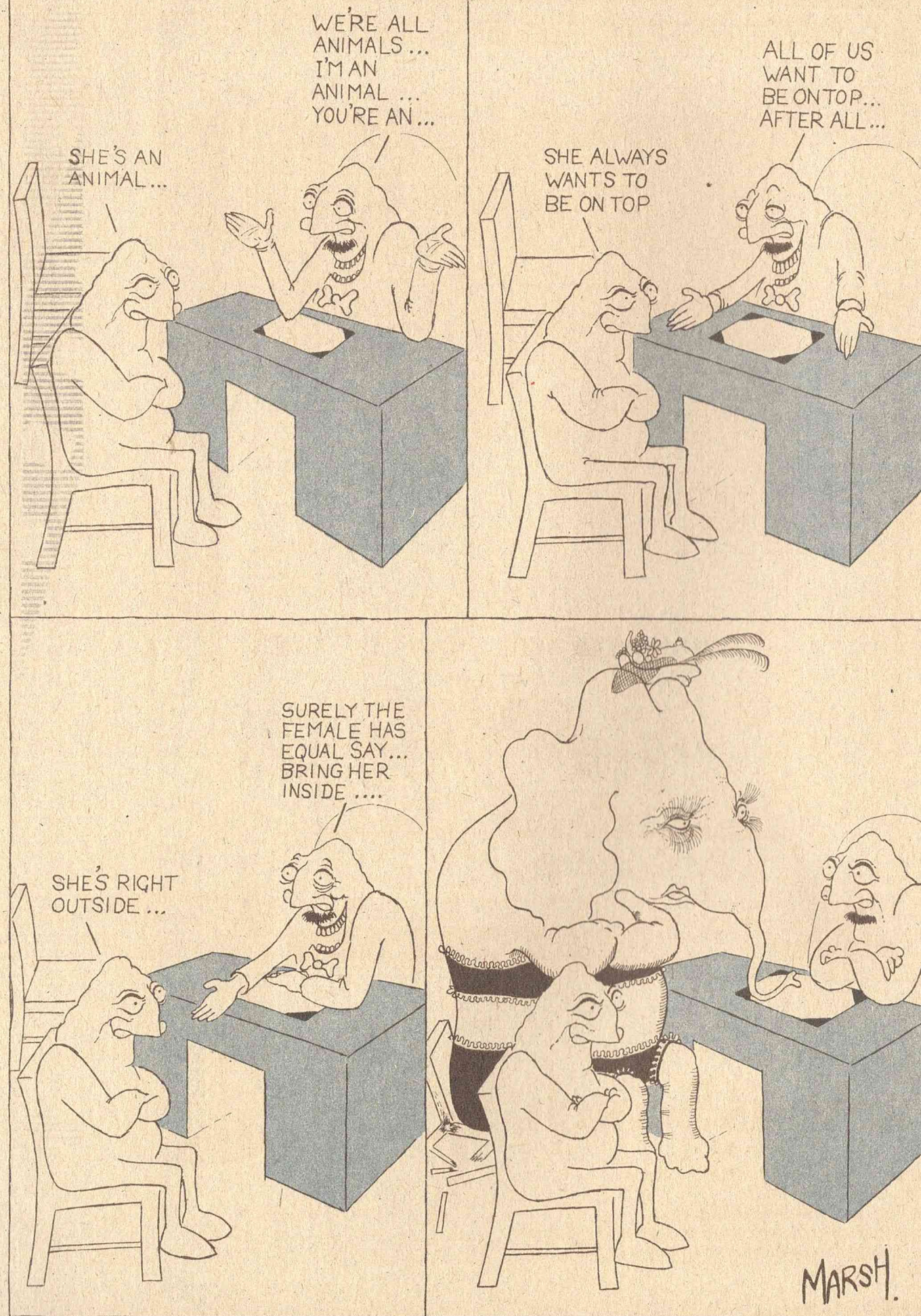
24-48 points:

You are average. Like most of us, you win some and you lose some. But you're losing more than you have to. The reason may be that, deep down, you're less interested in winning than you are in beating your opponent. You may be so eager to dominate the people you bargain with that you sabotage your chances of dealing profitably with them.

0-20 points:

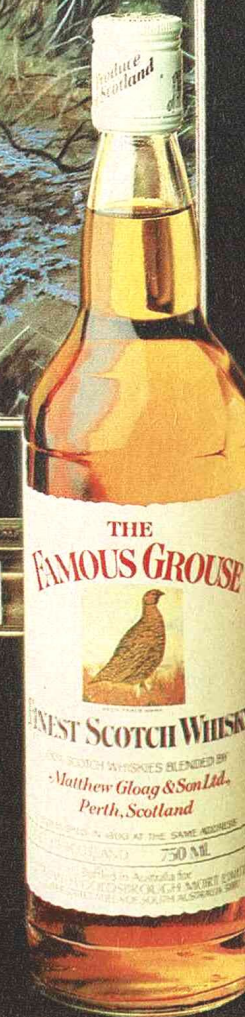
There's a good chance that you have an extremely hostile view of the world. You go into each negotiation with a chip on your shoulder. When you approach a bargaining session with that attitude, you're likely to do one of two things: if you feel you're in a strong position, you'll hold out till hell freezes over; if you feel you're in a weak position, you'll assume everything is lost and give up immediately.

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Subaru's 4WD wagon looks like a city slicker, but it can handle the rough with the smooth.

SUBARU: PRETTY TOUGH

BY ROB KLIMA

My mate Nick is the sort of bloke Subaru had in mind when they designed their four-wheel-drive station wagons.

He doesn't want to get his vehicle into the splendid — and chassis-breaking — isolation of the Simpson Desert or the Barrington Tops.

He likes his comfort, but he's a mad trout fisherman, and getting a bit closer to the ever-elusive fly casting stream regularly leaves him up to his axles in Snowy Mountains slush while large rainbows are happily jumping nearby.

Subaru saw guys like him — and a gap in the market for a comfortable city and highway wagon which could handle rougher than average going. All they had to do was take their already proven front-wheel-drive station wagon, put a simple transfer assembly at the back of the gearbox, run a driveshaft to a modified Datsun rear transmission, increase ground clearance and beef up the clutch and suspension . . . and, presto, instant four-wheel-drive.

And it works. Actually it was on a fishing trip with Nick a few years ago that I found out how much murk the Subaru 4WD can wade through.

There's a spot about 500 metres off to the left of Paddy's marina at Old Adaminaby that's the sort of place you'd like to live in if you were a trout. This particular afternoon the track around to it was pure mud, with off-road tyre tracks deep enough to tell me there was no way my then current model 1600cc Subaru — with normal road tyres — was going to get through.

So, with Nick muttering about the value of having 4WD, we squelched along the edge of the track on foot, rods, tackle boxes, nets and all. There was more muttering when we squelched back in the dark, after it got so cold the runners on our rods were icing up.

The next day we were back to hire a boat from Paddy, a local identity and an Irishman as massive as his untameable brogue. Paddy, who had a big Ford 4WD pick-up, was interested in the Subaru and what it could do. He waved at the impossible track: "Would it be gettin' through that, then?"

With the challenge, and the assurance of a tow out, I eased it



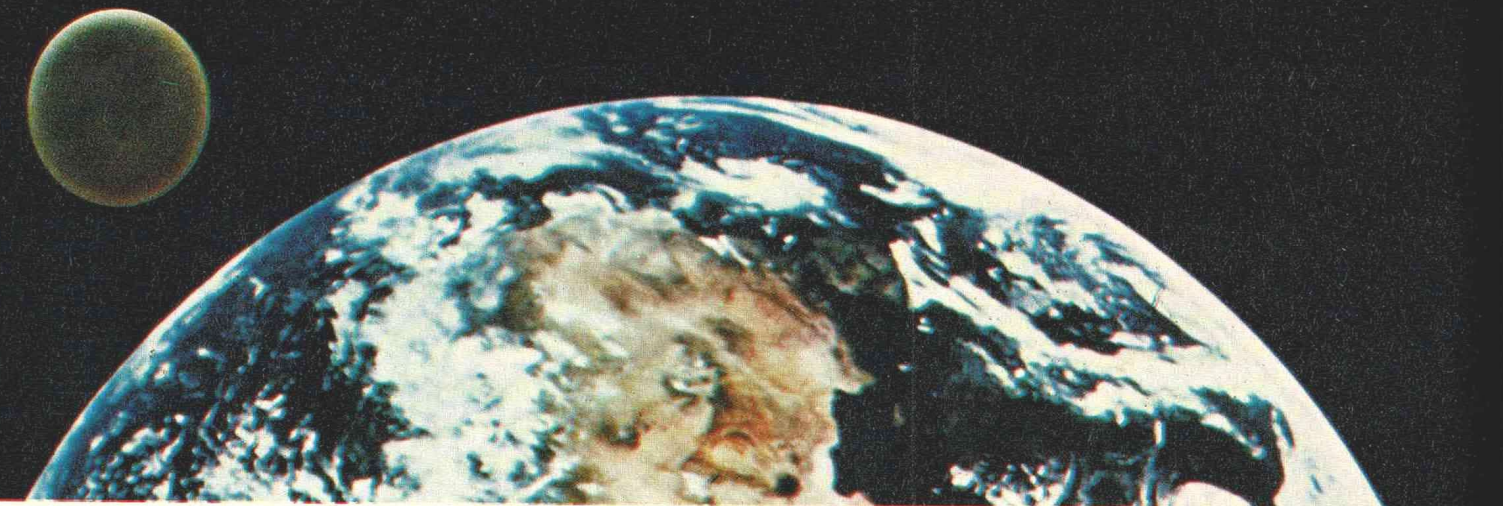
into the mud. With a lot of sideways slithering, and an extra millimetre of throttle certain to wheelspin it in to the doorhandles, the car kept enough of a vague sort of traction to come out the other side. And then did it back again — to where Nick was more than muttering. Since then Subaru have developed the car a few stages. The Leone body shape introduced just over a year ago makes it roomier and easier on the eyes. Last August they introduced an 1800cc dual range model with the extra torque and low gear ratios giving a lot more confidence in tackling the rough

stuff. The dual range follows the simplicity of Subaru's 4WD concept: pull the selector lever up one notch to high range and you're in four-wheel-drive through the same ratios as the normal front-wheel-drive; pull it up another notch to low range and cogs mesh on the input shaft to the gearbox, dropping all the ratios by 1.462. As well as giving real crawling ability, the extra power and gear range have enabled Subaru to do away with the unusually low first and second gears which had to handle both city traffic and track climbing . . . no more snatching for second gear as soon as you're rolling.

For 1981 the 1600cc motor has been phased out, putting the larger motor into the three 4WD models: the single range wagon, dual range wagon and Brumby utility. From the outside there's very little difference in this year's model, with minor changes to the headlights, grille and badgework. There's not even a badge for the dual range model to upstage the bloke down the street's single range.

To their credit Subaru are still not claiming to make an off-road vehicle — just an all-road vehicle. Front and rear overhang preclude it from rock-jumping or diving into creeks, and ground clearance, although adjustable from 210mm up to 240mm, leaves it liable to end up resting on the underbody in really hard going. Even so, it rates No. 2 in the 4WD market behind Toyota, selling nearly twice as strongly as third placegetter, Suzuki.

There's more than just the obvious running gear making it a town and country workhorse. It starts off with the city slicker



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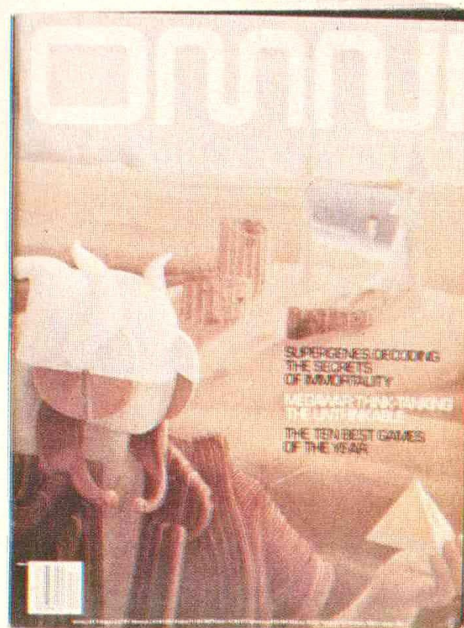
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good looks and aerodynamic efficiency of the Leone wagon. Monococue design gives the body strength without excessive weight and its shell structure deforms progressively on impact for safety. It's extensively rustproofed, with zinc-plated steel in rust prone areas and pvc coating in areas such as floor, sills and wheel housings.

The 1800cc engine is an alloy, horizontally opposed four, reminiscent of the Volkswagen, but water cooled. The extra capacity comes from major redesigning rather than merely enlarging the old version. Improvements include a stronger block, long stroke crank and bigger bearings. It also has larger capacity oil and water pumps and a bigger, baffled sump.

Gearbox and clutch have been strengthened to handle the larger engine, which lifts power from 69kW at 5200rpm to 78kW, and torque from 11.5kg/m at 2400rpm to 13.5kg/m.

The official AS 2077 fuel consumption figures give it a slight decrease in economy — in city driving both engines return 9.5 litres/100km, while on the highway the 1600's 7.01 litres/100km compares with the 1800's 7.51 litres/100 km.

Keeping it all on the ground is four-wheel independent suspension, with McPherson struts at the front and semi-trailing arms at the rear.

To launch the 1981 range, Subaru mapped out a 360km course through north-eastern Tasmania's varied terrain and let the motoring press loose on it in both single and dual range 4WDs.

Around Launceston it was a comfortable, well mannered and well appointed station wagon, with pleasantly firm seating and good visibility.

The extra power was noticeable — and welcome — at low revs, while the motor still wound out willingly to speeds of 80km/h in second gear and a useful overtaking limit of 110km/h in third.

On bitumen highway, with the height set at an on-off road compromise of the front at the lowest setting and the rear raised half way, it sat nicely on the road, without the tip-toeing feeling of the earlier, higher, models.

Wind noise was minimal, but the mud-and-snow tyres and the extra running gear transmitted more road noise than most cars. Although the noise was at quite an acceptable level — there was none of the high-pitched whining this kind of rubber can develop — Subaru consider it their main problem with the car.

An ANOP survey of people who bought Subaru 4WDs between January and July last year put road noise way out in front as the nominated worst feature of the vehicle. But the survey also showed the vehicle's main purchase attraction was the combination of 4WD and dual purpose capability, and most daily use was on sealed roads. So Subaru are checking

out normal road tyres to find an option to the standard mud-and-snows.

Heading into Tasmania's picturesque countryside, the wagon took well to dirt roads: the suspension firm but comfortable and cornering easy with predictable front-wheel-drive understeer.

What had been planned as a soggy test for the cars had dried out in most places to a dust bath. With the windows up and the ventilation system set to recirculate, the car stayed clean through some really dusty patches and kilometres of dust left hanging in the air by previous traffic.

The first real test of the car was up the narrow, hairpin-cornered and rock-strewn track to the top of Ben Lomond mountain. It's the sort of track you'd take a two-wheel drive vehicle up with great trepidation, but the Subaru took it happily, allowing the confidence of admiring the spectacular scenery as well as respecting the awesome drops over granite cliffs only centimetres from the wheels.

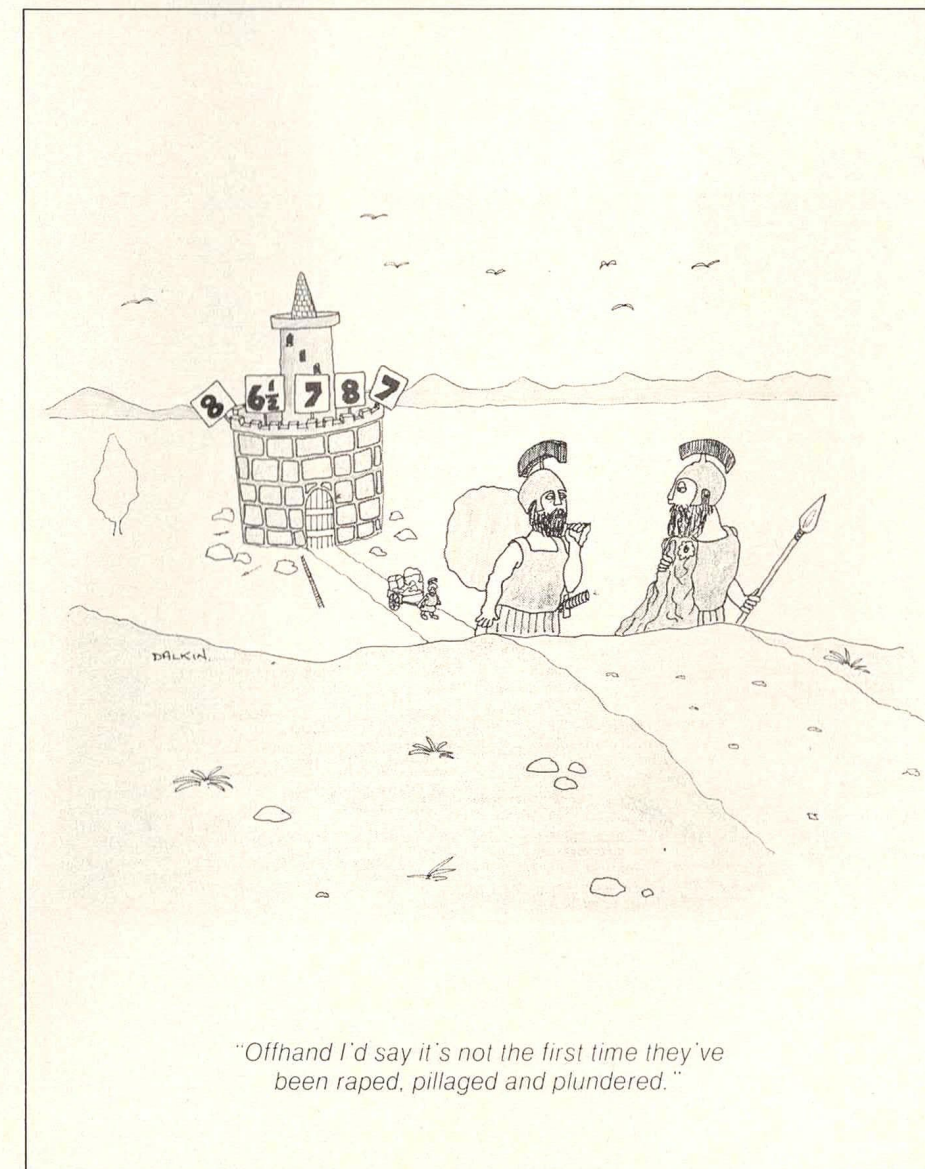
The low range helped, easing gently over rocks rather than bouncing over them to maintain revs while climbing. The integrated sump guard adds to confidence, too, and the auxiliary electric fan saves worry about the engine over-

heating in grinding, low gear work. The Subaru took the whole course all too easily, over difficult surfaces like slippery logging tracks and steep dirt and rock climbs. There was only one bit of difficulty, in a single range model, clambering up a greasy rise which had already been churned through by half a dozen cars. A second try with a bit more momentum carried it through.

It wasn't a diabolical test of man and machine, but it went through country which would have stopped a two-wheel-drive vehicle. It showed it's the sort of vehicle you can take into a difficult camping spot, knowing you can get out again even if it rains.

And when you get back to town it's as pleasant and sophisticated to drive as any medium size station wagon, with creature comforts including a push-button radio, quartz clock, heated rear window with washers and wiper and a four-speed fan with heater and demister.

As well-built, comfortable and reliable transport it's good value at the recommended prices of \$7345 for the single range model and \$7945 for the dual range. Add in the versatility and inbuilt ruggedness and it's a bargain. ☺



If you haven't the time
or energy to search for hi-fi
components, don't.

ONE-STOP STEREO

BY WAYNE ELMER

Home entertainment is one of the growth industries of our time. Any way you look at it, there's a fortune being spent every day on electronic marvels that make domestic life just that little bit more exciting.

After stalling at the start, the video cassette recorder is finally becoming a common sight in Australian homes. At present there are two and three-month waiting times for machines that can cost up to \$2000. Meanwhile, people are happily paying around \$70 for the video cassette of a movie that has already been screened on television. The imminent arrival of the video-disc player hasn't prevented sales from booming, either. Quite likely, when those machines do hit our shores they will be snapped up by people who already own VCRs.

On the car stereo scene, a similar influx of the consumer's dollar is rapidly transforming that sector of the market from the poor relation to the snappy little rich kid. Once again, it seems there is no shortage of people willing to pay around \$2000 for the pleasure of having a little entertainment in their home on wheels.

Electronic games, juke boxes, pinball machines and other assorted coin operated machines are also making their mark on the domestic market. Will a Space Invaders machine be as common as the refrigerator in the house of the future?

All of these exotic options in the field of home entertainment have had a dramatic impact on the makers of hi-fidelity sound equipment. For many years the stereo

Photograph by Michael Berceau



has ruled unchallenged as the king of the domestic entertainment field (the television was, of course, passe). But now, with such aggressive competition from other fields, the sound manufacturers have had to show some tenacity in the marketing arena.

As a consequence, the major manufacturers are now directing their efforts towards the average music listener, as opposed to the hi-fi boffin. Hi-fi has grown up in an elitist atmosphere and it has often been marketed in such a way that if it did not downright intimidate the uninitiated, it at least confused him and made him wary. But now, the message from the hi-fi makers is that hi-fi is easy, simple, unconfusing.

No longer do you need to stumble all over town looking at different brands of amplifiers and an assortment of speakers to match the turntable which you are thinking of buying. No longer do you have to live under the constant threat of buying a system with mismatched components. No longer do you have to listen to salesmen making their pitch about brand X being incompatible with brand Y.

The era of one-stop stereo is with us. And with it goes all of the headaches associated with mixing, matching and buying hi-fi systems. You now have a wide choice of completely assembled sound systems available from the majority of the world's hi-fi component manufacturers.

In the case of some makers, you can tailor the complexity of your system to meet your budget, expanding the number of components as your pocket allows. Thus you might start with only the most necessary components and add the matching cassette deck, remote control, programmer etc as you can afford them — with the complete assurance of their sonic and aesthetic compatibility with the remainder of your system.

The convenience factor will be a major advantage in most people's eyes when considering the ready made systems, but there are also one or two drawbacks of which you should be aware.

Once you buy a system, whether it be from Marantz, Pioneer, Sanyo, Sony, JVC, Teac, Akai or any other stereo heavyweight, you have virtually locked yourself into the one maker's product. If you find that the amplifier or the turntable or whatever is not wholly to your liking, it's unlikely that you will bother changing it. A new component would not only look out of place, but it would most likely not fit in the audio rack that was supplied with your system.

Most likely the buyers of ready made systems are not the ones who are intent on continual upgrading anyway — they'll buy a system, keep it till it stops, then trade it in on a new system.

A more reasonable concern regarding the systems is that while the major

manufacturers currently marketing the systems are undoubtedly the makers of quality products, there is a large number of specialist manufacturers around who only concentrate on producing one or two components of a very high standard. By buying a built up system of the one brand of products, you are overlooking some extremely capable components by specialist manufacturers.

In order to give you an idea of the type of systems currently available, we've chosen to highlight three systems by Sony, Akai and JVC. Like other manufacturers, these three makers have a whole range of systems available to match almost any pocket. For our purposes here we have chosen the Z-600 from Sony, the G-X200 from JVC and the Pro 601 system from Akai.

The Z-600 is Sony's top of the line stereo component system, and in its most elaborate form comprises a turn-

No longer
do you have to
live under the constant
threat of buying a
system with mismatched
components.

table, cassette deck, amplifier, tuner, remote control/program timer and a handsome audio rack.

The turntable is the Ps-636, a quartz-locked, fully automatic direct drive unit. It features a separate motor which is used for the lateral tonearm movement which guarantees rapid and quiet operation. Another feature is automatic record size selection.

Three photosensors under the platter detect the size of the disc for correct stylus set down. When no record is placed on the platter, the tonearm will return to the arm rest. Simple.

The power house of the Z-600 is the 60 watts per channel amplifier which features dual 12-segment LED peak level meters. These meters indicate the exact power levels being delivered to the speakers. The cassette deck is a metal ready, Dolby unit with function buttons that are feather touch and fool proof — allowing direct switching to any mode without going through "stop".

The tuner, the ST-636 features quartz-locked tuning, fluorescent dial scale and digital display, plus the capacity for

presetting up to five FM and five AM stations. The speakers are of a three-way bass reflex design and incorporate a 28cm woofer a midrange unit and a ribbon-type tweeter. Remote control of all components is possible through the PT-79R controller programmer.

All of these components are housed in a specially designed rack which matches the grain of the speakers, is easily moveable thanks to its sturdy castors and has a glass door to protect the units.

The JVC G-X200 system uses the A-X2 stereo amplifier as its heart. This unit, featuring LED readout of power output and slider frequency controls delivers 42 watts per channel to the speakers. The speakers are the S-77R units, three way bass reflex systems that are mounted off the floor to enhance clarity of their bass response.

The T-X2 digital synthesiser AM/FM tuner is one of the new breeds of tuner on the market, complete with full digital readout of the selected frequency.

The KD-A11 cassette deck is, of course, metal ready and features Dolby noise reduction, as opposed to Super ANRS which is featured on many decks manufactured by JVC. (The two systems have always been compatible, so JVC owners shouldn't be alarmed by this change.)

The L-A55 automatic return direct-drive turntable is the final component in the system — and like many other units on the market, all the controls are front panel operative, making life just that little bit easier for owners. All the pieces are stacked in JVC's adjustable audio rack with glass front door and castors.

The final system, Akai's Pro 601, features the Ap-Q50/C direct drive, auto return turntable; the PA-WO4 stereo amplifier; the PR-A04 pre-amplifier; the AT-VO4 tuner; the GX-M10 cassette deck; the EA-G80 graphic equaliser; the DT-200 timer; SW-T50 speakers.

Among the plethora of features offered by this elaborate system are quartz-locked drive system on the turntable, LED output meters on the amplifier with peak hold indicators, digital readout of frequency and LED strength indicators on the tuner, plus seven station preset capability. The graphic equaliser allows for precise tailoring of sound over 10 bands for each channel. And the audio timer, operated by micro processors can memorise up to four different programs in any week.

All of the units are ultra slim line reflecting the growing distaste among buyers for the heavy, cumbersome audio units of the past.

So there you have it, from the simple, unpretentious virtues of the mid-priced JVC system, to the more exotic Sony system, to the remarkably flexible virtuosity of the Akai system. A little something for everyone. 

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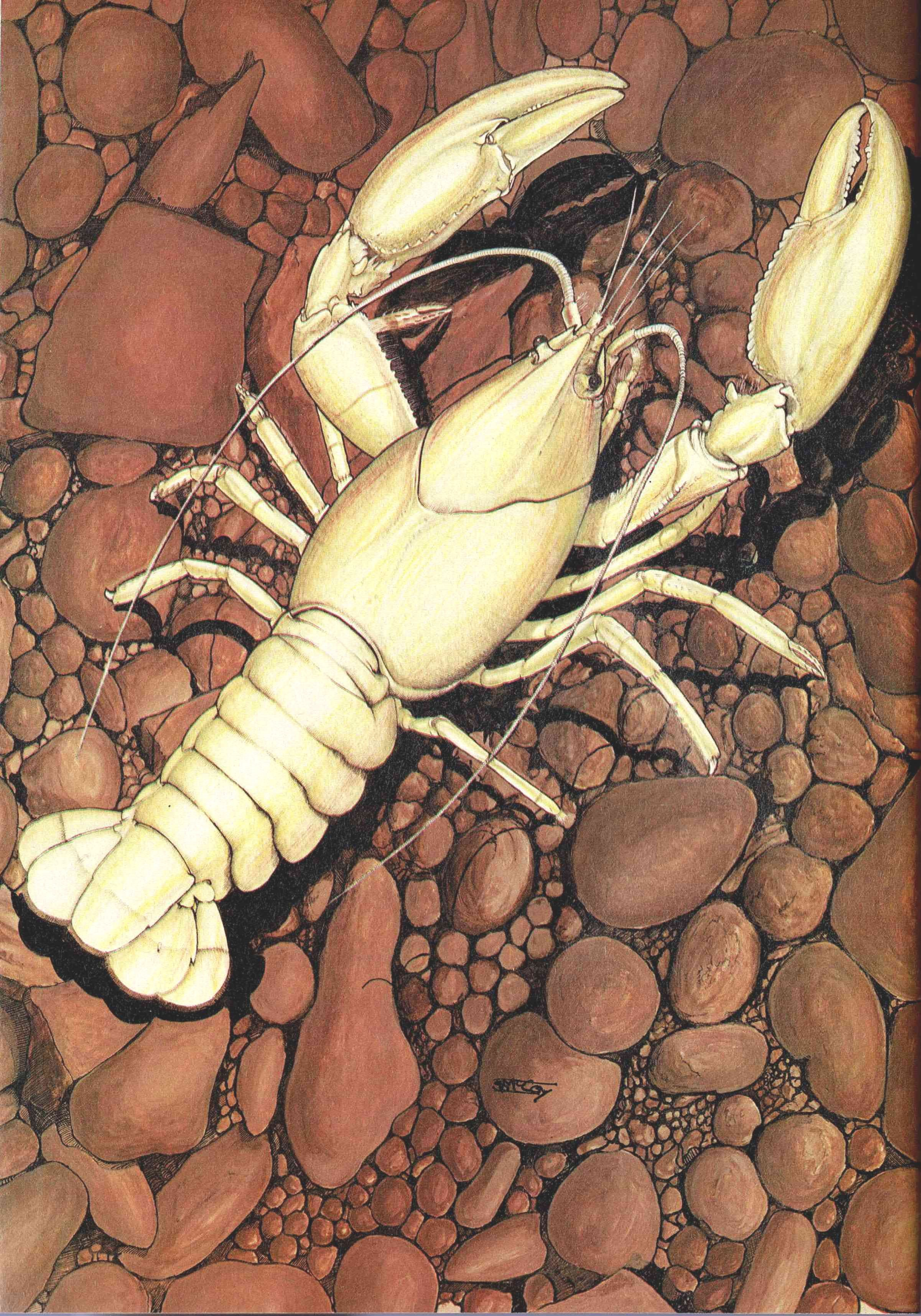
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Illustrations by Shane McCoy and John Hepworth

There's more to
the humble yabby than
meets the eye.

Red Tail IN THE SUNSET

BY PETER OLSZEWSKI

"Yabbies?" said Bev one evening. "Ooh, I used to catch yabbies all the time when . . ."

"When you were a kid," I said.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Everybody caught yabbies when they were kids," I said, "or at least claim they did."

Bev's revelation had just won me five bucks, the amount I bet Bill the Dill that the first person I mentioned yabbies to would reminisce about catching them as a child. Bev came in right on cue. "Do you know anything about yabbies, Bev?" I'd asked, and I knew I'd won the bet there and then because she assumed the glazed, misty look I understood so well. Instant yabby nostalgia. Memories of bygone childhood days filled with sun and mud and yabbies and fun and bare feet.

"Anyway," Bev continued, "we used to pinch a bit of mum's black cotton, not that she'd miss it mind you, and get a bit of old meat and, for a net, well if mum wasn't using it we'd take the . . ."

"You'd take the kitchen strainer," I said. "Didn't ever use the old method of punching some holes in a kero tin, baiting it, and throwing it in did you?"

"No. Used to always use the meat and string and, if mum wasn't using it, the . . ."

"The kitchen strainer. Ever catch 'em with your bare hands?"

"Bloody oath," interrupted Bill the Dill. "Used to flick 'em up out of the water. Caught 'em that way all the time, it's the only way. Better 'n a bloody net. Then there were the times we'd dangle our feet in the water and . . ."

"And wait for the yabbies to nip your toes. Yes, I know the story. Didn't ever cut your feet with a broken beer bottle so the blood would attract more yabbies did you?"

"Not me personally, no," said Bill. "But I did hear of a few blokes who went to catch yabbies one Christmas Day and Des, that was his name, well he did, cut his foot and put it in the water when he was . . ."

"Drunk. Yes, I know the story."

"Tell ya one ya don't know," said Bill slyly. "I did hear of one bloke who got so shickered he stripped off his clothes, sat on a log over a dam and dangled his . . ."

"Male exaggeration. An old story. Heard some Tasmanian bikies, Satan's Riders, saying they caught giant Tasmanian crayfish by dangling their . . ."

"Monsters, that's what those Tassie crays are," said Bill. "Biggest bloody yabby in Australia aren't they?"

"The biggest freshwater crayfish in the world. In fact, Australia's got the world's three largest crayfish, plus the smallest."

"Oh yes, used to love yabbies," said Bev, still far away in her memories.

"Not me," said Pauline, who'd been quietly listening to us. "I think they're horrid." She shuddered. "Horrible dirty things. Used to scare me. Used to remind me of . . ."

"Of a spider," I said.

"No. More like a centipede," she replied.

"Don't worry about it," I said. "Some people do have an unnatural fear of the yabby. Almost phobic in some instances. Can't say I

blame them though. The yabby does look like an alien creature oozing out of the primeval muck. If you know what I mean."

"They're related to centipedes," said Bill.

"Rubbish," I said. "They've got nothing to do with centipedes. They're crustaceans, although the Swedish scientist, Linnaeus, mistakenly classified the crayfish as an insect. He also gave marijuana its scientific name — that might explain the yabby-insect error. Funny thing about yabbies, while everybody knows of them, very few people know anything about them."

"I heard the French reckon the yabby is a gourmet food," said British Bob.

"Gourmet food?" said Bill. "Tell that to the blokes where I come from and they'd laugh in your face."

"True," I said. "But a lot of people like eating yabbies. And bushmen do have a sort of deep-seated begrudging admiration for the yabby. It's a tough little bugger, one of Australia's great survivors. A real 'little battler' — it can handle the worst conditions the bush can bowl up."

"Blood oath," says Bill. "They can burrow in mud and walk overland. Now that you mention it, yabbies are mostly ignored."

"Too true. They don't get much recognition. They don't feature in our folklore or our literature. I think the 'mystery' about it is another endearing aspect of the yabby. Australians do have this odd sort of affection for it and regard it as uniquely Australian. I think it's tied up with the fact that we're supposedly a nation of infracranioinophiliacs..."

"Guess who got a new dictionary for Christmas," said Bill.

"Glad you asked. It means we're a nation which champions the underdog. That's definitely the yabby. Little understood, often underrated and culturally ignored. What better creature to be regarded as an underdog than this lowly and humble, but pugnacious underwater undermud little Aussie crawler."

"Well, I don't know about yabbies," said Pauline, "but *you* seem to know a lot about them."

"All there is to know," I said and that's when the kid selling the evening paper floored me. He'd been listening to me for a couple of minutes. Then he asked:

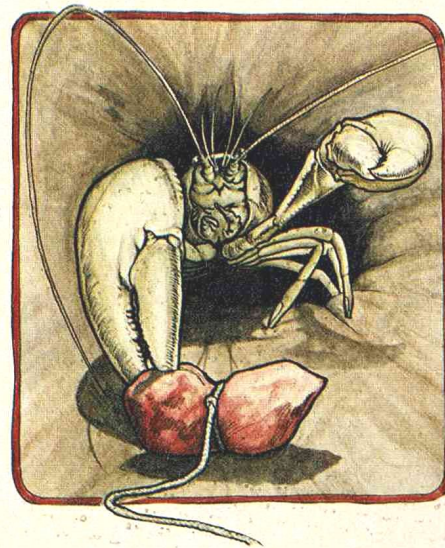
"Hey, why does a yabby's tail turn red when you cook it?"

TO CATCH A YABBY

Let's not argue the toss. The best way to catch a yabby is the way you can catch a yabby best. There are no rules, except in some States where legislation limits the size and number of yabby pots or traps, the size of the crayfish, or prohibits the taking of "berried" females — females with eggs.

Most seasoned yabbiere are a rather anarchistic lot, preferring to quietly do their own yabby thing their own way where and when it suits them, and bugger the rules. Yabbiere I've spoken to tend to view any laws pertaining to yabbies as "unnatural". During the period 1971 to 1979, most Victorian yabbiere were in fact criminal crustacean catchers because fishing for yabbies without a fishing licence was illegal, but charges were never laid.

No "profile" of the type of people who catch yabbies has been compiled, but the Western Australian researcher Dr Noel Morrissy, has made such a study of marroners. The marroner proves to be an entirely different personality from the angler. Marroners, according to Dr Morrissy, have historically tended to be agricultural, mining, or forestry workers. Marroners tend to be loners, and do not form associations or clubs as readily as



fishermen. Marroners avoid popular spots, preferring the least accessible and most unknown areas, and they marron mainly at night. This makes enforcement of regulations difficult, and that's exactly how the marroners want it because, like yabbies, they resent rules and regularly abuse legislation governing sizes and closed seasons.

A professional yabby cultivator observed, through bitter experience, that one of the problems encountered when he was trying to commercially harvest yabbies was that everybody thought it was their right to go and fish yabbies wherever they wanted. It was, he claimed, quite difficult to persuade them otherwise. If he tried to keep them out of an area that had yabbies in it, they would break down the fences or burn the logs. Poachers appear to pose a definite problem.

Violence occurred in the Victorian Malee when professional yabby catchers tried to limit amateur yabbiere's catches. The incidents culminated in gunfire and "yabby rustling", or stealing from pots.

The methods of catching yabbies are as varied as the yabbiere themselves. It all boils down to what the individual yabbiere wants — sport, a quick feed, or a simple method of acquiring fishing bait.

THE BASIC MEAT 'N' STRING METHOD

This traditional method of catching yabbies, particularly popular among children, provides the most sport.

The meat 'n' string method costs virtually nothing. All you need is a few wooden stakes, some 1 to 1.2m (3 to 4ft) lengths of strong cotton, and perhaps a cheap scoop net. The process is as follows: bang the stake into the side of a dam (or "tank" if you live in western New South Wales). Tie one end of the cotton to the stake and tie the bait to the other end of the cotton. The bait should be a piece of meat high on odor and blood content, low on fat. Fatty meat is useless because it floats. Smelly meat is fine because the odor helps attract the prey. Bloody smelly meat is perfect because the blood permeates the waterhole, inviting all resident yabbies to the fine meal in the offing.

Throw the meat into the water and wait. A few minutes later — sometimes a few seconds later — a series of tugs will draw the cotton taut, signalling that a yabby is chewing the bait and trying to drag it back to its burrow. When this happens, begin to draw the cotton towards you. Slowly and evenly does it, don't jerk. Develop a sense of how long your cotton line is, so that when you pull it in you'll know exactly where the bait is hidden underneath the water before you strike with your net. If you wait until you can see the bait and attached yabby, then the yabby will be able to see you too. Chances are it won't hang about.

Avoid pulling the bait through weeds or over snags. This helps telegraph your intentions, warning the yabby that fishy business is at hand. If you pull the cotton too quickly or violently, or over snags, the yabby will give a series of short sharp tugs and the line will go limp. This means that as well as being a clumsy yabbiere, you are also an unsuccessful one, because your yabby has just shot through. The successful yabbiere, having pulled the line in smoothly, and having judged that a quick decisive arm action will bring the net up underneath and behind the bait-clutching yabby, will do just that and will, in all probability, catch the darned thing.

Generally speaking, the larger the yabby, the smarter and speedier it is. A cunning yabby can often disengage the bait and escape the mad rush of your net. A powerful yabby, if caught in the net, can sometimes flick itself up and out. Especially if a kitchen strainer is used as a net. It's commonplace for yabbiere to use strainers or colanders, but these are inferior because the rigidity of the sur-

face gives the yabby some purchase to flick its tail and be gone.

A superior net can be made from the frame of an old strainer to which a length of professional netting is attached, or a length of cut-off stocking, or even curtain material which has a large enough mesh to let the water (but not the yabby) run through. If water can run through the net easily the net tends to drag, slowing down the action of the strike and prematurely tiring the yabbiere's arm. Some yabbiere view the use of scoop nets with disdain, electing instead to catch the yabby with cupped hand, or to flick it out of the water.

If the yabbies are "on the bite", half a dozen lines can keep the yabbiere constantly occupied, and half a dozen or more yabbies can be caught on each piece of bait at a time. If the yabbies aren't on the bite, best to try new waters. The meat 'n' string method is best used in dams which have murky water and a fairly steep incline. The yabby catching season is summer — the hotter the better. If conditions have been dry and the dam's water level is lower than usual, then the yabbies should definitely be biting. Yabby fishing folklore has it that there are "on" and "off" seasons, that even if conditions are perfect there might be no yabbies biting in a dam which was teeming with them the previous season. There is no explanation for this phenomenon, but it does occur in the biblical sense of good years followed by lean years — usually, three or four good years followed by one or two lean years.

The meat 'n' string method is mostly used in the daytime, but yabbies can be caught at night with pots or drop nets.

BAIT

A quick word about bait, a bone of contention among yabbiere. All yabbiere claim their bait is the best. Most prefer bullock's liver, but it has to be replaced regularly because the water leaches it. Professional yabby catchers swear by fish, mainly because it doesn't leach as quickly as meat. The following baits have also proven effective: worms, mussels, rabbit, hare, kangaroo, fox, chicken and chicken offal, beef and mutton, sheep's heads ("Sheep's head mate, 14 days old and split in half — there's not a yabby-alive that can resist it," is what one old yabbiere told me), birds, wild pig, and snake. I've also seen children using laundry soap. It works, but I don't know why.

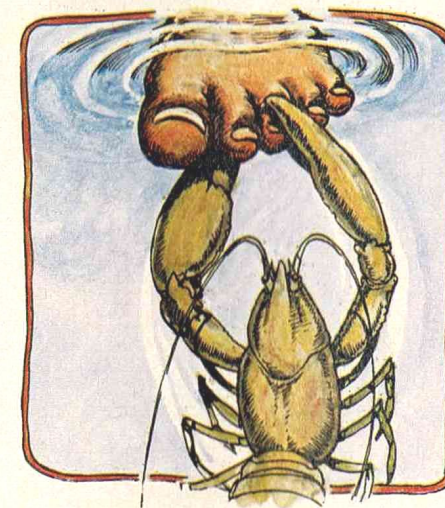
NETS

Prawn or shrimp nets can be used to drag, or sweep, a snag-free dam. Professional bait catchers use these nets to expedite proceedings but it is a rather dull, unimaginative method for the amateur to employ to test his mettle against the yabby. Ecologically, it's a disaster.

Several sweeps can wipe out a dam's yabby population. Not recommended.

Using drop, or hoop, nets is recommended. Such nets consist of two metal rings, one large 56cm, one small 36cm, joined by mesh. Three short ropes are attached at regular intervals to the large ring, and the ropes are tied together at the other end to form a sort of pyramid. To these ropes, a longer rope is tied, and to the end of this rope a block of polystyrene or a detergent bottle, or something floatable, is attached.

Bait is tied to the mesh at the bottom of the net, or suspended from the apex of the rope pyramid. When thrown in the water, the net collapses. It lies flat. The smaller ring sits in the centre of the larger ring and the bait sits in the centre of it all. The float marks the net's position. This buoy also aids the recovery of the net, for which a long pole with a curved forked end — a "fluking stick" — is used. The



fork is slipped against the rope, under the float, and the net is then pulled up and out. When raised, the smaller ring drops down, the net opens up, and the yabbies are trapped. Drop nets can be bought at sports stores, or made at home.

A variation of the drop net is the kero-tin-with-holes, an old favorite with bushies of a bygone era. Small holes are punched in the bottom of the tin. Bait is attached to the bottom, and a rope to the top.

The whole shebang is then thrown into the water. Some yabbiere use drop nets or kero-tins suspended in the water from long poles.

TRAPS OR POTS

Yabby pots work on the same principle as the more commonly known crayfish pots. They can be bought from stores but tend to be pricey. Make your own.

To make an envelope pot, fold a square metre piece of chicken wire to form an envelope. Use a beer bottle to shape a funnel in each corner of the pot. Suspend

a large bait-holding hook from the centre of the pot where the folds join. Stitch the folds together but leave one fold unstitched so bait can be put in and, hopefully, yabbies taken out.

OTHER METHODS

1. Diving into the water and catching them by hand, or grabbing the antennae and pulling them out of their holes.

2. Dangling toes and/or other appendages into the water and letting the yabbies latch on (ouch).

3: Spearing yabbies. Popularly used by Papua New Guinea natives and adventurous boys. A small spear, sometimes with a spray of fine spikes at the business end, is thrust into the yabby's "chest".

4. Yabbies can be found under rocks and sunken logs in shallow waters. They can also be dug out of the mud at the bottom of recently emptied dams.

5. Yabbies can be picked from weir overflows, or from flooded dams. A yabby on walkabout is easy game.

Cans and bottles are favorite hiding places for yabbies. Some crafty youngsters won a competition for the most yabbies caught in an afternoon at Albert Park Lake, Melbourne. The lads were subsequently disqualified when it was discovered that they hadn't actually "fished", but had plucked their haul out of cans. Often a large yabby can be found trapped inside a beer bottle — obviously it squeezed in seeking shelter in which to moult and, after moulting and growing, could not squeeze out again.

HOW TO HANDLE A YABBY

Carefully. To pick up a yabby or cray, grab it firmly behind the claws. The claws cannot bend back far enough to nip.

YABBY CATCHING LAWS

Laws regulating yabby catchers have been only recently introduced in Victoria, South Australia and NSW. Laws mostly deal with crayfish sizes and catching equipment. Egg-bearing female Murray Crays can never be taken and a NSW fishing licence must be obtained for fishing in the Murray River.

Rules regarding marron in WA and the Tasmanian cray are quite strict.

All crayfish laws have been, and probably will continue to be, subject to frequent change, and so they are not listed in this book. Yabbiere wishing to be legit should contact the local Department of Fisheries and Wildlife.

No crayfish can be sold unless a commercial fishing licence is obtained. This is generally a complex and expensive procedure and fines for non-compliance are severe. ☐

From *A Salute To The Humble Yabby* © Peter Olszewski 1980. Published by Angus and Robertson, \$8.95.



The best nightlife in
the world doesn't come cheap.

PARIS ON \$165 A NIGHT

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

The differences between a night out in Paris as against Kings Cross or St Kilda have to do with more than geography — it's really a matter of style. And, as always with style, you have to pay. Paris night life is not only for oil-rich Arabs, but taking a friend to see the nubile Crazy Horse girls, sitting at a table and knocking back a couple of bottles of French champagne will cost you about \$165 at recent exchange rates. The show runs for almost two hours and its popularity usually means the patrons are packed in shoulder-to-shoulder, and the champagne is first class — well, two bottles go like snow on a hot plate. But if you're looking for style you get your money's worth.

I got into the act while working out an itinerary for the Allan Moffat appearance at Le Mans when Patrick Benhamou said to me: "Of course, you must see some of the shows in Paris as our guest while you are in France."

Patrick works for Bienvenue France, usually listed as the French Government Tourist Office, and was being very helpful with roadmaps, guidebooks, a tour of Tours and other such matters. I was rather pleased with such a handsome offer and could only marvel at the generosity of the French.

"And," said Patrick firmly, "since it is 12 years since you are in France, I must escort you personally to make sure everything goes smoothly." But of course. It was just sheer good luck that Patrick happened to be returning to Paris for a working visit while I would be there. In the end, it was very valuable indeed to have Patrick along with me, since my pidgin French was incapable of the nuances which flow from the parisian argot. True, the big shows most visited by the tourist cater extensively for those who don't speak the language — but they also give the home crowds plenty of extra entertainment which I was very glad not to miss.

When we got to Crazy Horse we found "table" is a generous description of the benches most people have to squeeze into. The Crazy Horse premises on Avenue George V are so short on room, you're liable to find one of the hands you're clapping isn't your own.

The premises haven't changed much since Alain Bernardin sold his cafe, apartment and car to kick off the Crazy Horse Saloon in 1951 after reading about burlesque in an American magazine. There were a couple of hard years until he got the act down pat and started growing from the one-girl show, but Bernardin now claims he spends \$30,000 a month on production fees and music rights.

God knows what he spends on the girls. As 11 of them line up and swing into the opening number, they all look worth a

Above: One of the lovely Crazy Horse girls. Right: A big Lido production in full swing. When 60 or more dancers fill the stage the eye feasts on sweeping rivers of color, from which individual sparks occasionally shoot out for a solo turn before being swallowed by the patterns once more.



million dollars. Who cares if their pubic patches are all colored and shaped exactly alike? Or that when they wear those long, slinky wigs their bodies are so uniformly perfect as to be clone-like?

The material, in all senses, is stunning. The girls perform to numbers produced by Jacques Morali and Allan Carr, he of *Grease* and *Can't Stop the Music* fame, their movements and bodies cunningly augmented by a riotous variety of projected patterns of light.

Who can pick a favorite between Sophia Palladium and Vanilla Banana, or Olga Waterproof and Brandy Proforma? Who can believe showgirls still carry names like that? Why is nobody breathing?

The utterly sensual impact and fluid grace of a classic burlesque duet leaves the audience gasping, while the astounding energy of the five-girl "YWCA" number leaves them panting.

The audience, crowded right up to the stage, generates its own energy. Very few people are more than a few metres away from the performers, which lends Crazy Horse a type of vibrant intimacy simply not possible at the bigger spectacles like the Lido and Moulin Rouge.

Crazy Horse also has a more distinctly erotic flavor than the other shows, but it's a light-hearted and natural eroticism which celebrates the world's most basic reality — that the human estate is divided into male and female houses. Even if the two tanned and enraptured ladies holding hands on my left are a reminder that you can choose which house to live in.

Just as you think your battered libido is about to go into overload, Bernardin breaks the pace with some very good variety performers. Among the acts which, ah, flesh out the Crazy Horse show are two exceptional talents.

Finn Jon, a magician, displayed an artistry which confounded and delighted the most blasé among the audience. The comedy duo of Milo and Roger did such disgracefully funny things with their duck the compact contingent of Japanese gentlemen was reduced to a heaving mass of chortles.

Either that group of Japanese followed me all over Paris, or half of Tokyo was in town. It was a constant at any tourist trap, the archetypal horde of collar-and-tie Japanese package tour travellers, all cheerfully throttling themselves with an assortment of camera and attachment straps.

They were at the Lido, too, only without the cameras. Picture-taking is absolutely verboten at all the Paris cabarets — and anyway, most people are too enthralled to move.

That's certainly true at the Lido. Even if these days there's nothing naughty in Paris which isn't as easily found anywhere from Stockholm to Sydney — and the "Gay" in Páree means the same as it

does all over the world — still, there's no more grandiose spectacle than the Lido.

The recent move to the huge auditorium on the Champs Elysees has allowed the directors to create a sumptuous leather, velvet and crystal chandelier environment which perfectly sets the tone for the show to follow the excellent meal.

Some of the most astounding action goes on behind, or rather under, the scenes. As the audience in the big orchestra section just in front of the stage finish their meals, the floor under them drops about a metre to leave the stage in full view of all 1200 patrons.

As the floor settles on its hydraulics, the chandeliers and other ceiling decorations rise into the roof to leave the upstairs patrons an unobstructed view.

Other complex hydraulics control the four-platform stage — which has a dance floor, revolving stage, skating rink and swimming pool — and the four lifts used to move sets between the basement and the 30m-high upper wings. Extremely sophisticated electronics, including a small computer, help control the sound and lighting.

After Crazy Horse, the scale is overwhelming. Scores of dancers, some slinky nearly-nude and others clothed in the stunning concoctions of color for which the Paris cabarets are famous, fill the stage for the opening number — as usual, an elaborate paen of praise for the Lido. All the shows are careful to put their best efforts into numbers extolling their own virtues.

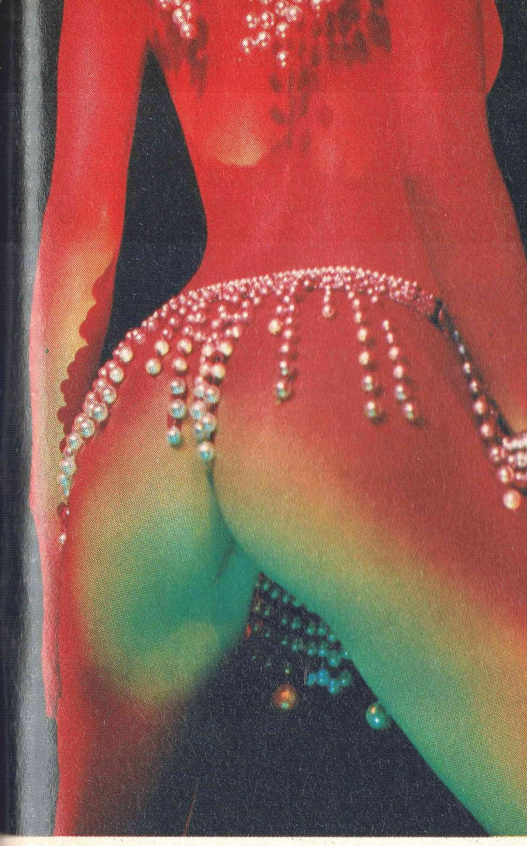
The show moves through a variety of beautifully-presented scenarios, but there's no doubt which two win the hearts and minds of the largely international audience: the helicopter duel in the Theft of the Mona Lisa number; and the cataclysm scene from Japanese Fantasy.

As the thieves board their helicopter to escape from the roof of the Louvre, over the heads of the audience swoop two police in their chopper. Even people who have seen it before tend to duck as both sides open fire with very noisy, blank-firing machine guns.

The Japanese Fantasy includes a restful interlude beside a bridge over a gentle stream. As the theme music changes, the stream builds to a torrent until it carries the bridge away with a stupendous flood of water which seems certain to drown several tables of diners in its rush.

The effect is awesome, and it's not unusual for some of the patrons to make a rush for the exits before the 100 cubic metres of water has drained back into the pool.

Illusions like these, plus maintaining 60 or so women chorus dancers, plus the individual acts such as the very funny Johnny Martin and his dog Jenny, let you know you're not going to get out the door before a lot of coin has changed hands.



Yet within its framework, the Lido is not outrageously expensive. The price for a meal and a half bottle of champagne ranges from almost \$50 to more than \$90, depending on which menu you choose.

That's by no means unreasonable compared with what it's possible to spend on a slap-up night out in Sydney or Melbourne.

That \$50-\$100 bracket is pretty well the average for the top-flight Paris shows which also serve meals — nearly all of which are a choice of three or so fixed menus at varying prices.

This cost level applies even at the shows which are quite definitely not aimed at the tourist market.

The one that springs to mind is Paradis Latin, paradoxically one which offers the tourist a feast of the fanciful and irreverent Gallic wit and vitality which he really wants to see when he comes to Paris.

Paradis Latin endorsed one reviewer's view that it was not a presentation for "libidinous, fat and sweaty tourists". Certainly it is one show which makes no concessions to anyone who doesn't speak fast and fluent French, yet its lavish parodies reek of nostalgia for la Belle Epoque and it is so full of extravagant visual humor it's guaranteed to knock any tourist's eyes out.

The success of the evening is due largely to the enormous energy and talent of the master of ceremonies, Jean-Marie Riviere. When the waiters whip on their high, rose-colored collars and leap on to the stage to join the flowerbed fantasy which opens the show, Riviere descends on a parasol parachute. Once his feet touch the floor, they don't stop

The girls of the Crazy Horse Saloon: a combination of sensual grace and energy, together with high performing skills and just the right touch of humor, never fail to captivate the audience.

moving until the last patron lurches out of the Paradis Latin.

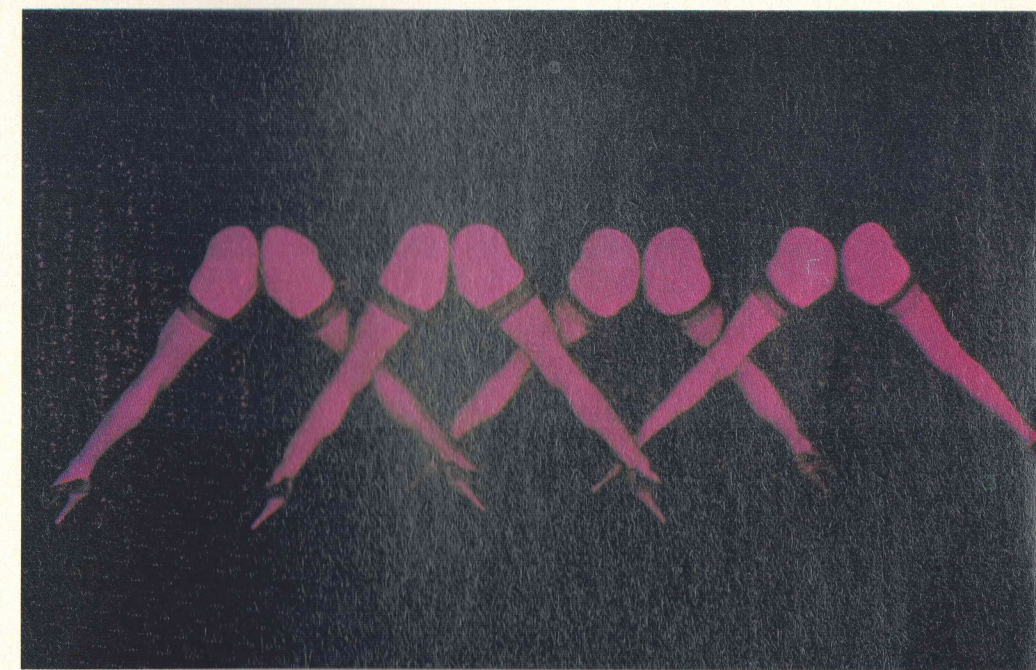
Riviere is one of those particular talents every country boasts, someone often little known in other parts of the world but who embodies all the unique qualities of a culture, who has at his command all the nuances and flavor of which a language is capable.

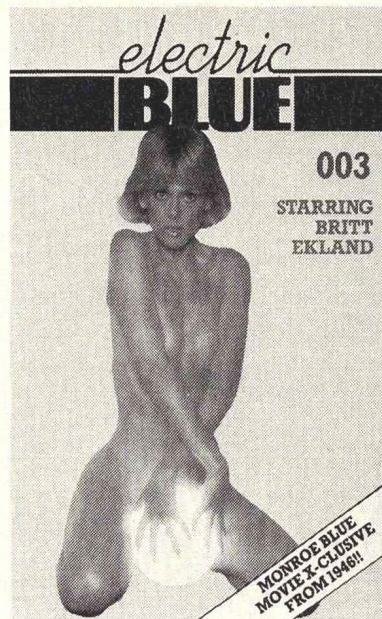
As he struts and strides from one end of the stage to the other and down among the audience, the spotlight fixed on an outfit all dazzling white from satin topper to toes, Riviere literally reaches out to punch home and grab each ounce of comedy with his gloved hand, ceaselessly engaging the audience in the ultimate theatrical experience with husky exhortations, pronouncements and resonant ripostes.

If Riviere is the engine which powers the Paradis Latin's show train, then he's not carrying any passengers.

Two other performers demand special mention: the lovely Herma Vos, whose amazingly long legs seem to go forever and whose fresh good looks and brilliant smile throw the light of a hundred spotlights back at the audience; and la Grosse Bertha, Big Bertha, whose obese parodies of old operatic and music hall standards display a gift for comedy to equal Riviere's.

But the whole entourage of 30 or more have a talent and flair which keeps every minute of the elaborate revue hunting along at a cracking pace — from the





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brilliantly-conceived version of Carmen to the perfectly-timed, up-you ambience of the Grease sequence.

Paradis Latin also has its mock air battles, in this case based on a World War I motif, and the standard fancy cabaret costumes, but the secret of its appeal lies in the tremendous pace and the intimate involvement of the audience in its faultlessly-performed, wide-eyed satire. There's no way you're going to get more fun out of a night in Paris.

No account of a night out in the French capital could be complete without reference to the Theatre le Palace, a super-theatrical disco which quickly became the place to be seen in after it opened in 1978.

Millions of dollars were spent to remodel a famous but decrepit turn-of-the-century theatre so it could become, under the direction of the darling of the androgynous Paris nightmovers, Fabrice Emaer, a haven for high society swingers slumming it with Paris punkers, all indulging a passion for a peculiarly Parisian brand of craziness.

Right from the start it was graced with the presence of haute couture's college of cardinals, as well as well-known blow-ins from all the famous nightspots of the world. Mick Jagger, Jack Nicholson, the Rothschilds — Paloma Picasso held her wedding reception there. The list goes on: Shirley Maclaine, Dewi Sukarno.

If some of the frenetically with-it shine has gone off Le Palace with familiarity, it is still the sort of place where everyone intent on a real night's rage gets to at some time in the early hours of the morning.

The seedy little entrance way gives no clue to the marvels of modern electronics about to assault your senses. The music, of course, can be heard a block away and gets louder until the climatic moment when you step into the main auditorium.

It's then you confront Le Palace's version of son et lumiere: a barrage of laser-based lighting weaving intricate patterns through clouds of stage smoke, all in front of images back-projected on a giant screen. When the screen goes up, a space module inhabited by a space-suited figure descends to add its own gunbursts of color as it swivels to cover every corner of the seething crowd.

Yves St Laurent and Lou Lou de la Falaise couldn't make it the night I was there, but every other fashion extremist in Paris was represented. It was almost at the point where I was bizarre in just an ordinary old shirt and jeans. Tres demode.

The patrons, from the quiet spectators to those making a spectacle of themselves, were all under the influence of wall-to-wall sound and rampant sexuality — hetero, homo and trans. Actually, making a spectacle of yourself implies someone else is watching — that was both unlikely, as everyone seemed to occupy a private place in time and space,

and impossible to determine under the vision-twisting lighting.

Tiny plastic costumes, diaphanous fabrics and outrageous make-up all wilted under the furnace of non-stop movement, until the floor was a sea of sweaty limbs.

There's a McDonald's on the Champs Elysees now, even if it is the only one in the world to serve wine. Alcohol is the hummer one no-no for the American burgeropoly, but it was a simple choice between the family image and the francs — and that's no choice at all.

Other things have changed in Paris in the past 10 or 12 years.

The raw, teaming produce markets and never-shut cafes of Les Halles have been replaced by the three-level Forum des Halles shopping arcade — albeit one with some typically French panache and style, but still a shopping arcade.

Just across from Forum des Halles, past the porn shows and sex shops of the Rue St Denis, lies the Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou. Sometimes it's called Centre Pompidou, sometimes Centre Beaubourg for the street it faces — most tourists just call it amazing.

It's a breathtaking venue for everything which contributes to the cultural fabric of life. In good weather its forecourt is a thriving collage of street theatre, buskers, conjurers and the like all vying for coins thrown on the cobblestones. The modern architecture and humming crowds give Centre Pompidou a rare exuberance.

In two ways the Centre typifies much of

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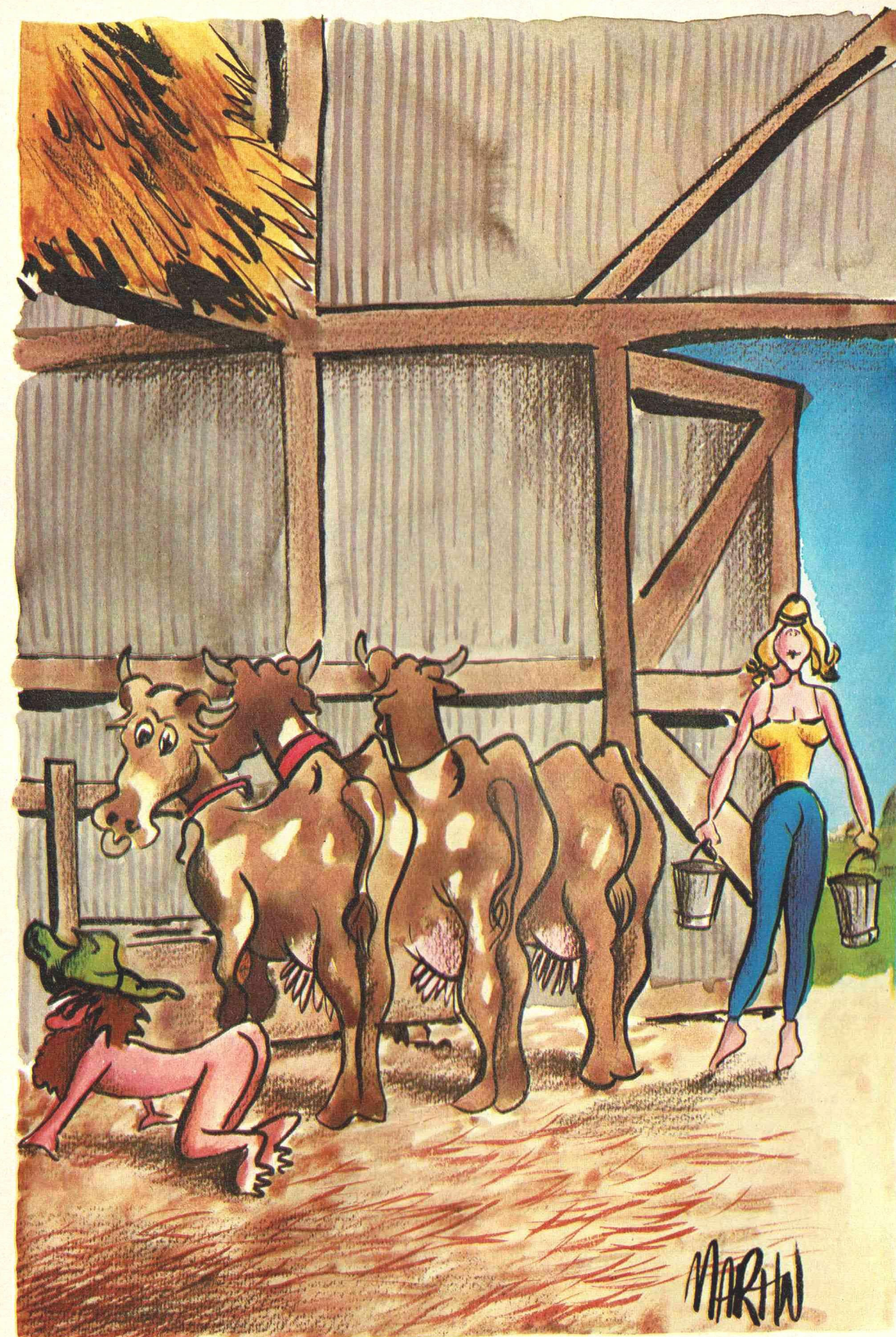
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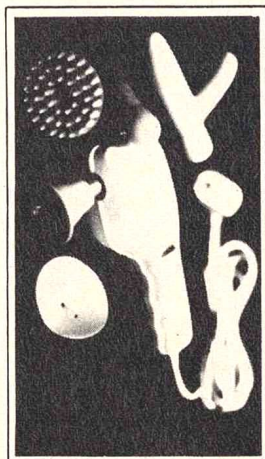
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What Forum says

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MALE DOME



Paris: a confusion over names, and entertainment.

For instance, a main road leading off the Place de la Republique changes its name five times in a single kilometre. Roadmap driving in the French capital is the Gallic equivalent of Montezuma's Revenge.

As for entertainment — well, you'd be wrong to say nothing has changed because the shows have kept in touch with modern technology: but as the French say, the more it changes the more it stays the same. That translates to mean Paris still offers the uniquely sophisticated night-time entertainment which has sent pulse rates soaring for generations.

Most Australians get to Paris by air. That rather obvious fact would not normally rate a mention, except for the speed and efficiency with which Qantas retrieved a situation which promised to leave me twiddling my thumbs around various airports for many hours.

I travelled to Paris on the Tuesday service from Sydney, which terminates there and turns around for the trip home on Wednesday.

There were no problems coming over, and it was a very comfortable ride in the cosy 16-seat Business Class section which occupies the upper lounge on the 747s for the European runs.

Coming back was something of a different story.

Arriving at Orly for the 7pm flight out of Paris, I was intrigued to find no Qantas check-in facilities operating and a TV monitor indicating that the flight had been cancelled.

A call to the main office in the city revealed that the flight had been a casualty of industrial trouble back in Sydney and that I was to catch QF2 out of London, due to leave in about 2½ hours. An offer to send a car to get me to Charles de Gaulle airport — a \$30 taxi ride the other side of Paris — was declined on the basis that I had to leave Orly right then to make the British Airways flight to London.

After that, everything went smoothly, if hectically. I was touching down at Heathrow before I knew it, there was an hour or so before QF2 took off, then it was plain sailing through several unscheduled ports before landing back in Sydney almost 30 hours after Orly. Considering that many other flights were affected and rescheduled because of the union bans, it was a very creditable performance. I haven't travelled other airlines under similar duress, but it's hard to imagine them bettering that ability to cope.

Of course, luck played some part in having a vacant seat waiting on QF2, and in the way the luggage dropped into the roundabout in Sydney after being handled all the way with tags advertising my destination as London. ☺

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Challenge

SLAZENGER

THE WINNING FEELING

APOCALYPSE SOMEWHERE ELSE

Continued from page 37

and established an arsenal of weapons, are simply not talking. But any doubts I may have had about survivalism in Australia having suddenly become an obsession of the rich and influential were dispelled during a three-hour interview with David Hackworth the following day.

Hackworth is a powerful looking 49, running a little to fat after seven years as indulgent host at Scaramouche, a converted church with a shady courtyard and a regular guest list that reads like a Who's Who of monied trendies. The restaurant sale had gone through (for \$1 million) and Hackworth sipped a lite ale in the courtyard, talking of how he and his family could now set about establishing the ultimate survival village in an area of rugged mountains in south east Queensland.

It was 1971 when he bought the UKi property and moved in. It was to be the place where Hackworth awaited the holocaust — but since then hundreds of newcomers have shifted into the box canyon and the colonel reluctantly decided to look for a new site.

To fairly assess his conviction that mid-1985 will be the time of the Bad Mushroom Trip, it's necessary to examine Hackworth's military career from the time he joined up as a fervently patriotic teenager to the months in 1970 when he resigned his commission and referred publically to democracy in America as "a heap of bullshit."

At that time Hackworth was questioned, phone tapped and followed for weeks by security agents who probably got their orders from King Paranoia himself, Richard M. Nixon.

It was the last of a series of running battles the rogue war hero had fought with Pentagon war chiefs. When Alexander Haig (the red-faced hardliner tipped as Reagan's new Secretary of State) was Nixon's military adviser on Vietnam, Hackworth questioned the plan to invade

Cambodia without a declaration of war. "I told Haig it wasn't the American way. I said it was comparable with the Nazi invasion of Poland. He said 'Hackworth, I think we've heard enough from you. Lock your heels together (come to attention) and sit down.'"

"Next day was April 30 and Haig went back to Washington and briefed Nixon that the invasion should be a go. Twenty-four hours later, on May 1, we went. You know the disaster and the ramifications that followed.

"Two million Americans went on the streets to protest and Spiro Agnew called them rabble rousers who didn't represent their country. These are the kind of desperate, misinformed pricks the world is still dealing with.

"Historically, and I've studied a lot of history, it's a fact that when the chips are down and we all look like going down the tube, the mass of people — who are not

Hackworth has
come a long way from
the kid whose chest
once swelled to the
strains of The
Stars and Stripes.

unlike sheep — always vote for a tough sheep herder thinking he will protect them. But people like Nixon and Reagan will just lead them more quickly into the slaughter pen.

Hackworth has come a long way from the kid whose chest once swelled to the strains of The Stars and Stripes. And it was not just at the end of his military career that Hackworth was known as a trouble maker. In Vietnam his crack Special Forces Command was effective but very unconventional. His men wore Confederate hats and — like the squadron that goes looking for the renegade Colonel Kurtz (Brando) in *Apocalypse Now*, they were extremely wild boys.

"I was the model for the (*Apocalypse Now*) exercise," he says. "My whole squadron acted pretty crazy and I didn't exactly run the choo-choo train by rules and regulations. The character played by Martin Sheen (Captain Willard) is also said to be based on myself, because I ran my command in a wild sort of way and the troops loved it. All that stuff about surfing from choppers and the like..."

Hackworth says he was offered \$5000 to "do a PR trip" when *Apocalypse Now* came to Australia last year, but turned it down. "I haven't seen the film and I don't want to. I'm not into war anymore. It would be like Cassius Clay watching old fight movies of his heyday..."

If you detect a certain arrogance there, you couldn't be more right. Hackworth is no shrinking violet, especially when it comes to lusty accounts of his own deeds and abilities. By the same token, the man who has lived... and walked some hairy tightropes, by all accounts, between giving voice to his conscience and facing a charge of treason.

His scenario for nuclear destruction is based on historic precedents of hard line politics.

Hackworth is convinced that most of the world's new crop of hard line leaders are crazy or misguided enough to use nuclear force when their backs are to the wall.

Nuclear action, he predicts, will emerge from a ground war in Europe in mid-1985.

"Within one week the Soviets could occupy western Europe using small yield tactical nuclear weapons, like those used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

"Then one commander somewhere will get in a corner and try to fight his way out. The war will accelerate, the weapons will get bigger until the military becomes redundant. Then we'll get into a nuclear exchange between the big powers and possibly a trade off of target cities — New York for Moscow, and so on.

"Meanwhile, back in sunny Australia, we'll be watching this kinda like a tennis game, and we're going to have time to react, time to prepare..."

Hackworth is furious that his long hours with the Pentagon computer and his assumed safety in Australia are being jeopardised by Malcolm Fraser's apparent eagerness to have US nuclear bases in this country.

It's the one stage in the conversation where he becomes animated, jerking his thick arms about and hunching forward to emphasise each point.

"The defend Australia attitude in this country is the World War II attitude. Modern war will be flash, bam, thank you ma'am — it won't last. We don't need the US, we should be the fucking Switzerland of the Pacific. If the Russians want coal, fill 'em up baby! Just lay it out on the docks. Or if the Americans want tungsten, well give it to them — but why should we take sides?

"I get really pissed off that more Australians don't say this because, Jesus, it's so stupid!"

Apart from historic precedents, powerful crazies and nationalistic frenzies, Hackworth's decision to create a survival village is influenced by the behavior of

humans in crisis situations. He has seen more of what he calls the animal instinct for survival than most men. "You could call it man at his worst," he says. "The most horrifying example of vicious animal characteristics, the ruthlessness of the soldiers involved in the My Lai massacre. There have been other little My Lais along the way.

"The beastliness of humans under these conditions scares me more than anything else."

I have been to the area where Hackworth plans his "Capitalistic Survival Village". It's inaccessible in the wet season, surrounded by formidable mountains and some of the finest rain forest in Australia.

Since he began talking about his plans to friends, reporters and customers at Scaramouche, Hackworth has been besieged daily by would-be fellow survivors.

"None of them are alternative lifestyle types. They're top barristers, industrialists, doctors, engineers — keen, sharp minds — and every damn one of them wants to join my village," Hackworth says. "I swear to God I have not found one person who disagrees with the concept."

Even the climatologist whom Hackworth took to lunch to question about best survival areas wound up imploring the colonel to count him in — and

three of Hackworth's former gung-ho Vietnam buddies have sold their US properties and are preparing to join him in the rain forest.

The village will be run on a democratic basis with everyone voting on even trivial decisions. If a hungry mob comes up the mountains to raid Hackworth's crops or take over his approved nuclear fallout shelter, it will meet no opposition.

"We will go bush with packs until they have eaten everything and gone looking for someone else's food. The whole exercise is to live to fight another day.

"Given the nature of people in this part of the world, no one would come anyway. They're too apathetic."

Hackworth and his Australian wife, Peter, have two children aged three and 12 and plan to retain their Brisbane home as insurance, perhaps, against the world failing to end.

I asked Colonel Kurtz who would be boss at the Capitalistic Survival Village. He grinned. "I've always kicked ass and taken names and been in charge since I was a little kid," he said. "It's a good point — what with Jones at Jonestown and so on — but I just don't know if a leader will emerge. Honestly."

Not all survivalists in Australia believe atomic bombs will end civilisation as we know it. Some — like Shirley and Carl Lehmann, who have 90 tonnes of reinforced concrete in the roof of their home

— say the so-called Jupiter Effect will devastate the world within two years.

In simplified terms the Jupiter Effect is an astrological prediction that nine planets will form a line out from the sun in 1982, causing massive disturbances to the earth's magnetic field, earthquakes, tidal waves and mayhem on a scale beyond human comprehension.

The Lehmanns — him a faith healer and her a clairvoyant — have built Australia's largest pyramid near their fortress home at the base of Mt Archer, about 80km north of Brisbane. Now used as their clinic, the 20 square pyramid is intended as a rescue centre for refugees after the destruction begins.

Like most pyramid fanciers, the Lehmanns are vague about what value the things are — except to say that pyramids are good in cyclonic winds and that organic food left in a pyramid will dehydrate, but won't rot.

In their reinforced home the healer and the soothsayer have stashed vast supplies of dried food. They have established a water supply, a generator, gardens, goats for milk and nut trees for protein.

Anyone who hangs around coastal areas, says the intense and deeply religious Carl Lehmann, can expect to either perish in the initial earthquakes — or be wiped out by the biggest wave since Krakatoa.

On a geographic basis — pay attention

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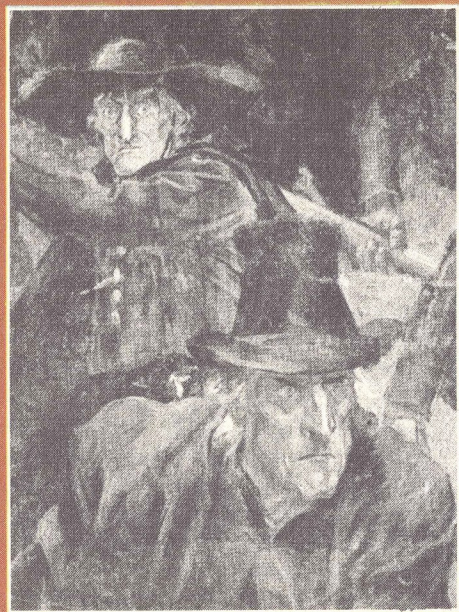
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The New Right



P.D. Jack



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Centrespread — The story of the making of the movie about the making of the magazine. We present a 10-page pictorial shot behind the scenes on the set of a major new Australian film described by its producer as "a sexual fantasy set in a future society where sex is freely available". It's been described as the raunchiest Australian film ever, and you'll see why next month.

The New Right — The forces of organised religion are on the march in what could be the most important foray into politics since the Inquisition. Special writer David Hirst reports on the way in which religious pressure groups are influencing Australian politics and are forcing "small l" liberals to reconsider their stances on moral issues like abortion.

The Forgotten War — About a year ago radio reporter P. D. Jack packed a bag and set off for the front — Afghanistan, Iran, anywhere bullets were flying. Armed with a tape recorder and a business card which said "Foreign Correspondent" (spelling is not his strong point) he produced some of the funniest and most moving reporting from these or any other wars, heard in Sydney on 2JJJ FM. Now, as a recently appointed Senior Editor of *Australian Penthouse*, Jack has put down his Afghanistan experiences on paper. His story, like his radio tapes, is funny, moving and among the best to come out of the forgotten mountain war.

Tales From The Territory — Darwin hasn't been the same since The Big Blow, says Jim Bowditch. And Bowditch ought to know. Editor of the *Northern Territory News* for more than 20 years before Cyclone Tracey hit in 1974, he has seen the characters come and go — bludgers, remittance men, big drinkers, big talkers and men who were human mountains and left trails of blood from bar to bar. No slouch with a cold glass himself, Bowditch has a thousand stories to tell and gets a few of them off his chest next month.

I Was Willesee's Foot-In-The-Door Man — Howard Gipps was a reporter for *Willesee At Seven*, a program which achieved its greatest successes when it confronted rip-off merchants with cameras rolling. The technique of "trial by television" has its share of critics but it makes compelling viewing. In a fascinating article Gipps explains how he got his foot in the door, and offers some insights into the rise and apparent fall of *Willesee At Seven*.

now — Lehmann predicts the disappearance of a large part of Victoria, much of coastal NSW, and massive erosion along the entire eastern seaboard. According to Lehmann, who has never made the acquaintance of the Pentagon computer, the safest place will be the Atherton Tableland, north Queensland.

An interesting part of Lehmann's doomsaying theme involves the motivation of alternative lifestyles. The exodus to the bush, particularly the big movement around 1970, had nothing to do with a desire to grow one's own dope or run naked in rain forests. No, says Lehmann, the kids were guided by instinct alone.

"Ask most of these people why they head for the country and they can't really tell you. The fact is they know something terrible is coming and their instincts are guiding them — just as animals sense danger when they can't see or smell it."

This fits neatly with Lehmann's religious convictions concerning a Chosen Few inheriting the earth. Those with the right instincts survive — the remainder perish very rapidly amid the trappings of their hedonistic and pointless life styles.

Searching for a note of raw fear on which to end this piece, I could not believe my luck 30 minutes ago when the phone rang and an obviously disguised voice began making threats.

"Get your nose out of the affairs of others," the man said, "or we'll cut it off." The Nose Cutter Gang? The secret enclave of survivalists?

"Where's your bomb shelter?" I asked.

"Fuck you!" said my caller, and hung up. If these are the guys who are going to survive, please God, zap me first.

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